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ROUTE

ACROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,

WITH A

DESCRIPTION OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA;

THEIR

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES, THEIR RESOURCES, SOIL,
CLIMATE, PRODUCTIONS, &c., &c.

BY OVERTON JOHNSON AND WM. H. WINTER,
OF THE EMIGRATION OF 1843.

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PREFACE.

From the general interest manifested by the People of the United States, and particularly that portion residing in the great Valley of the Mississippi, in regard to the Territory of Oregon and the Province of California, we have been impressed with the belief, that any correct information concerning those countries, clad in ever so homely and unpretending a garb, would be received by them with favor. From this conviction, and indulging the hope that a long and tedious tour, might thus be turned to public as well as individual advantage, we have concluded to give the following pages to the press.

There is, we suppose, no portion of North America, East of that great dividing chain—the Rocky Mountains—similar to that on the West. The general features of the country, the climate, the soil, vegetation, all are different. Nature appears to have created there, upon a grander scale. The mountains are vast; the rivers are majestic; the vegetation is of a giant kind; the climate, in the same latitude, is much milder. The soil, generally, is inferior to that of the Western States. Many of the valleys, in point of fertility, are, perhaps, unsurpassed; but to compare the whole country with an equal portion of the Western States, it is much inferior.

Only a small portion of those territories laid down on the maps as Oregon and California, are at all calculated for settlement: much the largest portion of both, are nothing more than barren wastes, which can yield little or nothing to the support of animal life, The valuable portion of Oregon lies between the Blue Mountains and the Coast; and the valuable portion of California, between the California Mountains and the Coast. The principal advantages that those countries possess over the Western States, are a mild and very healthy climate, and an excellent commercial situation.

Our description of those countries, we are aware, will differ, in many respects, from those which have been, and that probably will be given, by others; for, as men are constituted differently, with different faculties, with different tastes and inclinations; so they differ in their opinions in regard to things. It is impossible for all to view the same things with the same eye. The same situation, the same soil, the same climate, the same country, is not—cannot be, adapted to the wishes and wants of all; therefore, though the thing described be the same, there will be a slight difference of coloring in the descriptions of different persons, which will to some extent convey different ideas to the mind of the same reader. Many of the accounts given of those countries are too flattering; and, again, on the contrary, some make their disadvantages to appear greater than they really are. These different descriptions have not always been given to mislead; but are frequently the offspring of the differing judgment of those who have written. Some will probably form opinions from our statements, and some may be induced to visit or emigrate to those distant Western shores; and if such should be the case, they may be disappointed in their expectations, and find countries differing widely from the pictures they had drawn. It is difficult to form a correct idea of a country from any description that can be given. Men are apt to expect too much—to draw their pictures too fair; they look to those wild and distant regions for something surpassing nature, and they are disappointed. The world contains now no Garden of Eden. There is no particular portion of the habitable globe that possesses advantages greatly superior to the rest. If one has a better climate, the other has a better soil; if one has a better commercial situation, the other has some counterbalancing advantage, sufficient to make them nearly or quite equal.

The route to California, the description of that country, and the return from it to Fort Hall, are from the notes of Wm. H. Winter.

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JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY OUT, WITH ITS INCIDENTS.

Departure from Independence—Country of the Shawnee and Kanzas Indians—Rainy Weather and muddy traveling—Antelopes and Prairie Dogs—Cold Rain Storm on the Platte—Buffalo region—Sand Hills—Pawnee and Sioux Indians—Forts on the Platte—Black Hills—Red Butes—Killing a Grizley Bear—Sulphur Springs—Summit of the Rocky Mountains.

In the latter part of May, 1843, we left Independence, a small town in the Western part of the State of Missouri, situated six miles South of the Missouri River and twelve miles from the Western line of the State, and now the principal starting point for all the companies engaged in the Western and New Mexican trade, and place of general rendezvous of persons from all parts of the United States, wishing to emgirate or travel beyond the Rocky Mountains. In a few hours we passed the Western boundary of the State, and came into the territory of the Shawnee Indians. They occupy a small, but very beautiful and fertile country, laying immediataly West of the State line. The Shawnees have made considerable advancement towards civilization. Many of them have good farms and comfortable houses. Some of them are good Mechanics, and most of them speak the English language tolerably well.

We were traveling here in the great Santa Fé trace, and again and again, we passed long trains of Merchant wagons, laden with the products of our Manufactories and other Merchandize, and bearing them afar across the deserts, to be exchanged for the gold [illegible] [illegible] of the Provinces of Mexico. This trace is large, and as well beaten, as many of the most important public highways in the States.

After leaving the country of the Shawnees, we came next into that of the Kanzas Indians. Their's, also, is a very beautiful country, entirely in a state of nature. It differs but little from the Western part of Missouri, except that the surface is more undulating, and that it has less timber. Here we left the last traces of civilization, and seemed, for a time, to be beyond even the borders of animated existence. Not even the song of a bird broke upon the surrounding stillness; and, save the single track of the Emigrants, winding away over the hills, not a foot print broke the rich, unvaried verdure of the broad forest-begirt prairies; and in the little islet groves that dotted the plain—the wooded strips that wound along with the course of the rivulet—and the blue wall that surrounded, not a trunk was scarred nor a twig was broken. It was a vast, beautiful and perfect picture, which nature herself had drawn, and the hand of man had never violated. No decoration of art mingled to confuse or mar the perfection. All was natural, beautiful, unbroken. The transition had been sudden, as the change was great. Every thing was calculated to inspire the mind with feelings of no common kind. He alone, who for the first time stands upon the deck of some tall ship, whose sails are spread before the breeze, and whose foaming prow looks steadily towards some distant clime, when for the first time he sees the loved shores of his native land sink into the wave, and the blue waters of the treacherous deep gather around him, may appreciate the sensations which [illegible] in our hearts, when here we reflected upon where we were, and what we had undertaken: when the past; all that we had left behind us—nothing less than the whole civilized world, with all of its luxuries, comforts, and most of its real necessities—society, friends, home,—all that is in this world dear to man:—when the future, dark and uncertain—presenting nothing but a vast extent of drear and desert wastes, uninhabited save by the wild beast and savage—filled, perhaps, with thousands of unknown difficulties and dangers, hardships and privations,—rushed at once, in mingled confusion, upon the mind, and impressed upon our feelings a full sense of the loneliness of our situation and the rapidly increasing space that was separating us from from all communion with the civilized world."

The morning had been fair, and we were moving slowly along through the middle of one of the wide prairies, without noticing the cloud which had been gathering in the North, until its thunders awoke us from our dreaming. The breeze, which before had scarcely stirred the grass upon the plain, grown into a gale, now roared over the hills. The rain soon followed, pouring in torrents. Our mules, wheeling with their heads from the storm, refused to proceed. We were therefore compelled quietly to endure it, and wait upon the pleasure of our long eared masters. Fortunately, it lasted for but little more than an hour; but this was sufficient for us to become completely drenched with the rain and chilled with the cold. But in a short time the cloud passed over, and the rays of the sun having dried our garments and tempered the atmosphere to its previous mildness, made every thing appear more cheerful than before.

This we regarded as a sort of introduction to the next six months. As the sun approached the horizon, we turned aside and halted on the bank of a small creek, and made preparations to pass the night. We turned our animals loose to graze, having first fastened strong cords, about ten yards in length, about their necks, that we might not have difficulty in catching them. After they had run loose some time, one end of the cord was fastened to a stake, to prevent their rambling away, through the night, and the rope was sufficiently long to give them room to feed plentifully. Having pitched our tent and kindled a fire, supper was soon prepared, spread upon the ground, and we took our seats upon the grass around it. Three articles—bread, meat and coffee—completed the variety of the board; and although they were not prepared in the neatest and most inviting manner, yet our appetites spoke abundant praises for the skill of the cook. Supper being finished, as the night grew dark, we retired one by one to rest, spreading our beds upon the ground. We slept to dream of all that we loved and had left behind us, and awoke to know that they were far from us and that our home was the wild uncultivated field of nature, "whose walls the hills and forests were, whose canopy the sky." Having traveled up the Kanzas River 90 miles, we came, on the 30th of May, to where the Emigrants were crossing. We saw here the first village of Kanzas Indians. Their huts are made of poles and bark, and are about sixteen feet wide, by thirty long, and eight high. The ends are perpendicular, but the sides joining with the roof in a gradual curvature make the whole very nearly in the shape of the half of a circular cylinder. They were very filthy and almost entirely naked, not disposed to be hostile to the whites, but like most other Indians, they are expert and inveterate thieves. The River not being fordable, the Emigrants constructed two large canoes, which they fastened together at a sufficient distance apart, by a platform of round poles laid across and extending from one end to the other. Upon this they placed the wagons by hand, and ferried them across the stream. The cattle and horses were turned loose and made to swim to the opposite shore. We succeeded in getting across on the same day that we arrived, and after delaying one day and a half, endeavoring to make up a small company to precede the main body and follow on the trail of Mr. Wm. Sublet and Sir Wm. Stewart, who were ahead, with a company of men, on a party of pleasure to the Mountains, we succeeded in making our company eight persons, and again began to travel.

The Emigrants, amounting, in all, to about six hundred persons, after they had finished crossing, organized themselves into a sort of traveling Government; adopted a [illegible] code of laws, employed a pilot, and elected a captain and officers of the guard. We still continued to travel up the Kanzas; but leaving it further and further to the left. The valley of this stream is high rolling prairies, and is very fertile. Its bottoms are wide, and there are numerous branches coming in from both sides, on all of which there is timber of most varieties found West of the Mississippi, some of which is good.

Ninety miles above our crossing, we came to and crossed Big Blue River, one of its main branches. Here the Emigrants came up with us, and it was late in the night before their last wagons got over. This region has the character of being the residence of storms, and immediately after our arrival some of the blustering inhabitants introduced themselves in a manner that was by no means agreeable. After the sun went down, a dense black cloud covered the sky, from which the rain fell in torrents during the whole night. The extreme darkness was dispelled by the dazzling and incessant flashes of lightning. The thunder kept up a constant roar, and frequently its sharp peals resembled the discharge of volleys of artillery. The wind blew so high that most of the tents were thrown down, and one of the wagons was fairly blown over. The surface of the ground was flooded with water, and in the morning we found the River, which we had crossed on the past evening without difficulty, had risen so rapidly as to overflow its bottoms near one fourth of a mile on either side, and was entirely impassable.

This is the middle ground between the Kanzas and Pawnee Indians. The day before we crossed the Big Blue River, we met a war party of Kaus, (Kanzas,) returning from the Pawnee country. They told us they had seen the Pawnees, and had beaten them in battle; but we learned afterwards, from a more creditable source, that it was exactly the other way. They had one or two fresh scalps and as many wounded men, and were leaving the world behind them as fast as possible. We saw their battle-ground afterwards, and found on it two or three dead bodies. Here, the Emigrants, finding that it was inconvenient and retarding to their progress, too to travel in so large a body, dissolved their first organization and formed thmselves into smaller companies.

It continued to rain, at intervals. for several days, and the road which had before been as good as we could wish, became quite muddy and bad. After leaving Big Blue River, we continued to travel through a country very similar to that previously described, excepting that the proportion of timber was less, until we came to the Little Blue River—a distance of 70 miles; and here, the hills bordering on the stream, are a little sandy. After striking this stream, we continued to travel up it 50 miles; then leaving it, turned across in a North Westerly direction. for the main Platte River. On the Little Blue River we found a few Antelopes, which were the first wild animals of any size, which we had seen since we left the States; and after leaving the waters of the Kanzas we found no bees, and this, from all that we could learn, is the farthest point West which they have yet reached: Nor did we find any of the wild fowls, or smaller animals, common in the Western States, until we passed the Mountains. We reached the Platte River in the evening; the distance across being about 25 miles, which is the greatest, on the whole route, without water.

After leaving the waters of the Kanzas, the character of the country changes rapidly. The hills, on either side of the narrow valley of the Platte, which is from five to ten miles wide, are little else than huge piles of sand. The valley itself, is quite sandy; but it nevertheless produces a rich grass, which our animals were very fond of. It is also covered, in many places, with the Prickly Pear, the thorns of which frequently get into the feet of the loose cattle and produce lameness. The River is from one to three miles in width, and the bed of the channel is entirely of quicksand. When we came to it, it was quite full, and the water was every where running level with its banks, but seldom overflow.

ing them, and was running with a strong, even current. There [illegible], in many places along the Platte, a kind of salt, with which the ground, in spots, is covered; and the water in the River is slightly impregnated. In some of the sloughs and pools, back from the River, the water is very strong. We found but little wood here, and none except immediately on the River. We were frequently unable to procure it, and were compelled, sometimes, to make a strange substitute in the excrement of the Buffalo, in order to do our cooking. The varieties of timber are few; the principal kind being what is commonly called Cotton Wood. We saw great numbers of Antelopes, as we passed up the River; but they were so wild, and the Valley was so level, that it was difficult to approach them. We also saw a singular little animal, which has been called the Prairie Dog. Its size, shape and color, are very much the same as the large wharf rat, and its barking resembles that of the common Gray Squirrel. They burrow in the ground, and live in villages, frequently of several hundreds. There is a small Owl, that sometimes lives in the same hole with the Dog.

As we were now coming into the game country, and expecting every day to see the plains covered with herds of Buffalo; we made up a hunting party, (having previously joined one of the emigrating parties,) of 20 men, and proceeded up the River ahead of the wagons, to obtain meat and dry it by the time they would come up, in order to make as little detention as possible. In the evening of the second day, we heard the guns of some of the party, who were in chase of a Buffalo along the Southern side of the valley, and as we saw the clouds begin to swell, dark and angrily above the Western horizon, and heard their thunders muttering heavily behind the hills, we thought it prudent to halt and prepare our camp. As we saw no timber ahead, and did not wish to go back, we stopped upon the open prairie, on the nearest high ground to the River. The rain had begun to fall; but several of us, who were anxious to see the Buffalo, disregarding it, mounted our horses and galloped across the valley, in the direction from which we had heard the reports of the guns. The wind was blowing a gale; the clouds grew darker, until they almost shut out the light of the setting sun. The rain increased, and by the time we had reached the spot where the hunters were butchering, it poured down upon us as if all the windows of Heaven had been at once unbarred. The lightening and the thunder, was dimming to the eye and deafening to the ear; and, withal, it was certainly just as cold as it could be without the water congealing. "I never saw it rain before," said a poor Fellow, whose teeth were chattering together, in a manner that seemed to threaten the destruction of his masticators. "Nor I"—"nor I"—"nor I"—echoed half a dozen others, who were, as far as wet and cold were concerned, about in the same condition that they would have been, had they have been soaked an age in the Atlantic Ocean, and just hung out on the North Cape to dry. We made all possible haste; but, nevertheless, it was near two hours and growing quite dark, before we were ready to return to camp: and then we were so benumbed by the wet and cold, and encumbered with the meat which we had taken, that it was quite dark by the time we reached the River. When we came to the place where we had left the camp, we learned from one who had been waiting for us, that they had moved down the River, in hopes of finding wood. We therefore threw the remainder of our things, which had been left, upon our horses, and started to look for the camp. We saw our way by the lightning, and after traveling as we thought long enough to have gone several miles, we turned over the point of a hill, and saw a small light like that of a candle, away below us on the River. Taking a straight line for the light, we at length reached it, after having waded through a dozen sloughs up to our waists. We had expected to find a large blazing fire, and thought how comfortable we should be when we could warm and dry around it; and as we had not eaten any thing since morning, our apetites began to remind us how excellent a piece of roasted Buffalo meat would be. But how sadly were we disappointed, to find our companions shivering around a few coals, over which for fuel there was only a heap of green Willow brush. Wet, cold, and hungry, we spread our beds, which were of course as wet as water could make them, and turned in; but not to sleep—it was only to dodge the wind, and shiver the night away. At length the sky became clear, and the cold increased. We watched the stars, which seemed stationary in the sky. A dozen nights, according to the reckoning of our feelings, had time to have passed, and to us it appeared as though the sun would never rise; but at length it came, and never was dawn of day hailed more rapturously. One who was braver than the rest, summoning all his resolution, crawled out of bed: he would have leaped and ran, had he been able; but that was impossible.—His limbs refused to do their duty, and taking a hatchet, he waded across an arm of the River to an Island, upon which there was wood, and began cutting and carrying across. His example arousof others, and we soon had a large blazing fire. We spent several hours in putting our arms in order, drying our clothes and bedding, and appeasing our appetites on roasted ribs and marrow bones.

There were twenty of us, and we have frequently heard every one of that number say, afterwards, that they had seen some rough service in the world, but they had never met with any thing that could equal the night of the storm on the Platte. We continued to travel up the river, hunting as we went; but without much success. We saw a number of small herds of Buffalo; but they were generally too wild to approach, and too poor to eat after we had killed them. At the Forks, two hundred miles above where we first struck the River, we encamped, and by going several miles out beyond the hills, we succeeded in killing a number of Buffalo, the meat of which we brought in, dried and distributed among the company, when they came up; but the quantity was so small, in proportion to the numbers with whom it was to be divided, that it made scarcely a taste.

The Forks of the Platte is about the middle ground between the Pawnees and the Sioux. We saw a few of the Pawnees, in passing through their country, who were returning from the South, where they had been hunting, with packs of dried Buffalo meat, to their village, situated about fifty miles below where we struck the Platte. They are high, but well proportioned and active. They raise some corn, but live principally upon the Buffalo, and are the most notorious rascals any where East of the Rocky Mountains.

The valley immediately at the junction of the two Branches of the Platte, is nearly twenty miles wide, and a large portion of it has a good soil. After we had passed the Forks, we made several attempts to cross the South Branch, but always found the water too deep; and continued to travel up the South side, until we saw that it would be impossible for us to find a ford; when we stopped at a large Cotton Wood grove, eighty five miles above the Forks, having determined to construct boats. For this purpose we procured in the first place, a sufficient number of green Buffalo hides, and having sewed two of them together for each boat, we stretched them over the wagon beds as tight as we could, with the flesh side out, and then turned them up in the sun to dry; and when they became thoroughly dry, we covered them with tallow and ashes, in order to render them more impervious to the water. The boats being completed, we proceeded to cross the goods of the company. Each boat was manned by six men. Some waded or swam along side, while others pulled by a long rope which was attached forward. The River here was about a mile wide. In this way the goods were ferried over, and the empty wagons were drawn across by the teams a short distance below, where the River was wider and shallower. The crossing was effected in six days, and without any serious accident. We passed here the fourth day of July. The country, as we advanced West, became more and more barren, until here it was little else than a desert: and between this point and where we first saw the Platte River, it receives no tributaries from the South.

Having crossed the South Fork, we turned across the higher dividing lands, and traveled one day North West twenty miles, to the North Fork, without water. After traveling up the North Fork sixty five miles, through a country still increasing in sterility, we came to what is called the Chimney. It is situated on the South side of the North Fork, three miles from the River. It is a conical hill, one hundred and fifty feet high; from the top of which, a peculiar irregular shaft rises to the same height—making the whole about three hundred feet. The base of the hill is elevated above the water in the River, about seventy-five feet. It is a hard earth, composed of sand and clay, and may be seen for twenty or thirty miles. There are here several ranges of detached Sand Hills, running parallel with the River, the sides of which are almost perpendicular, destitute of vegetation, and so washed by the rains of thousands of years, as to present, at a distance, the appearance of Cities, Temples, Castles, Towers, Palaces, and every variety of great and magnificent structures.

On the 9th of July we had a splendid prospect of these Sand Hills. A dark cloud arose in the West, and the whole region was illumined by the reflected rays of the Sun, which, mellowed by its effect, had lost their dazzling power; and the prospect was softened, until it seemed one vast brilliant picture, wrought with a mysteriously magic touch. Beneath the rising cloud was a vast plain, bounded only by the distant horizon. Here and there, upon its surface, there arose splendid edifices, like beautiful white marble, fashioned in the style of every age and country, canopied by the clouds; yet gilded and flooded by the mellowed light of the mid-day Sun. It was so beautiful, that it could not be lost while it lasted, and though the gathering clouds threatened to drench us with their contents, we nevertheless continued to gaze until the beautiful illusion passed away.

Late in the evening of the same day, we encamped by a fine Spring, at the foot of Scott's Bluffs, a range of high Sand Hills, which [illegible] into the River. They receive their name from a melancholy circumstance, which happened at them, several years ago.—A small party of Trappers were returning from the Mountains, to their homes in Missouri. Owing to the hostility of the Indians who inhabited the country, (the Sioux,) it was necessary for their safety, that they should not be seen. To prevent this, required the greatest precaution in their movements. A few days before they reached this place, one of their number, named Scott, was taken sick and continued to grow worse, until he was unable to proceed. His companions carried him to these bluffs, and supposing that he could not recover, they left him. Others passing that way, some years after, found his bones a short distance from where he had been left. From this circumstance, these hills have been called, since that time, after the name of that unfortunate adventurer. In the extreme point of these hills, near the River, and about fifty feet above high water, are found great numbers of semi-petrified Turtles, from one to two feet across, imbedded in the sand, and many of them entirely perfect. There are no animals of this kind now in the Platte River, or elsewhere in the country, for several hundred miles around.

We continued up the North Fork, and on the 13th came to Lauramie Fork, opposite Fort Lauramie. Finding it full, we were obliged to ferry, and for this purpose we procured two small boats from the Forts, lashed them together, and covered them with a platform made of wagon beds, which we had taken to pieces for the purpose. Upon this platform, we placed the loaded wagons by hand, and although the stream was very rapid, all succeeded in crossing without much difficulty. A few hours after we crossed, a hail storm came up from the North West; before which, our animals ran for several miles, over the hills. Fort Lauramie belongs to the American Fur Company, and is built for a protection against the Indians. The occupants of the Fort, who have been long there, being mostly French and having married wives of the Sioux, do not now apprehend any danger. The Fort is built of Dobies, (unburnt bricks.) A wall of six feet in thickness and fifteen in height, encloses an area of one hundred and fifty feet square. Within and around the wall, are the buildings, constructed of the same material. These are a Trading House, Ware Houses for storing goods and skins, Shops and Dwellings for the Traders and

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Men. In the centre, is a large open area. A portion of the enclosed space is cut off by a partition wall, forming a carell, (enclosure,) for the animals belonging to the Fort. About one mile below Fort Laurimie, is Fort Platte; which is built of the same materials and in the same manner, and belongs to a private Trading Company.

On the morning of the 16th, we left the Forts, and after having traveled ten miles, we came to the Black Hills, and encamped at a large Spring, the water of which was quite warm. The road through these hills is, of necessity, very circuitous; winding about as it must, to avoid the steeps, ravines, and rocks. They are very barren and some of them are high. On Long's Peak, which rises to the South, we could see a small spot of snow. We found in places, a few trees of Pine and Cedar scattered over the hills; but they were all small and quite dwarfish. We crossed a number of Creeks on our way through the Black Hills, in the narrow bottom lands of which, we generally found good grass for our animals.

On the 20th, we met Messrs. Vasques and Walker, with a company of twenty or thirty men, coming down from the Mountains, where Messrs. Vasques and Bridger have a small Trading Post among the Shoshonee or Snake Indians. They were loaded with furs and skins, which they were taking to the Forts on the Platte, where they supply themselves with such articles as they want for the Indian trade.

Eighty miles above Fort Lauramie, we came to the Red Butes, (isolated hills.) They occupy a space of many miles in extent, and a large portion of the earth and stone of which they are composed, is as red as blood.

On the 23d, we crossed the North Fork, one hundred and twenty seven miles above Fort Lauramie, and for two days after leaving it, we suffered considerably for the want of water—the little which we found, being strongly impregnated with a kind of Salt, prevalent almost every where in the neighborhood of the waters of the Platte. At one of these Salt Springs, there are numerous sinks, into wihch the Buffalo sometimes fall and perish. The surfaces of them are dry, and appear firm; but in many places, they would mire a man, so that it would be impossible for him to extricate himself or escape, without assistance.

On the 25th, we came to the Willow Springs, where we found a beautiful Spring, of very clear cold water, rising in a little green valley, through which its waters flow about one mile, and sink in the sand. We also found here, an abundance of Willow wood.—The hunters, who had been out while we were traveling, had seen several bands of Buffalo; and as they were the first we had met with since we left the South Fork, we remained in camp nearly a day, in order to recruit our stock of provisions. The great scarcity of the Buffalo, through this country—a circumstance which afterwards was the cause of much suffering to the Emigrants—was attributable, in a great degree, to the presence of Sir William Stewart, with his pleasure party, and fifty or sixty fine horses for the chase; who, while we were passing through the Buffalo country, constantly kept several days ahead of us—running, killing and driving the game out of our reach. It was cheap sport to them, but dear to us; and we were led to conclude, that, if ever again an English or Scottish nobleman sees fit to look for pleasure in the Rocky Mountains, while an emigrating party is passing over them, it will be prudent to place him in the rear, instead of the van.

On the 20th, we encamped on Sweet Water, one of the tributaries of the North Fork, near the Independence Rock; which is a huge isolated mass of coarse granite, about three-fourths of a mile in circumference, one hundred feet high, rather oblong, and rounded on the top. On the South side, next to the stream, which runs within ten yards of its base, it is almost covered with the names of different persons, who have traveled through this country. It was called Independence Rock, by Mr. Wm. Sublet, an old Indian Trader; who, several years ago, celebrated here, the 4th of July.—These masses of detached and barren rocks, extend many miles up Sweet Water, principally on the North side. At the Sweet Water Cañon, about four miles above the Independence Rock, the river runs half a mile through a narrow chasm, between rugged and almost perpendicular walls of rock, which rise on either side to the height of about three hundred feet,—(and this constitutes what is known through the Rocky Mountains, Oregon and California, as a Canion.) Being informed by those who were acquainted with the country, that we should soon leave the Buffalo region, all the different companies of the Emigration remained several days on this part of Sweet Water, to procure provisions for the remainder of the journey. Owing to the scarcity of game, we were compelled to travel a day, and sometimes further, from the road, to find it. We made up a party here from our company, to go to the Mountains on the South, which were distant about fifteen miles from the

River. Having crossed over the plain, and seeing but few Buffalo, and those we saw being very wild, and some of the bands being already persued by other hunters; we continued along the Mountain to the farther extremity of the valley, and finding nothing here, we held a council, to decide what course it was best to pursue.—Differing in opinion, the larger number turned back to follow the base of the Mountain on the North side, while a small party continued on, intending to cross over it. We found it very steep, rugged, and difficult of ascent; and night overtaking us near the summit, we were compelled to encamp. The Mountain was covered in places with pine, and there were many small streams running down its sides, upon which there was an abundance of grass. The night was quite cold; but as we were in a deep sink, at the source of one of these Mountain streams, we thought there would be little danger of being seen, and built up a large fire; by which we slept very comfortably; having, before going to rest, tied our animals on the grass. In the morning we ascended to the summit, to ascertain what lay beyond it, and look over the best probable field for game. Having gained it, we saw an extensive plain, through which, at a great distance, there was a River flowing, which we supposed to be the North Fork of the Platte. The descent to it was easy, and there were several bands of Buffalo feeding upon it, below us. We returned for our horses, and having passed into the plain, began to approach the nearest herd; but they took fright before we came within shooting distance, and we proceeded to the next. Having come near them, we stopped, leaving one of our company with the animals, while we approached nearer on foot. The ground favoring, we succeeded in bringing them within the range of the rifle; and killed three before they ran off. It was now the second day since we had eaten, and as soon as we could load our animals with the choice meat, we went to the nearest water, (which, contrary to the way it generally happens, was only a short distance from us,) kindled a fire and had a fine feast of "roasted ribs and marrow bones."

Having what meat we could carry, we proceeded West, along the foot of the Mountain, for a deep gap, which we had seen from the other side, in the evening. About sunset, as we were going along, we saw three Bears, up in the breaks of the Mountain, busily engaged scratching in the earth for roots. Having taken advantage of the ground, we approached near to them, and again leaving our partner, who was not a very good shot, a little distance behind with the horses and mules, we climbed up to the brink of the ridge between us and the Bears, and fired at the largest one. It fell, and supposing that we had given it a dead shot, we borrowed our companion's gun, intending to serve the second in the same way; but finding the first still alive, we gave him the contents of the second gun; upon receiving which, he sprang upon one of the others, and cuffed him until he squalled for dear life. We returned and were hastily reloading our rifles, and had only poured down the powder, when all three came rushing to the top of the hill, roaring most furiously, and so loud that the answering hills and hollow caves were filled with the beastly thunder. They stopped within forty yards of us, and in open view, rearing up on their hinder feet, the wounded one in the middle—which, as he stood, was about eight feet high—with the blood streaming from his mouth and down his side, snuffing the air on every side, to catch some tainted breath of us; but the wind was ours, and being blind with rage and pain, he did not discover us. Our companion became dreadfully frightened, so that he lost all reason, and commenced running around his horse, and exclaiming loudly, "Oh Lord! what shall we do!" We told him to mount; but he still continued running around his horse, bawling at the top of his voice: "Good God Almighty! what shall we do!" "Mount! mount!" said we again; but he paid no attention, and was making about the twentieth trip around his horse, crying aloud, "Oh Lord!" "Oh Lord!" at every step; when we gave a loud whoop, and the two Bears that were not wounded wheeled and ran off, and the wounded one tumbled back down the hill. This set our partner a little to rights, and turning to us, with a look of most perfect simplicity, he exclaimed, in a half weeping tone, "Good God! we can't fight them three Bears." You were frightened, were you not? said we. "O no, no, not bad scared," said he; "but stop—stop—look here," he continued, "may such another beautiful roar as that we just now heard, be my music from this on, if you ever catch me in a bear fight again," he added, shaking his head.

Having finished charging our rifles, and dispatching the wounded animal, we proceeded towards the gap, traveling until late in the night: when one of the mules throwing off and scattering its load, obliged us to encamp. The next morning we set out again, at the dawn of day, and soon reached the gap; which we found to be a deep break, extending entirely through the Mountain, and about two hundred yards wide. In passing through the gap, we came to several fine looking springs bursting out from the base of the Mountain; and dismounting to drink, we found them to be strong of Sulphur, and upon examining more closely, we saw the little cave out of which the largest one ran, in a stream about equal to the size of a man's arm, was entirely covered with a thick coat of crystalized Sulphur. The water was cold, slightly acid, and very pleasant. The country around is romantic, affords all the different varieties of game common in the Mountains, and would, we think, be an excellent resort for invalids, and persons of weak and disordered constitutions. The trip, the pure Mountain air, and the rough and wholesome manner of living, have already restored many who were before feeble and afflicted; to health, strengh, and activity; and we are convinced they are better remedies for constitutional or pulmonary diseases, than all the Patent Medicines and learned prescriptions, with which the public have ever been gulled.

Having passed through the gap, we traveled across the valley of Sweet Water, and to the trail of the Emigrants, and saw, from its size, that all the companies had passed. We hastened to overtake them, which we did that night; but not until late. During our absence, Messrs. Vasques and Walker came up, on their return from Fort Lauramie, and afterwards, traveled with us to their Trading House.

On the 1st of August, we saw arise from the horizon, like distant clouds, the snow crested summits of the Wind River Mountains. They are several miles North of the Grand Pass, and are one of the highest portions of the Rocky Mountain range.

On the 2nd, we made another hunting party, and proceeded again across the Mountain, on the South. After having gone about thirty miles from the trail, we saw a large band of Buffaloes; but, as it was late in the evening, we thought it best not to disturb them before morning. When morning came, not a Buffalo could be seen upon the plain. We hunted again all day, and in every direction, without finding any thing, and encamped at night in the Mountains, between where we were and Sweet Water. The third day, we went about fifteen miles further to the South, and saw a band of Buffaloes. We attempted to approach them; but they were so wild, that we could not get within a mile of them, before they would run. While following them, we saw an Indian, about half a mile off, and galloped towards him. At first, he fled; but finding that he could not escape, he stopped. When we came up, one of our party, (a Trader, belonging to the Company then traveling with us,) who understood his language, spoke to him. He was very much frightened when he saw that we knew he was a Sioux, expecting to be killed, on the spot, We asked him where his company were. He told us they were at a Lake, which was about three miles distant, making meat, and that they were three hundred in number. We turned to go away, when the Trader observed that we ought to kill him; but the rest of us objected, and he was overruled. Turning again to speak to him, he said he thought we had two hearts: one to kill him, and another to let him go; and that he did not know how to talk to us: that he did not know whether he should go under or not—(meaning that he did not know whether we did or did not intend to kill him.) But we turned away and left him, taking a straight course for the Company, thinking it not very safe to be in the neighborhood of three hundred Sioux. We put spurs to our horses, and kept a good gait, until we considered that we were out of their reach.

We arrived at our Company's encampment that night, having killed nothing. When we told them of our adventure with the Sioux, all the Traders joined in exclaiming against us, for not killing him. We plead that it was unmanly, and unfair, to take the life even of the meanest enemy, under such circumstances; but they adopted the Indian argument, and said that as we were among Indians, we must treat them as they treated us; and so the white people, who live in the Mountains, act towards their enemies.

On the evening of the 7th, we left the head of Sweet Water, and in a few hours passed over the dividing ridge, through the Grand Pass, and encamped by a marsh, which is one of the sources of Green River, a tributary of the Colorado, of the Gulf of California.

We slept here, on the great Backbone of North America, where the sources of the Rivers which empty into the Oceans which bound it, on the East and on the West, are only a few miles apart.

The lofty summits of the Wind River Mountains, with their wide fields of eternal snow, appeared to be almost beside us. We had a heavy frost during the night, and in the morning, the water in our camp kettles was covered with ice nearly one fourth of an inch thick; and every thing that had been exposed to the dew, which fell in the evening, was perfectly glazed with ice.

Both the ascent and descent, were so gradual, that, had we not been told, we should have passed over the dividing ridge, in the Rocky Mountains, without knowing it. The distance from our crossing of the North Fork of the Platte, to the summit of the Grand Pass, is one hundred and fifty four miles; and the country between, is a perfect desert.

CHAPTER II.

THE JOURNEY OUT, WITH ITS INCIDENTS.

Trading House of Vasques and Bridger—Attacked by the Sioux—Soda Springs—Deep Chasm and the Crater of an extinct Volcano—Fort Hall—Snake or Lewis River, Falls, &c.—Snow Storm, and difficulty of starting fire—Indians along Snake River—Numerous evidences of great Volcanic action in past times—Fort Boise—Hills of Marble—Grand Round—Blue Mountains, &c.—Whitman's Mission, on the Walawala—Fort Walawala—Columbia River, Falls, &c.—Cascade Mountains—Wascopin Methodist Mission—Indian Berying place—Fort Vancouver—Arrival at Oregon City, &c.

Having crossed the two Sandys, (branches of Green River,) on the 10th of August we crossed the main stream, a large and beautiful River; the water of which, unlike that on the opposite side of the Mountains, is very clear. Having crossed several of the tributaries of Green River, on the 13th we arrived at the Trading House of Messrs. Vasques & Bridger. It had been attacked, during their absence, by a band of Sioux; by whom the horse guard, and two Snake Indians, had been killed, and a number of horses driven off.

We remained here three days, and then went on to the Utah Mountains, at the head of Bear River, to hunt Elk; as our stock of provisions was nearly exhausted. We made our camp at the foot of the Mountain, where we remained ten days; during which time, the Utah Indians came to us, to trade horses, skins, &c. We met with but little success in hunting, and on the 28th started down the River.

On the 1st of September, it rained, was quite cold, and the hills were covered with snow. This day, we struck the trail of the Oregon Company, and during the nights we had heavy frosts. The valley of the River, is from one to eight miles wide. A large portion of it has a good soil, and is covered with an excellent grass. Flax grows spontaneously in this valley, and in considerable quantities. The hills on either side, rise very high, and are ragged and barren; and there are only a few Cotton Wood trees scattered along the River. These streams abound with a fine Fish, called the Mountain Trout. We found wild Goats, and large flocks

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of Geese, Ducks and Cranes; but they had been so much hunted, by the Emigrants, that it was almost impossible to kill any of them.

On the 4th we came to where the valley appeared to terminate,—the River turning short to the left, and making a breach through the high range of hills on the West; but the general course of Bear River is nearly North. Here we crossed over the hills, and again came into the valley beyond.

On the 7th, we reached the Soda Springs. They are on the East side of Bear River, and are scattered over a level space, about equal, in extent, to one square mile; with a slight inclination to the River, and elevated above it some fifteen feet. A large portion of this level space is covered with a stinted growth of Pine and Cedar. The earth is of various colors. In some places it is almost perfectly white, and in others, quite red, &c. Above, below, and on the opposite side of the River, the valley is rich, and covered with fine grass. The Mountains, on the North and East, are barren; but on the West, they are covered with Pine. The Springs, are deep pots in the earth, from one to fifteen feet across, and generally without an outlet. The water appears to be originally fresh, and seems to rise to a common level in all the Springs; and in these pools, which have been probably made by strong jets of the rising gass, it becomes highly charged. A slight hissing sound, is occasioned by the escapement of the gass. The water, in many of the Springs, where the surface exposed is small, is cool, very pleasant, and has a fine, pure and lively acid.

About half a mile below, and immediately on the bank of the River, there is a Spring where the water, (which is quite warm,) at intervals of fifteen seconds, is thrown several feet in the air, from the centre of a small conical rock, which it has formed about it. A few feet from where the water escapes, there is a hole in the rock, connected with the channel through which the water passes, which inhales and exhales the air, like an animal breathing. There are numbers of dried-up fountains, similar to this, back from the River, hollow truncated cones, from three to thirty feet in diameter. Several Springs rise in the bed of the River, the water of which is quite warm. Every thing here has the appearance of recent and powerful volcanic action, and doubtless the causes still exist, at no very great distance.

Five miles below the Soda Springs, the River makes an acute angle about a bold and lofty point, called the Sheep Rock, running away to the South West. Here, also, it seems to have made a breach through the Mountain, into another valley. Formerly, the Blackfeet Indians frequented this country; and, at this Rock, they had repeated battles with the Mountaineers, and with other tribes of Indians; and here the effects of their deadly encounters may still be seen, in bleached skulls and scattered bones. At this point, we left the River, and bore off to the right, across the valley, which is about ten miles wide. This valley appears to have been sunk several feet, and is full of chasms, from two to twenty feet wide, and of unknown depths. Volcanic rock is scattered over it, in large masses; and in many places, it appears to have been upheaved from beneath. We passed, on the left, a large, hollow mound, the crater of an extinguished Volcano.

It [illegible] in the night before we reached the Western side of the valley, and found wood and water for our camp. The water upon which we encamped, was a branch of the Portneiff, a tributary of Snake or Lewis River. We noticed, scattered over the country, a kind of black volcanic glass, shaped like the fragments of a broken bottle. Winding our way through the hills, by a very circuitous route, on the 13th of September we arrived at Fort Hall. It is situated on the South bank of Snake River, in a rich valley, about twelve miles wide and twenty-five miles long, and in latitude about 43 deg. 20 min. North. The Portneiff, Black Foot, and many other small streams, run through this valley of Fort Hall. The streams are lined with a fine growth of Cotton Wood timber, and the entire valley abounds in excellent grass. The Company keep several hundred cattle and horses, at this place, which live through the winter, generally, without much attention. We were told by one of the members of the Company, that wheat had been sown at the Fort, and grew well. Fort Hall is built of the same material, and nearly in the same manner, as the Forts on the Platte are.

Leaving Fort Hall, we traveled down the South bank of Snake River, and a few miles below, we crossed the Portneiff, a beautiful little stream emptying into it; and at eighteen miles, came to the American Falls. Here, the River, compressed into about two thirds of its usual width, runs down, over rugged volcanic rock, a descent of about twenty-five feet in one hundred. The water is divided into three different shoots, by two large rocks on the Falls. In the middle shoot, there is scarcely any perpendicular fall; in the other two, there is about ten feet. Below these Falls, for many miles, the spurs of the Mountains, on the South side, run down to the river, and the road over them, is, in many places, steep and rocky. We crossed a number of small creeks, which run down from these Mountains to the River; the water of which, is cool and clear.—Many of the hills, over which we passed, were covered with a dwarfish growth of Cedar; and the Mountains on the South, with Pine. The River, below the Falls, runs through a deep and narrow Canion; between black and rugged basaltic walls, and is little else than a succession of Falls and Rapids.

The valley through which Snake River flows, is very wide, elevated from one to three hundred feet above the stream; and bounded, on the North and South, by parallel ranges of high Mountains. Its surface is broken, and cut by deep ravines. It is very sandy and barren, producing nothing but wild sage, and a few scattering blades of short grass. In traveling through this valley, it is necessary to obtain some directions, from those who are acquainted with the way, since grass is seldom found, except on the small streams.

A few days after our departure from Fort Hall, we left our camp one morning, when, according to our bill of the route, we had a long stretch ahead, before we would come to wood and water: the clouds were floating heavily along the sides of the distant Mountains; and the wind blowing in fitful gusts, made us fearful of an approaching storm. But our scanty supply of provisions induced us to proceed. We had not gone far, before the Heavens were completely obscured by the clouds. The cold increased to severity, and the mingled rain and snow, began to fall very fast. The dim trail, which led us over a high barren plain, became more and more indistinct, from the accumulating snow. The distant Mountains, already as white as the flakes that filled the air, gradually faded in the storm; and the extent of vision lessened, as it increased. We were drenched with the rain and snow, and chilled and pinched with the cold; and in vain did we attempt to excite warmth by walking: for, loaded down with wet garments, and being accustomed to remain mostly on horseback, we were soon fatigued with traveling, at a rapid rate, over the wet dust and sand, and began to fall behind. We went on for some hours, the storm still continuing; and the same gloomy prospect was still around us. We were ignorant how long we should have to endure the cold and fatigue, before we could reach some poor shelter; or whether we might not entirely loose our obscure path, and be compelled to pass the night without shelter or fire. We began unanimously to give expression to such fears, when we came suddenly upon the river, at a small grove of Willow bushes, and hastened to unload our animals and kindle fires. It was a long time before we succeeded in producing fire from the flint and steel; but, after many attempts, we at length obtained it, by sprinkling powder into the crown of a hat, together with whatever dry combustibles we could find, and discharging a pistol into it. To this we added the dry Willows which we had collected, and soon had a comfortable fire. We constructed frames of the green Willows, upon which we spread our blankets; and in this manner sheltered ourselves in some degree, from the snow and rain, which continued to fall during most of the night. The weather, previous to this, had been quite warm; and on the succeeding day, the clouds broke away, and it was again pleasant.

Eighty three miles below the American Falls, there is another tremendous perpendicular Fall in Snake River, over which the Salmon are unable to pass. Thirty-nine miles farther down, we saw, on the North side of the River, two very large Springs, bursting midway from the lofty precipices, rushing down like rivers, and foaming along over the piles of rock. They looked, at a distance, like banks of snow resting on the cliffs.

Seventeen miles below these Springs, are the Salmon Falls. These Falls are not perpendicular, except in one or two small shoots, on the North side. The great body of the water, runs down an inclination of not more than twenty-five feet in three hundred yards. The river here is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, and divided by an Island, commencing at the lower end of the inclination, and extending down one fourth of a mile. The Salmon pass over the Falls with ease, when there is sufficient water on them.—The surrounding country is very rough, broken, and entirely destitute of both grass and wood. The hills are, from the water in the River, about three hundred feet high. On the South side, they are cut up by ravines; but on the North, they come bold and unbroken, up within a few hundred yards of the water. There is nothing very picturesque or wild about these Falls, compared with the world of waste and wreck around them. The Indians take immense quantities of Salmon here; which they cut into thin slices, dry in the Sun, and afterwards pack them up, in grass cases. The natives, along Snake River, live principally upon fish and roots; and are the filthiest, most depraved, and degraded creatures, any where to be found among the dregs of human nature. We have been told, that during the Salmon season, they become as fat as penned pigs; and in the winter, so poor and feeble, that they frequently die from actual starvation.

After leaving the Salmon Falls, we traveled down near the river, our path frequently leading us along the sides of the almost perpendicular bluffs. Twenty-seven miles below the Salmon Falls, we came to the crossing; where the companies, which preceded us, had passed over to the North side; which is much the nearest and best way; but we, having attempted the crossing and finding it too deep, were obliged to continue down on the South. This is, perhaps, the most rugged, desert, and dreary country, between the Western borders of the United States, and the shores of the Pacific. It is nothing else, than a wild, rocky, barren wilderness, of wrecked and ruined Nature; a vast field of volcanic desolation.

Beyond the Mountains, which rise on the South of this point, is the great Salt Lake. Eighty-eight miles below the crossing of Snake River, we crossed two small branches of hot water. This region appears once to have been a high, level plain, which seems to have been overflowed from the East, by a vast flood of lava.—We were led to this conclusion, from noticing that the basaltic layer, which covers the surface of the hills, (the summit of the hills being nearly on the same level,) decreases in thickness, as we proceed down the River, until it gives out entirely; and the sandy base, which composes the hills, seems to have given away to the action of time, until these table hills are but the fragments of the vast wreck. In these deserts we found the Horned Toad, and a kind of Lizard, which is about eight inches in length, of a greyish color, slenderly proportioned, very swift, and apparently inoffensive.

Thirty-two miles below the Hot Branches, we crossed the Owyhe River, traveled down it two miles, and came opposite Fort Boisé, which is situated on the North side of Snake River, a short distance below the confluence of the Owyhe and Boisé; the latter of which, comes in from the North. There is, on the Boisé River, a great deal of Cotton Wood timber; from which circumstance, it takes its name. From the crossing of Snake River, to where it passes through the Blue Mountains, there seems to be no Falls or dangerous Rapids. At Fort Boisé, part of our company which came from Fort Hall, in hopes of procuring provisions, with the intention of going across into California, having obtained a small supply, and the best directions they could get concerning the route, from Captain Payette, the principal at the Fort, (who appeared to be friendly, and much of a gentleman,) left us, to travel through a country, a large portion of which no white man had ever visited. They were to follow the Malheur, a small stream that empties into Snake River twelve miles below the Fort, to its source, and to pass over the California Mountains, to the head waters of the Sacramento.

Leaving Fort Boisé, we traveled twelve miles, and crossed the Malheur, where there are many Hot Springs, rising out of the bank of the stream. Twenty-three miles from the Malheur, we came to the Brulé or Burnt River, and traveled up it to its source, leaving Snake River entirely. After striking the Brulé, the country gradually becomes less barren. We found on this stream, vast hills of Marble. The road, through these hills, is very crooked and rough. From the head of the Brulé, we came next to the valley of Powder River. Here, the aspect of the country changes rapidly. Leaving behind us the Sage and Sand, we find the hills and Mountains covered with Pines, and the little valleys along the Creeks and Rivers, with excellent grass. This valley is about ten miles wide, and thirty miles long; a large portion of which has a good soil. It is encircled by hills and Mountains.

Thirty-three miles from Powder River, we descend abruptly, some three thousand feet, into the Grand Round; which is a level plain, about ten miles wide, and twenty miles long, surrounded by Mountains, and traversed by the Grand Round River, which comes in from the West, runs nearly to the middle of the plain in several channels, joins with another branch, bears away to the left and leaves the plain at its Northern extremity, through a low gap.—Numerous small creeks and rivulets, run through all parts of the valley, from the surrounding Mountains. There are some Balm trees on the River, and the Mountains are covered with Pine.—Much the largest portion of the soil is very rich, and the whole is covered with a superior quality of grass. From the Grand Round we bore to the left, and began the assent of the Blue Mountains. It was long, but gradual. After reaching the summit, the road was generally passable, excepting some deep ravines, which were frequently very steep and rocky. A great portion of these Mountains, are covered with dense forests of lofty pine. Those portions which are destitute of timber, are generally covered with good grass, and a considerable portion of the soil appears to be fit for cultivation.

On the third day, we left the Mountains and descended to the Umatila or Utilla River, (generally called in that country, the Utilla,) in the valley of Walawala. From the brow of the Mountain, we had a fine view of the Cascade range, fifty miles distant, forming the Western boundary of the valley, stretching far to the North and South, with its lofty peaks of eternal snow rising among the clouds. The extent of the Walawala valley, is not known; but it is probably three hundred miles long, with an average width of about fifty miles. Its course, from and below the junction of Snake River, is nearly South; above, it bends away to the East. The Columbia River runs through it to the Dales; where it leaves the valley, and breaks through the Cascade Mountains. This valley, is elevated above the Columbia, from fifty to five hundred feet, and is very uneven, dry, sandy, and entirely unfit for cultivation, except along the base of the Mountains, and immediately on the smaller streams which run through it; the principal of which, are the Walawala, Umatila, John Days, and De Chutes Rivers. Almost the whole of the valley, is covered with a superior quality of grass; which springs up in the Fall, is green through the Winter and Spring, becomes cured in the latter part of Summer; and affords sufficient food for animals throughout the year. It grows in detached bunches; the blades are eight or nine inches long; and it is generally considered almost as nutritious as grain. With the exception of a few Cotton Wood trees on some of the streams, there is no timber in the valley; but there is an abundance on the neighboring Mountains. Lead has been found on the Umatila; but not, as yet, in any considerable quantities. This is the country of the Walawala Indians. They own a great many horses; some of them have as many as two thousand—and they are the finest Indian horses we have ever seen.

Thirty miles from the Umatila, we came to Whitman's Mission, situated on the Walawala River, twenty-five miles from its junction with the Columbia. The buildings are of unburnt brick, and are neatly and comfortably finished. The Missionaries have a Mill, and cultivate a small piece of ground.

We were told by Mr. Spaulding, the Superintendent of the Mission on Clear Water, distant about one hundred and fifty miles from Dr. Whitman's, and on the North side of Snake River; that, in the neighborhood of his Mission, as far as he was acquainted with the country, it contained many rich valleys, of considerable extent; and, from what we have been able to learn, from all the different sources of information with which we have been favored, it is our opinion, that that portion of country laying between Snake River and the main branch of the Columbia, will in the course of time, be inhabited by a civilized people; as it doubtless contains some good valleys of land. The country of the Spokines, laying on the Spokine River, is said to be good. That occupied by the Cour De Lion and Calespell Indians, contains many Lakes and Marshes. About Fort Colville, on the upper Columbia, the Hudson's Bay Company cultivate the soil, with good success. Snake River, from where it leaves the Blue Mountains, to its junction, is clear of Falls and Rapids.

From Dr. Whitman's Mission, we proceeded to Fort Walawala, situated on the East bank of the Columbia, at the mouth of the Walawala River. Here we disposed of our animals, procured canoes from the Indians, and having obtained a pilot from them, we cast our frail barks, on the waters of the Columbia. The River, up and down from the Fort, as far as we could see, was broad and smooth, and we promised ourselves an agreeable passage: but we soon found that it was full of rocks, whirlpools, and dangerous rapids; to follow through which, in safety, required the greatest exertion, watchfulness, and care. Our minds were constantly filled with anxiety and dread, and the wild manner in which our savage guide warned us of approaching danger, had no tendency to dispel our unpleasant feelings. On the first day after leaving the Fort, one of our canoes, in which there were three persons, one of whom was a lady, in passing through a narrow shoot in the Grand Rapids, struck a rock, upset, and filled instantly. The lady and her husband succeeded in gaining the rock; which was about three feet across the top, and just under the surface of the water. Our pilot succeeded in taking them off in safety, and regained most of the property. We passed on to what is called the Chutes, through many dangerous Rapids; to have accomplished which, would have been very impracticable, without skillful guidance. Here the River is wide, full of large rocks standing out of the water, and falls several feet. We were compelled to make a portage of nearly a mile, over the rocks and sand, carrying our canoes and baggage on our shoulders. Three miles below the Chutes, are the Little Dales; where the River runs three hundred yards through a narrow channel, between high rocks. Here we made another portage of our baggage, and smallest canoe, and with some difficulty hired the Indians to run the others through the rugged Canion. A few miles further, and we came to the Great Dalles; where we were compelled to leave our smallest canoe, and again make a portage of our baggage, a distance of one and a half miles, over the rocks.—Here, the whole Columbia passes through a Canion not more than seventy feet wide, whirling and boiling in a most furious manner, running with terrible velocity, and chafing against its rugged, rocky walls; and it requires the most dexterous management, which these wild navigators are masters of, to pass the dreadful chasm in safety. A single stroke amiss, would be inevitable destruction. Three miles below the mouth of this Canion, and one hundred and twenty-five miles below Fort Walawala, is the Wascopin Methodist Mission, at this time under the superintendence of Mr. Perkins, and situated half a mile from the South bank of the River. They have a small Farm attached to the Mission, under the superintendence of Mr. Brewer. Both this and the Mission on the Walawala River, though they are well located, for the purposes for which they are intended, and conducted, perhaps, according to the best judgment of those who have charge of them; have not yet, we believe, been productive of much, if any, good. Here we were obliged to remain more than a day, on account of high wind, by which we were detained several days on our passage to the Cascade Falls. From the Mission to the Falls, a distance of fifty miles, the River has scarcely any current. The Mountains are high on either side, rocky, and in many places covered with heavy forests of Pine; some of which, are at least ten feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. A short distance below the Mission, we found the stumps of trees, standing erect, in ten or fifteen feet water, as if a dam had been thrown across the River, and the water backed up over its natural shores. We asked the Indians if they knew how these stumps came to occupy their present position; but none of them were able to inform us. They have a tradition among them, that long ago, the Columbia, in some part, ran under the ground; and that, during an eruption of Mount St. Helens, the bridge fell in. Some such circumstance as this, is the only way possible, in which this anomaly can be accounted for, unless Captain Fremont is correct, (which is certainly, extremely doubtful,) in supposing them to be land slides. For they are found no where below the Cascade Falls, although the character of the River, and its shores, is, above and below these Falls, very [illegible] piles. They are found immediately above the Falls, and as far up as the still water extends; which lack of current in the River, we consider to be the effect of some vast impediment, having been thrown into it, at the Cascade Falls. The Falls seem to be composed of large detached masses of rocks; which circumstance also favors our opinion. A short distance below the Wascopin Mission, and the Rapids of the Great Dales, we found the first of these submerged stumps. They increased in number, as we descended the River; as is always the case wherever there has been an impediment, thrown into the channel of a stream, so as to raise the water over its natural shores. Immediately above the Wascopin Mission, as we have before noticed, and at least as far up as Fort Walawala, the River is full of Falls and Rapids, and such also we believe to have been the original character of the River below; where we find, at the present time, these stumps, and an entire lack of current; as this portion of it includes the breach through the Cascade Mountains, the most rugged country, perhaps, through which the Columbia flows. If these stumps and trees, (for many of them are still sixty or seventy feet above the water in the River,) had been brought into their present position by land slides, as Captain Fremont suggests, it seems to us, to be a matter of course, that the most of them which were not thrown down by the motion, and agitation, would have been found standing in various inclined positions; but on the contrary, we find them nearly all standing erect.—And again, what is highly improbable, the slides must all have been very nearly simultaneous, as the trees are all, about in the same state of preservation. The most of them stand opposite where we considered the slopes too gradual to admit of a slide. There are many large nooks in the Mountains, along this part of the River, which are suitable for small settlements.

Fifty miles below the Mission we came to the Cascade Falls.—Here the River, compressed into two thirds of its usual width, descends over huge rocks, several hundred yards, with an inclination of about five degrees; and from the head to the foot of the Rapids, a distance of four miles, the water descends about fifty feet. From the great agitation of the water, caused by its rushing with such velocity, down its rocky channel, the surface of the River, for several hundred yards, is as white as a field of snow.—On the South, the dark basaltic walls, rising perpendicularly four or five hundred feet, are covered with Pines. There are small Islands of rock, both above and below the Falls; many of which are timbered, and huge volcanic fragments cover either shore. Here we were obliged to leave our canoes, and carry our baggage nearly four miles, over rocks, and hills, to the foot of the Rapids; where we found a bateau, which had been brought up from the Fort, for the accommodation of the Emigrants.

We saw, while passing down, on the North side of the river, a large Indian burying place, where the bones of hundreds were heaped together, in pens about eight feet square, made of thin Cedar slabs, hewn and set upon end in the earth, covered with bark, and ornamented with carved images of birds, beasts, skeletons of men and imaginary monsters. Some of these pens had rotted down, and the naked skeletons lay scattered over the ground. We found in one, a body not yet decayed, wrapped in a blanket, and laying upon a board shelf.

The Falls afford one of the best Salmon fisheries in the Territory, and here the Indians take, in the Spring, great quantities of fish. It rained on us during the night we were at the Falls, and, with little intermission, during our passage to Vancouver. Below the Falls on the South side, there is, for several miles, a perpendicular rock bluff, rising from the water five hundred feet; over which several small streams are pouring, in beautiful Cascades. The Columbia is broad and deep from the Falls to the Ocean, and the tide runs up to the foot of the Rapids. Twenty miles below the Cascades, the River makes a sudden bend, about a high Mountain point, called Cape Horn. Immediately on the point, there are several spires of solid rock, rising, like huge horns, out of the water, from fifty to sixty feet high. Here we were met by a heavy gale of wind, and compelled to run ashore, and remain until the next day. This frequently happens to voyagers, on this part of the River. In one instance, a crew of Emigrants were under the necessity of throwing part of their loading overboard, in order to gain the shore. A few miles below Cape Horn, the highlands on the South side, recede from the River, leaving wide, low bottoms; which generally overflow in the Spring. This low land continues to widen, to the mouth of the Willammette, and extends up that River about eight miles. In this part of the Columbia, there are many low Islands.

After a very disagreeable passage, we landed at Fort Vancouver, forty miles below the Cascade Falls. It is situated on the North side of the River, one hundred miles above its mouth. The buildings occupied as stores, warehouses, shops, residences of the agents, men, &c., make quite a village. The ground back, for half a mile, is level; and then rises, with a gradual inclination, until it is elevated several hundred feet above the River. It is set with grass, and makes a very pretty appearance. Vessels drawing fifteen feet water, ascend the Columbia this far, without any difficulty. Vancouver is the principal depot of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, West of the Rocky Mountains. Their furs are collected from all parts of the Territory, to this place, and shipped once every year, to England; and the vessel returning, brings, annually, a cargo of goods, to supply the trade. They keep constantly on hand, one year's supply in advance, that if any accident should happen to the vessel, either on her outward or homeward bound passage, the trade might not be interrupted.—The Company have some good farms, and several large herds of cattle and hogs, in different places. They have an extensive dairy, on Sophia's Island, at the mouth of the Willammette; where they make, annually, several thousand pounds of butter and cheese; which they send to Sitka, a Russian settlement, to the North, with which the Hudson's Bay Company have also a contract to furnish a large amount of wheat, yearly. In return for which, they are to receive the Russian furs. They likewise furnish the Sandwich Islands, with a considerable amount of flour, lumber, spars, and fish, for which they receive, in return, the products of these Southern Islands. The great design of this Company, is to trade with the Indians, and take the beaver; but, after this animal, so unfortunate on account of the rich dress which Providence has given it, as a shield against the cold of the North, had become nearly extinct, in the lower valley of the Columbia; and after the settlement of foreigners in the Sandwich Islands, and citizens of the United States in Oregon, began to create markets, they extended their operations, and began to cultivate the soil, to raise cattle, to build mills, to furnish the settlers with articles of merchandize, and to trade with foreign ports.

Having obtained a skiff at the Fort, belonging to Oregon City, we went down the River six miles, to the upper mouth of the Willammette. The lower mouth comes into the Columbia twenty miles below, making Sophia's Island. The hills are very high on the West side of the River; but rise gradually, and are covered with dense forests of Pine. We had but little difficulty in ascending the Willammette, there being not much current until we came within one and a half miles of the Falls, where we found a strong Rapid, at the junction of the Clackamus; a small, but rapid River, coming in from the East. Here we were obliged to get out into the water, and draw our boat by a cord, several hundred yards.

Having passed these Rapids, we arrived, in a few minutes, at Oregon City, situated at the Falls of the Willammette, the place of our destination. This was the 13th of November, 1843, and it was five months and nineteen days after we left Independence, in Missouri. Here we were able to procure such things as were really necessary to make us comfortable; and, what was most especially pleasing to us, an abundance of substantial food. We enjoyed that plenty which, until now, we had long been strangers to; and were happy, after a long and tedious tour, over mountains and deserts, through a wild and savage wilderness, to witness, upon these distant shores, the home of Civilization : To see houses, farms, mills, store-houses, shops; to hear the busy hum of industry; the noise of the workman's hammer; the sound of the woodman's axe; the crash of the falling pines; and to enjoy the warm welcome of countrymen and friends. How grateful these circumstances were to us, he who has never passed the bounds of Civilization, or forsaken the parental roof, can never know. We had been here but a short time, before the last of the Emigrants arrived. They were soon scattered over the country. Those who intended to cultivate the soil, laid claims, built cabins, and prepared for the coming winter. Mechanics found employment at the Falls, and those who had no particular occupation, or object in view, distributed themselves through the country, taking hold of whatever circumstances offered, or suited their inclinations best. All found enough to do, and there was in the country, an abundance of the real necessaries of life. Every one seemed satisfied, for a time, with being permitted to have a home and a plentiful subsistence.—And notwithstanding many were greatly exposed, during the winter season, all were blessed with excellent health.

Our arrival had a great effect upon the country. The people were beginning to feel lonesome, and to fear that it would be long before these far distant wilds of Western America, would be [illegible] Property was of doubtful value, and their once high anticipations were fading away. They had heard reports from the Indians, of the approach of a great number of white people; but the reports were disbelieved, and we were our own heralds; for, not until arrived, were they convinced of our coming. Instantly every thing revived; improvements went rapidly on, and the expectations the people were again excited. We found, at the Falls [illegible] village of about one hundred inhabitants. Lots were laid [illegible] on both sides of the River; those on the East side, by Dr. [illegible] Laughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, West the Mountains. and called Oregod City; those on the West, by H. Burns, and Called Multnomah.

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF WESTERN OREGON.

Willammette Falls, Mills, &c.—Description of the Willammette Valley—Head of the Willammette River—Calapooiah Mountains—Umqua Valley—Umqua Mountains—Valley of Rogue's River—Clamuthwr Chesty Valley—Description of Country North of the Columbia—Mount St. Helens, an active Volcano—Numerous low Islands in the Columbia River—Astoria or Fort George—Indians West of the Cascade Mountains—their method of catching Salmon—Government organized—Peopling of America and Pacific Islands—Scenery in Oregon.

Great improvements were made in the little Town, at the Falls of the Willammette, during our stay in the Country. There was, at the Falls, when we left, a Saw and Grist Mill on one of the Rock Islands, belonging to an American Company, styled the Oregon Milling Company, and on the main shore, two Saw Mills and a large Merchant Flouring Mill, belonging to Dr. McLauglin, four Dry Goods Stores, a School House, two Churches, a Public Library, a flourishing Literary Society, Law offices, Physicians, Shops, and Mechanics, of almost every description, and a population of about three hundred persons.

At the Falls, the Willammette precipitates down a perpendicular basaltic rock, thirty-three feet, and spreads out as it approaches the precipice, into a broad sheet, at the verge of which it is nearly a half a mile wide. It is divided by two large Islands of rock, into three different shoots. The whole descent of the water from the level surface above, to that below, is about forty-five [illegible] The River for some distance above and below the Falls, runs through a channel cut in the solid rock. On the East side, extending down from the Falls several hundred yards, and back from the water five hundred and fifty feet, there is a perpendicular wall, one hundred and fifty feet high; further down, the space between the hills and the River, increases in width, until there is sufficient room for a town of [illegible] size.

The Valley of the Willammette, which has gene[illegible] considered the best portion of Oregon, is situated on the [illegible] of the Columbia River, between the Cascade Mountains, a lofty range running nearly parallel with the coast, at a distance from it of about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and the Calapooiah Mountains, a range of considerable height, which rise immediately on the coast, and extend along it so as to form an entire rock bound shore. The Valley has an average width of about seventy-[illegible] miles, and extends South one hundred and fifty miles. It is traversed from South to North, by the Willammette River, a large and beautiful stream, which is navigable to the Falls, within two miles of which the tide reaches. The Falls overcome, and navigation reaches fifty miles further up the River. This valley is divided into several portions, by ranges of high lands running in different directions, generally following the course of the streams. The principal tributaries of the Willammette, are the Clackamus, which rises in the Cascade Mountains and empties one and a half miles below the Falls; the Twalita, which rises in the Calapooiah Mountains, flows through the Twalita Plains, and empties two miles above the Falls; and, eight miles above the Falls, the Moolally or Pudding River, which rises in the Cascade Mountains and empties into the Willammette, from the East: fifteen miles above the Moolally, the Yamhill River, which empties from the West; and above the Yamhill, the Sandy Yam, which empties from the East. The streams emptying from either side, have their sources in the bordering Mountains. On the lower Willammette, the country near the River is broken, and covered with dense forests of Pine. Further back from the River, it is diversified, with open woodland and groves of heavy timber; and still further, there are beautiful plains, lying between the streams, separated by belts of timber, and extending back to the Mountains. On the upper Willammette, the country is more open and level, and is diversified with groves af Oak, Pine, and Fir, and broad and fertile plains, covered with luxuriant crops [illegible] grass. Above the mouth of the Yamhill River, a range of [illegible] commences, and follows the Willammette River, continuing, gradually, to increase in height, to its junction with the Columbia. From the mouth of the Willammette, they follow the South bank of the Columbia, within fifteen miles of the Ocean; thence they bear away to the South, and join with the Calapooiah Mountains, at Cape Look Out, twenty miles South of the Columbia; encircling the Twalita plains, a cluster of small, but rich and beau[illegible] prairies, lying twenty miles West of the Falls of the Willammette, being in extent, about equal to thirty miles square and connected by the Shahalam Valley and Yamhill district, with the upper Willammette. In the upper Willammette Valley, the plains are more extensive, and in some places, there is a scarcity of timber; but the soil is fine, and frequently we meet with small spots of clover, growing wild, over many parts of the country.—Seventy-five miles above the mouth of the Sandy Yam, the Willammette Valley rapidly decreases in width, until it is nothing more than a narrow defile, between the Mountains. No one has ever traced the River to its source, and but little is known of it, beyond the head of the Valley. It has generally been thought to rise in Mount McLaughlin, one of the highest peaks in the Cascade range, and it is so marked, on the best maps that have been made of the country; but the information we have received, from the Company which went across, from Fort Boisé to California, convinces us to the contrary. They stated, that, after leaving the waters of Snake River, and ascending a high Mountain, they came upon an extensive level table land, which they supposed to be about eighty miles across, having a good soil, and being diversified with forest and plain; and that, having obtained an Indian pilot, whose language they could not understand, it was with much difficulty, they persuaded him, that they wished to go to the South West. The Indian showing them a small stream, and pointing to the North West, informed them that it led to a settlement of peop[illegible] to themselves, and they were convinced that their guide al[illegible] the settlement on the Willammette, and that this was its source. They finally succeeded in getting him to understand that they were aware of the location of the settlement, to which he alluded, and that they did not wish to go to it. After reflecting some time, the Indian seemed to recollect, like a dream, of there being white people to the South West, and accordingly conducted them to the head waters of the Sacramento, which has its sources, as they informed us, in the [illegible]thern part of this same table land.

The country on the Eastern side of the Willammette, is very similar to that on the West, excepting that it is rather more level, and not so high, or uneven, near the River, and is not separated from the Columbia, by any high range of hills, as it is on the Western side. There is an abundance of excellent timber in this valley, the greatest portion of which is Fir. There are, also, in different parts, considerable quantities of Oak, Pine, and Cedar; and besides these, there is Hemlock, Yew, Balm, Maple, Alder

Laurel, Dogwood, Cherry, and Ash, with a great variety of shrubs, and plants; and many such as we have never seen in any other country. Besides the power at the Falls of the Willammette, which is alone sufficient to propel an immense machinery, there is a vast amount of the water power, in this valley; at least entirely sufficient, always to supply every want of the country. Besides the Mills at the Falls, of which we have already made mention, there are in the upper Willammette, a Grist and Saw Mill, belonging to the Catholic Mission, and a Grist and Saw Mill, built by the Methodist Mission, and another Saw Mill building by an individual. In the Twalita plains, there is a Flouring Mill in operation, and a Saw Mill in progress of building. Seven miles above Vancouver, the Hudson's Bay Company have Saw and Grist Mills. Twenty five miles above Astoria, and near the Columbia, there is an excellent Saw Mill in operation, and on the Clatsop plains, there is a small Patent Mill being set up for the accommodation of the settlers, at the mouth of the River. The present population of the country, the great portion of which is in the Willammette Valley, amounts to about 6000 souls (exclusive of the Natives.) A portion of these are English, French and half breeds; but a large majority are from the United States, and have emigrated to this country over land, within the last four years. Those who have come into the country, have been industrious, and improvements have gone rapidly on. Quite a considerable portion of the Willammette Valley, has already been brought into cultivation, and there is, after supplying the inhabitants, and emigration, annually, several thousand bushels of surplus wheat. New farms are being opened daily, and the cabin of the bold and enterprising pioneer, may be seen rising on many a verdant hill, or nestled away in the quiet seclusion of many a flowery nook; and ere long, the plow share and the axe promise to turn this wild and flowery wilderness into rustling fields, and blooming gardens.

The Valley of the Umqua is divided from that of the Willammette by the Calapooiah Mountains, a single and almost unbroken ridge, the course of which is nearly East and West. Across these Mountains, which are not high, and the ascent and descent of which are very gradual, is a distance of about twelve miles.—They are thickly covered with good Fir timber, are not rocky, and have a soil fit for cultivation. The Umqua Valley is about thirty five miles wide, and its length is not certainly known. Its general character is very similar to the Willammette Valley, excepting that its surface is more undulating. The Umqua River runs through the middle of the Valley, receiving numerous tributaries, from the neighboring Mountains. It is a stream sufficiently large for navigation; but the great rapidity of its current, will probably always prevent it from being useful for that purpose.—The Valley is diversified with woodland and prairies; but the prairies occupy the greater portion, the timber being principally along the water courses and on the bordering Mountains. The prairies have a good soil, and are covered with a most excellent kind of grass. There is a great deal of fall in the smaller streams; and, having their sources in the Mountains, they are constant, and afford numerous fine water privileges. There is some granite in this Valley; but the prevailing rock is basaltic. The Umqua Indians, are quite numerous. They are not openly hostile to the whites; but yet, it is not considered entirely safe, for a few persons to travel through their country. No settlement has yet been made in the Valley, and no person has yet visited it, except those passing through, to or from California. The Hudson's Bay Company have a Trading Post near the mouth of the River. Supplies are taken to it over land, from Vancouver, on pack animals. There is a small bay at the mouth of the Umqua; but the depth of water, at the entrance, is sufficient only for small vessels. It affords a tolerable harbor; but the intervening Mountains, extending along the coast, separate the Valley from the Ocean, and the River passing through them, probably contains Falls, Rapids, and Canions, that will prevent vessels from passing any considerable distance up the River. This Valley, although it is separated by the surrounding Mountains, not only from all other portions of the country, but also from the Sea-board; nevertheless, offers sufficient inducements, to ensure its speedy settlement. The Calapooiah Mountains are so gradual and unbroken, that a good waggon road can easily be made across them, into the Willammette Valley, and a rail road can be made, to connect it with the navigable waters of the Willammette, whenever the necessities of the country require it, and its wealth is sufficient to construct it.

South of the Valley of the Umqua, are the Umqua Mountains, running nearly parallel with the Calapooiah Mountains, and separating this Valley from the Valley of Rogue's River.—The distance across them is fourteen miles. They are high, very steep, and somewhat broken; but not rocky, and covered with forests of Fir, so dense, that they entirely prevent the growth of grass.

South of this range is the Valley of Rogue's River, having the same course with the Valley of the Umqua and being about twenty-five miles wide. Its general character is much like that of the Umqua; but it is more level, has a soil of a rather better quality, and is also covered with good grass. On the North side, where the California trail crosses the Valley, it is principally wooded; on the South, Prairie. Immediately above, the proportion of prairie and timber is very good. Here, as in the Umqua Valley, the timber is on the streams, and the prairies are between them. There is, in the Valley, quite a considerable quantity of granite; but basaltic is the most prevalent rock. The Valley appears to widen above: its length is not known. It is traversed by Rogue's River; a stream somewhat larger than the Umqua, and not so rapid but that it might probably be made useful for transportation. Salmon ascend the River in great numbers; and so do they indeed, most of the streams throughout the whole territory of Oregon. Water power is not wanting in the Valley of Rogue's River. A few miles below the California trail, the River appears to enter a Canion, and the Mountains along the coast are high and rugged; so as to prevent advantageous communication with the Sea-board. The Indians who inhabit this Valley are numerous, and almost in a state of nature. They are of small stature; but well proportioned—slender, active, and sensible. They have never had any intercourse, of consequence, with the whites, and have therefore, but few of the articles manufactured by a civilized people. From their extreme hostility and treachery, and from the great amount of damage they have done to the white man, they have been almost universally called the Rascals. They seldom allow a company to pass, without molestation. They attack from ambuscades, made in defiles, chasms, and thickets. They have no fire arms; their principal weapons being the bow an arrow. Their bows are made of the wood of the Yew tree; short, and covered on the back with the sinews from the loins of the Elk, which are fastened on with glue, and neatly and securely wrapped at the ends with the same material. Their arrows are feathered, and pointed with small, delicate, uniform and very sharp heads of flint. These arrows they shoot with great force and precision. They seldom have horses, and if they take or kill an animal in their attacks, (which they endeavor to do as much as to take the lives of the men,) they afterwards cook and eat it, making a great feast.

South of the Rogue's River Valley, is the Chesty Mountain; a single, and almost bald and barren ridge. To the right of the California trail, it bears a little to the North, and intersects with the Mountains on the coast. The Northern base is covered with timber; the summit and Southern side, in many places, with large boulders of granite. The distance across is six miles. Going towards the South, the ascent is gradual—the descent rather steep; but a very good road might be made across into the Clamuth or Chesty Valley, which lies immediately South of the Chesty Mountain, and has nearly the same course with the Valleys of the Umque and Rogue's River. This Valley of the Clamuth is about thirty miles wide, where the California trail crosses it. It decreases in width below, and increases above. It is traversed by the Clamuth River; a stream still larger than Rogue's River; but full of rocks, rapids, and narrows; and passing through the Mountains of the coast, it appears to run through a narrow Canion, affording an outlet from the Valley to the Pacific. The soil of this valley, is generally of a very inferior quality; but along the streams, and at the foot of the Mountains, it is good. The rest is a kind of dry, light, dusty and sandy land, producing but little vegetation. The surface of the Valley, is generally quite level, and a large portion of it is open. There are a few scattering Oaks, in places through it, and some Pine; but the timber is, principally, the Fir growing along at the base, and on the sides of the Mountains. The Clamuth Indians are numerous, and quite hostile. Their character and condition is much the same as that of the Rascals. This Valley is situated near the parallel of 42 deg., and we are not certain whether it is in Oregon, or California.

These Southern Valleys of Oregon, though in their present state of nature, so lonely, so wild, and so secluded: though they now threaten the travelers who pass, at intervals of years, with dangers from the rugged mountain path, the swollen torrent, and the savage arrow: though many a gloomy glen, and rocky gorge, and dark and tangled wood, which have been stained with conflict, or storied by some savage ambuscade, still stand to awaken terror in the passer by; yet, these Valleys, notwithstanding their wildness and dangers, offer inducements, (deadly to the fated native,) for which, ere long, the stronger hand of the white man will beat back the present wild and implacable inhabitants, and make them the homes of civilization. Each of these Valleys, is probably of sufficient extent to make several large counties; and, but for their detached position, and their being separated from the sea-board as they are, or appear to be, they would doubtless be the most desirable part of the Oregon Territory. The general fertility of the soil, is favorable to the agriculturist; the richness of the grasses, to the stock raiser; the vast beds and piles of stone, and the broad forests of the giant Fir, to the mechanic; while the unfailing abundance of water in the Rivers and creeks, pouring over numerous falls and rapids, present inducements highly favorable to the manufacturer. Occupying a position between where the Winter rains of Oregon, and the Summer droughts of California, are occasionally severe; they possess a climate, which, mingling these two opposite evils, destroys them, and thus renders these secluded Valleys, in this respect, the most desirable portion of these most desirable climes. But they are as much as nature made them, and so wild, that many portions of them have never been trodden by the foot of the white man; and it may be, when time, and the bold enterprise of our Western adventurers, shall develop, more fully, the character and resources of these mountain-wrapped solitudes, that there may be found a Pass, which nature has provided as a way for commerce through her barriers; and from the sides of the mountains, and from the bosom of the plains, may be drawn additional materials, to add to the necessaries and comforts of man, and to aid the march of civilization. It is possible that this portion of Oregon, will be acquired from the natives, in the same manner that portions of the United States have already been acquired—by force. And should it be so acquired, and when judgment comes upon the conqueror for conquest, there will be none upon whom it will fall more lightly: for there are no people who deserve more justly, punishment for "all manner of wickedness," than the natives of the Rogue's River and Clamuth Valleys.

Not much attention has yet been paid to the North side of the Columbia, by American settlers, owing to the uncertainty in regard to the claims of the two Powers, that hold it in dispute; but notwithstanding this uncertainty, a small settlement has been formed by persons from the United States, about twenty miles above Vancouver, on the North side of the River, in the confident belief that the United States Government would never relinquish any portion of her just rights. In several respects it is superior to the South. Immediately on the River, it affords many more, and better situations for settlement. At the Falls of the Columbia, which must, in time, become a place of some importance, the North side only, can be improved. As the navigation extends forty miles above the Falls, and entirely through the Cascade Mountains, over which a good road cannot probably be made; a canal around the Falls will be a project which will deeply interest that whole country, as it will probably be the only means to facilitate the intercourse, between the different portions of country lying above and below the Cascade Mountains, and the ingress and egress from and to the United States; and a canal can only be made, with any reasonable expense, on the North side. The vast amount of water power which the Falls will afford, can be rendered available with profit, only on the North side. Cape Disappointment, which can be made almost as impregnable as the Rock of Gibraltar, and which entirely commands the entrance of the River, frowning down on the channel which washes its base, is also on the North side.

Puget's Sound, which is cut by the parallel of 49 deg., and is said to be surrounded by a very beautiful country, of considerable extent; in point of spaciousness, safety and facility of access, is the second harbor on the Western shores of America. The general character of the country is similar to that on the South, excepting that its valleys are not so large, and the mountainous and hilly portions, occupy a greater extent. Like the Valley of Willammette, the Valleys on the North side of the Columbia, are diversified with forest and plain. There is little or no difference in the soil, and the grass is equally fine. On the streams that empty into the Columbia, and their tributaries, there are many Falls and Cascades; which afford excellent sites for machinery, to an almost unlimited extent. On the Cawlitz, which is the largest falling into the Columbia from the North, below the Cascade Mountains, the Hudson's Bay Company have a Saw Mill, and there is, at the same place, a small French settlement, which has been connected with them; but their term of service having expired, they were permitted by the Company to remain in the country, (the contract of the Company with them is to return them at the expiration of their term of service, to their own countries. This is done in order [illegible] prevent competition.) They are engaged in agriculture, and furnish, annually, several thousand bushels of wheat, to supply the Russian contract. Their wheat is boated down the Cawlitz, in bateaus; but the rapidity of the stream, renders the navigation difficult and tedious. This settlement is fifty miles above the mouth of the stream. The valley, here, is not half so large as that of the Willammette; but it is, nevertheless, entirely sufficient to accommodate quite large settlements. There are many other smaller streams, emptying into the Columbia from the North; on all of which there are Valleys back from the River. The timber is more abundant on the North, and of rather a better quality.

Twenty-five miles North from Vancouver, and about opposite the mouth of the Willammette, Mount St. Helens, a lofty snow capped Volcano rises from the plain, and is now burning. Frequently, the huge columns of black smoke may be seen, suddenly bursting from its crater, at the distance of thirty or forty miles.—The crater is on the South side, below the summit. The Cawlitz River has its source in Mount St. Helens.

On the Columbia, in most places, the hills, which are generally high, frequently steep and broken, and covered with dense forests, come in on both sides, close to the water; leaving only small bottoms in the bends of the stream. Some of these bottoms, however, are large enough for several good farms. On the North side, for many miles above and below Vancouver, the bottoms are of considerable width. The hills are low, and rise gradually back, for some miles, affording room for large settlements. At the mouth of the Columbia, on the South side, is the Clatsop plain, extending along the coast; and from a mere point, at the Southern extremity, it increases in width, until it reaches the River, where it is about five miles wide. This plain is very sandy, and produces fine garden vegetables; but is fit for little else. It has probably been made by the deposites of the Columbia, thrown back by the waves of the Ocean. It is traversed by several sand ridges, like waves, running exactly parallel with the coast. As the Columbia approaches its mouth, it widens out ito broad bays; which, excepting a single channel, are full of shallows and sand bars; many of which are entirely bare at low tide.

About twenty miles above Astoria, there is a large cluster of low Islands, called the Catalammet Islands, several miles in extent; which are covered with Cotton Wood and Willows, and are overflowed by high tide. They are several hundred in number, and are separated by as many shallow channels; some of which, are as wide as the main channel: and into which, persons who were not acquainted with the River, have frequently run, and have been lost among the shallows for many hours. A few miles below these Islands, on the North side, there is a singular Rock, standing immediately in the channel, and rising above high water about twenty feet. It appears, at a distance, like an artificial Pillar, and has been called Pillar Rock. A few miles below this Pillar, the River is fifteen miles wide; and the channel, leaving the North side, bears across in nearly a straight line, to Tongue Point, which is several hundred feet high, extending out into the River, in the shape of a tongue, about half a mile; and commanding, most perfectly, the channel which washes its base.

Astoria, situated on the South side of the Columbia, twelve miles above its mouth, is generally known as being the first place which was settled on that River. It contains only a few houses, and is occupied as a Trading Post, by the Hudson's Bay Company, and now called by them Fort George. Some of the hearth stones of the old Trading House of Mr. Astor, may still be seen. This will probably eventually be the principal commercial place in Oregon; as it is the best situation between Tongue Point and the mouth of River, and as there are on the bar, at Tongue Point, only three fathoms water, while on the bar at the mouth there are five. The River, at the mouth, is four miles wide, and the entrance is obstructed by a large bar, upon which the waves of the Ocean, (excepting in the channel,) break with great violence.—The flying sheets of foam may be seen from Astoria, and the roaring may be heard for a much greater distance. The point of land on the South is low and sandy, and is called Point Adams; that on the North, is a high, perpendicular rock, and as heretofore said, is called Cape Disappointment. The channel comes around close to the foot of the rock, so that it has entire command of that entrance of the River. Since the wreck of the Peacock upon these breakers, this entrance has been considered by many, in the States, as extremely dangerous; but not so with those who are acquainted with the channel. All admit, however, that it is necessary to have a fair wind, and weather sufficiently clear to observe the land marks, to avoid danger, as the channel is narrow. With these, together with a correct knowledge of the place, we doubt not but that a thousand vessels, were they sailed by men of skill and judgment, might enter the mouth of the Columbia, and not one be lost. In the case of the Peacock; it is said, that the Captain mistook the bar for the channel, and struck before he discovered his mistake. We believe that strongly constructed and powerful tow boats, directed by experienced pilots, would overcome this obstruction as effectually, as the same means do that at the mouth of the Mississippi. When vessels have accomplished an entrance, they find a safe harbor, and good anchorage, in Baker's Bay, just within

Cape Disappointment; and farther up, above, below, and opposite Astoria, in the main Channel of the River. The bad character which the mouth of the Columbia gained, by the unfortunate accident which happened to Lieutenant Wilkes, then Commander of the United States Exploring Squadron, in the Pacific, has since affected, materially, and deeply, the prosperity of that infant Colony: and not the Colony alone, but also the interests of the numerous Whalers, which are, in every direction, in every latitude and longitude, constantly traversing the broad bosom of this Ocean of Oceans; since it has certainly been the great cause, to discourage an intercourse, which would otherwise have been commenced, and continued, to the great advantage of both. This character, which has been and still is so extremely detrimental, is, in a great degree, unmerited and incorrect.

The coast South, from Cape Look Out, (twenty miles South of the mouth of the Columbia,) to the Umqua, is generally rugged and mountainous. There are some small Valleys, on the intermediate streams; but none of sufficient extent to demand attention. At Cape Look Out, which is a lofty and frowning rock, projecting into the sea, there are extensive sands, and a vast rock rising out of the water, called Kilamux Head; upon which, when the wind is high from the West, the Ocean waves dash and break in such fury, that the roaring may be distinctly heard in the Willamette Valley.

The Indians, West of the Cascade Mountains, are divided into numerous small bands, and many of these without any acknowledged head. There were once, on the waters of the Columbia, the Willamette, and along the shores of the Ocean, powerful tribes; but pestilence and disease, since the coming of the white man, have swept them rapidly away; until but a few, poor, wretched, degraded beings, beyond the reach of charity, remain. Once Chenamus, a proud, intelligent, and influential Chief, of the Chenooks, held sway over all the tribes, between the shores of the Pacific and the Cascades, and between the Umqua and Puget's Sound; and extended his influence beyond the Mountains. But, after his death, his place was never filled: and now, the bones of his people, are scattered upon the rocks and hills, and their dwelling places, are their graves. The bones of hundreds, perhaps thousands, lay heaped up promiscuously, together. And every isolated rock that rises out of the Columbia, is covered with the canoes of the dead. They are nearly all gone, and disease is still sweeping the miserable remnant away; so that, in a few more years, there will not be a single red man west of the Cascades, on the waters of the Columbia.

The Indians of this lower country, are generally smaller, and not so well formed as the generality of the Natives of America. They have but few horses, travel mostly in their canoes, and live upon fish, fowls, and roots. Their houses are constructed of slabs split out of Cedar, hewn, and set upon end, around a frame of poles, and covered with bark. The Indians are very filthy in their habits, and almost destitute of clothing. The stench arising from the filth about their villages, in the fishing season, is almost insupportable. They are superior water-men, manage their canoes with the greatest dexterity, and are very expert in fishing. On the Columbia, they fish with seins, (such as are used in the United States.) At the Falls, they build scaffolds, out from the rocks, near to the falling water, and use a sort of dip net, fastened on a long staff. They use spears, where a sein cannot be drawn; and in the night, they fish with hooks fastened on a pole, which they immerse deep into the water, and when they feel any thing touch the pole, they jerk it up quickly and generally bring out a fish. This mode of fishing is practiced only during the season in which the Salmon are ascending the streams, and immediatly below some great waterfall, where they collect in immense numbers. All the fish that are exported from Oregon, are caught by the Indians. Their canoes are the finest we ever saw; they are made of the large white Cedar, hewn out with great labor. They are constructed with a high bow and stern, which are separate from the main vessel, and so neatly put on, that the joints will not admit water.—They are very light, and the edges are ornamented with Sea shells. These people are also ingenious in the manufacture of mats of rushes, and hats and baskets of grass. Some of their baskets are water tight, and many of them are ornamented with devices of beasts, birds, and flowers, worked in various colors. The religion of these Indians, is much the same as that of the other tribes of America. They believe in one Superior Presiding Influence, which they call the Great High Chief. They believe also, in an Evil Spirit, and in numerous inferior Spirits, both good and evil, which inhabit the earth and air, and are invisible, or assume the form of smoke or vapor: the evil Spirits afflicting mankind with misfortunes, disease and death. They also believe in the Spiritualization of beasts, birds and fish, and even of their clothes, ornaments, canoes, tools, implements of war, &c.; of fruits, flowers, and numerous other inanimate things; and we are inclined to the belief that they extend this Spiritualization, to all organized bodies. It is on account of this opinion, that they bury their dead in their canoes, with many of the articles which belonged to them, while *living—such as arms, clothing, ornaments*, &c.—and furnish them with a supply of food, which they suppose sufficient to last them to the Spirit Land. For the same reason, a horse, or a dog, is frequently butchered beside the grave of a hunter. The Spirits of all of which things, according to their opinion, will be required for their comfort and subsistence, when they themselves have come to be disembodied Spirits. They are in many respects, very superstitious: One instance of which is shown, in the removal of a large stone which lay in the way of some men who were taking saw-logs into the River, a mile below Oregon City. The workmen were about to remove it, when they were forbidden by some of the Indians, and told that it was once a man, and if they removed it, the River would rise up to it. They, however, removed it; and it happened, that soon after, the River rose higher than it had ever been known; which accidental circumstance, was attributed by them to the removal of the stone, and of course, strengthened their superstition. They have what they term Medicine-men, in whom they place great confidence, and suppose that they possess the power, by means of charms, to counteract the influence of evil Spirits, and to drive them away. They are called to exercise their charms in every case of sickness. They blow their breath upon the body, rub it, and press upon the stomach. After continuing this for some time, they pretented to have drawn something from the patient; they press it in their hands, and appear to hold it with the greatest difficulty; immerse it in the water, and continue alternately to rub and immerse it, until the evil Spirit is overpowered. Then, holding the clenched hands above the head, several loud shouts are uttered in as frightful a manner as they are able. They then open their fingers gradually, to allow the terrified Scocum, (evil spirit.) to make his escape —blow through their hands—continue to utter fearful cries, and to make threatening gestures—until they have driven the agent of evil, entirely away. They go through the same operation, until they have drawn the last little devil from the body of the patient, and driven it away. All the time these incantations are going on, a number of persons sitting in a row beside the sick, chanting their savage song, beat constantly and loudly with sticks upon a large dry board. These Medicine-men are supposed to be invulnerable, and lead the van to battle. They frequently exhibit proofs of their magic powers, at their dances and celebrations, by holding live coals of fire between their fingers, for several minutes at a time. They are held accountable for the success of anything which they undertake, and if a person dies in their hands, or if they loose [illegible], they are tried for their lives. When a Chief, or a [illegible] of a chief's family, or other notable person dies, they are placed in their canoes, with their blankets, arms and other implements, which they used while living; hung to the bough of a tree, or placed upon a rock, and a favorite horse, and sometimes several slaves, are killed, to bear the soul of the dead to the world of Spirits. Slavery exists in the lower country.

These Indians are great gamblers, and they have several games, the form of which we are not able correctly to describe. They play until all their property is gone, and then frequently gamble off their bodies, part at a time, until the whole is lost, and they are slaves for life. Marriage, among the Indians, is rather a mercenary transaction, than otherwise. It is true, perhaps, that there is a choice in some instances; but generally, whoever pays the highest price, takes the woman. Poligamy is universally practiced, and some of the Chiefs have as many as ten wives. The wealth of an individual, is estimated frequently, by the number of his wives. The women here, as well as with all other barbarous tribes and nations, do all the hard labor; hunting, fishing and war, being the only duties of the men. But the Indians between the Umqua and Puget's Sound, are at this time any thing else but warlike. The time no doubt has been, when they were; but they have degenerated as fast as they have decreased in numbers, until they have, in every sense of the terms, become inactive and feeble. Perhaps no where on the great American Continent, on either side of the Isthmus of Panama, has their intercourse with the white man been more ruinous to them, than it has here. It is, however, no less strange than true and deplorable, that wherever the white man has had intercourse with the Indian, almost without an exception, it has tended both morally and physically to degrade, sink, and destroy him. The different tribes, differ from each other very much, in their language. They have not a great many words, and almost every one is uttered with a strong guttural sound. They count to ten, and afterwards, by tens and hundreds. These are the Flathead Indians, and we believe the only Tribe that practise this singular custom, upon the Continent of America, or upon the surface of the globe. How it has happened that the name has been given to a Tribe inhabiting the country upon the upper part of that branch of the Columbia, commonly known in the States by the name of Clarke's River, and separated, by several hundred miles, from the only people who are known to have ever practiced this custom, we are unable to imagine. Some ignorance and mistake, however, have thus widely misplaced the name: and instead of having given it to those whose most unnatural fancy would have rendered it highly appropriate, they have wrongly designated by it, a people whose heads are as round as our own. The same error has likewise been committed, in giving to a Tribe inhabiting a country on the North side of Snake River, the name of Nez Pierce, to whom the custom of piercing the nose is not at all peculiar; but which is practiced extensively by the Tribes along the coast; all of whom, are separated from these, who bear the name, by a distance of two or three hundred miles; and between whom the lofty range of the Cascade Mountains, (which intervenes,) admits but little intercourse. The custom of piercing the nose, for the purpose of wearing in it, shells, quills, rings, *&c.*, is practiced somewhat, by all the aboriginal inhabitants of America. But with the Tribes, inhabiting these shores of the Pacific, it has been almost universal, and is still so with some. With those, however, who have had much intercourse with the whites, this, together with the custom of flattening the head, is beginning to be less observed.

The custom of flattening the head, originated, probably, in the idea, that it was unbecoming the dignity of a master, to wear the same appearance as the slave; and as garbs and insignia were perishable, or subject to be wrested from them, it seems that they determined to put on different, and, of course, as they were superior, more beautiful heads. And perhaps the circumstance, that their slaves were to accompany them, and serve them in another world—the land of spirits—was considered by them an additional reason, why they should imprint indelibly, even on their very existence, a sure indication and record of their own superiority: lest, perchance the master might be mistaken for the slave, and to the slave might be awarded the privileges of the master: lest the proud master, who, in this world, was accustomed to grant his servant life, or bid him die, might, by mistake, in Heaven be compelled, himself, to suffer and to serve; might be compelled to dig the spirit-roots, and gather spirit-berries, from the bogs and briars of heaven; and to bare around the Portages or paddle along the Rivers, the ghost of his own, nobleman's canoe, for a vile slave: lest, in the fair land of spirits, his free-born shade might be, through mistake, compelled to bare such like ignoble spirit burthens, and toil, and sweat, and tremble, at the will of a vile creature of the Great High Chief of Spirits, whom he before had been accustomed to command: Lest such misfortunes might come upon him, by the too great natural resemblance, between himself and his slave, it is probable that he was more strongly induced to lay aside the servile-looking head, which silly nature gave him, and put on a more beautiful one of his own wise fashioning. If this be not correct, it is at least surely very much in the character of man; and if it be, it is not confined to the Flatheads alone, nor is it peculiar to the ignorant and uncultivated barbarian. The notions of civilized and enlightened barbarisms, speak with the same import. This operation of flattening the head, is performed when the child is very young: while the cranium is yet soft, and somewhat pliable. It nevertheless requires a long time to complete it. It must be effected very gradually, and the pressure must be continued upon the skull, until it has acquired a degree of hardness sufficient to retain the shape which has been given. The object is to press back the forehead; which, when the operation is completed, is generally about parallel with the nose. In effecting this, the back part of the head is also somewhat compressed. This object is accomplished by binding a small board, or any other [illegible] substance, closely upon the forehead; so as to press in the required direction. The child itself is lashed to a board, in such a manner, as to favor the securing of the flattening plane, in the necessary position, and to prevent the child from strangling. This operation, although [illegible] unnatural, so confining, and affecting an organ so delicate as the [illegible], and though performed upon such tender years, does not, [illegible], appear to produce pain. Mortality does not appear to be greater among the Flathead children than among the adults, in comparison with that of other Indian Tribes. Neither does the flattening of the head appear, in the least degree, to affect the mind. Slaves, born among them, whose heads are not flattened, are the same, in every respect, pertaining to the mind, as far as it is possible to determine. In disposition, passion, intellect, and in their whole character, as far as different individuals are alike, they are alike. But it is probble that this practice will soon become extinct, if not from the abandonment of the custom, at least from the extinction of the race.

In the climate of Western Oregon, we find one of the principal advantages which this country, together with the whole Western coast of the Continent, possesses over those portions laying East of the great mountain range, which, extending from within the Arctic circle, along the whole extent of North and South America, to Cape Horn, divides the Continent into two Grand Divisions, differing not only in their geographical features, but also in climate and vegetation. The climate of Western Orégon is milder by several degrees, than it is between the same parallels of latitude in the States. Snow seldom falls in the Valleys South of the Columbia, and during our stay at the Falls of the Willammette, which included two Winter seasons, there were only two falls of snow; (with equal and perhaps greater propriety, we might call that portion of the year included between the first or middle of November, and the last of March, the rainy season;) the first of these snows was six or eight inches deep, and remained upon the ground about three days; the second, which continued to fall at intervals, during a week, passed away almost as fast as it fell, never concealing, entirely, the surface of the ground. During the period of our stay, we never saw ice on any of the streams of water; yet, it has been stated that since the location of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver, the Columbia River has been twice closed over at that place. If this be a fact, it must be owing, in a great measure, to the circumstance that the Columbia has its sources in far Northern latitudes, and in high mountainous regions. On the Willammette which flows from the South, such congelation has never been known. We were informed by persons, long resident in the country, that rains were very frequent through the Winter or rainy season, but that great quantities seldom fell in short times. During the first Winter we were in the country, there were several weeks together, of fine, clear, and most delightful weather, and besides this, several other shorter periods of cessation; but during the second, it rained almost constantly, yet so light were these rains, generally, that in order to convey correct ideas, propriety would seem to demand some other term to designate them. Taking the two seasons together, which we experienced there, we doubt whether a greater quantity of water fell than falls generally in the same length of time, during the same months in the States.—

Many have expressed objections to the climate, on account of the rainy seasons, and it cannot be denied that they frequently render it quite disagreeable and gloomy, especially to those who have just emigrated to the country. Yet most persons do their accustomed business at this season, whether it be in or out of doors, without seeming to experience any great inconvenience, or suffering detriment to their health. Southern winds prevail in the Willammette Valley, at this season, and when they change to the North they are usually succeeded by fine, clear weather. At the same time, however, they prevail from the East or change to the West on the Columbia, showing their course is effected very much, by the hills and mountains. The clouds float low in the Winter, and frequently huge masses of them, as if influenced by attraction, cling to the sides of the hills and mountains, until as they move along, they are torn by the tops of the tall Firs. We saw once as we were laying becalmed on the Columbia, in the dusk of the evening, the clouds descend from the mountain ravines, and settle down, for awhile, so near the surface of the broad river, that the Islands with which it was there interspersed, and portions of the neighboring shores, which were covered with groups of tall trees, penetrated with their tops, above the cloud. Their seeming to be much elevated, together with the regularity of the upper surface of the cloud, awakened the idea of a beautiful little Archipelago, with all its Islands, floating in the air. The grass is green and growing throughout the Winter, and cattle and other animals keep in good condition, without any attention or feeding whatever, and we have frequently eaten excellent beef, killed from the grass at this season. In the Summer, there, is probably not so much rain, as in the United States; but it is entirely sufficient to perfect the crops of grain, which, except Indian Corn, are more abundant, and surer, than in the United States. The temperature at this season, is near the the same that it is in the same latitude East of the Mountains, except the nights, which are quite cool during the whole year; so that a person may sleep in mid summer, comfortably under a pair of blankets. These cool nights are doubtles injurious to the growth of Indian Corn, which does not flourish and produce abundantly in this country. The sky, through the Summer, is usually clear, and on the plains, a gentle breeze is generally blowing from the sea; which renders the Summers remarkably agreeable and healthy. The natural vegetation of the country, is all of a giant growth. We have spoken of the Fir's attaining to the height of three hundred feet; many others, of the smaller kinds of vegetation, are in the same proportion. We have seen the common Elder growing from six to twelve inches in diameter, and the Hazle very commonly from four to six inches. There are several different kinds of wild fruit in the country, which are not found in the United States, and several which are, though it is not more abundant here than in the States. The cultivated fruits common in the States, such as the apple, peach, and pear, appear to come to perfection; though but little attention has yet been paid to grafting and cultivation; consequently, there is but little fruit of a good quality. The grape, although not a native of Oregon, and not found any where West of the Rocky Mountains, and North of 49 deg., in a wild state, having been planted at Vancouver, is said to produce well. The wheat grown in Oregon is of a very superior quality: the grain is larger, fuller, heavier, and in every way finer, than that grown in the States. The quantity produced, with the same cultivation, on the same extent of ground, we also think, is something more; but the difference is greater in quality, than in quantity. The varieties of forest trees are not great; the Pine, Fir, White Cedar, Hemlock, and Oak, being the principal. There are also, some Maple, Ash, Alder, Dogwood, and Cherry, found along the watercourses. Thunder is seldom heard West of the Cascade Mountains, and storms and heavy winds are not prevalent. The Territory of Oregon has with great propriety been considered in three divisions. These divisions are natural and strongly marked, not only by the mountain ranges which separate them, but also, by difference in soil and climate, and of course by different degrees of productiveness, and by a different general appearance. That portion of the Territory lying between these mountain ranges, (the Cascade and Blue Mountains,) is, under the above division, the middle portion, but is generally known in that country under the name of the Walawala Valley. Under this name we have previously noticed it, and thus we will designate this division, wherever it comes, in the course of our remarks. The climate of the Walawala Valley differs from that of Western Oregon, in being much dryer and somewhat colder. It appears strange that between two portions of country situated in the same latitude, and separated only by a range of mountains, the difference of climate should be so marked. We will not pretend to account for this difference, but will suggest that the elevation of the Walawala Valley above the Valleys of Western Oregon, together with the circumstance of its being much farther from the Ocean, and separated from its influence, by a very lofty range of mountains, might make the difference. This climate, together with the dry and sandy character of the greater portion of the soil, and the richness of the grasses which they produce, renders this portion of Oregon, above all others highly favorable to grazing; and it is in our opinion, especially adapted, on these accounts, to the raising of sheep. As we have before remarked, the grass springs up here also, in Autumn, and is green; and frequently growing, through the Winter: so that animals require no other food. The almost entire absence of timber, in the Walawala Valley, is attributable to the dry and sandy nature, and to the insufficiency of the soil. The few Cotton Wood and Willow trees which line the margins of some of streams and Rivers, and the Pines which grow at the base of the Mountains, is all the timber which the Valley affords. Where the soil along the streams and near the mountains is rich, the climate favors the production of wheat, rye, oats, &c.; the common garden vegetables; and is supposed to be more congenial to the growth of Indian corn, than that of Western Oregon. Corn has been grown for some years, in small quantities, at Dr. Whitman's Mission, and some of the Walawala Indians have been induced to cultivate small patches of it. But the ears we saw were small, and the quantity produced has also been small; and we are confident of our correctness in saying, that there is no portion of Oregon in which this grain can be profitably produced. The climate of the Walawala Valley, and every thing else connected with it; the dryness of its soil, the purity of its waters, and the vicinity of snow covered peaks, are certainly highly favorable to health; and in proof of its healthfulness, we have the testimony of those who have resided in it as Traders, or Missionaries, for a number of years; and not only the testimony of words, but also of appearance.

The remaining portion of the Territory of Oregon—the Eastern portion—we have sufficiently noticed, in passing through it. Very much the largest portion of Eastern Oregon, is at present, and must continue for a great number of years, to be, comparatively valueless. It is a desert, so rugged, so dreary, and so exceedingly sterile, that it cannot, until ages upon ages have melted its mountains; until the winds, and floods, and changes of thousands and thousands of years, shall have crumbled into dust, its rocks, and its sands; yield anything worthy of consideration, to the support of human life. There are, however, some beautiful exceptions to the general character; bright and blooming valleys, walled with mountains, and surrounded by wastes; which, contrasting so widely with every thing about them, are regarded by the lonely traveler, as being, not only wildly romantic, but surpassingly beautiful. These however, are rare. The traveler through that dreary region, will climb to the summit of many a barren height, and traverse many a sun-scorched plain, ere the green Oasis glads his eyes.

Those who have emigrated to the country, have had uncommonly good health. Notwithstanding the great exposures which the Emigrations of 1843 and 1844, were necessarily subjected to, in making, and after having made, a long and toilsome journey through a wild, and desert wilderness; in preparing shelters from the rains, and obtaining the means of subsistance; there were fewer instances of sickness in either, than is common among a like number of people, in the most healthy portions of the United States. But to describe the climate of Oregon, with the greatest exactness, in the fewest words, is, we think, to compare it with France; which laying between precisely the same parallels of latitude, and occupying exactly the same position, on the Eastern Continent, that Oregon does on the Western, boasts a climate which has long since and universally been acknowledged, one of the finest on the Globe.—The situation of Oregon, in regard to commerce, every one who knows any thing about the geography of the world, is already acquainted with. Its location is convenient to all the shores and Islands of the Pacific, the Western portions of South America; and as all the numerous groups of Islands in the great Pacific Ocean, are ready of access; they will furnish much for profitable commerce, as they lie mostly in the tropics.

The people who have emigrated to Oregon, have organized a Government, deeming it right and necessary, situated as they were, in an Indian country, and so far removed from the influence of any law; not only as a means of personal safety from the natives, if they were disposed to be hostile; but also, for the protection of life and property, against evil-doers among themselves; and for the distribution of equal justice in all their intercourse with each other. This Government, however, is intended only to be temporary, and subject to the disposition of the Government of the United States, whenever she extends her jurisdiction over the Territory. The people of Oregon, generally, have no disposition to set up an independent government; but on the contrary, they are exceedingly anxious to be taken into the care and under the protection of the United States. They expect to receive grants from the government, and under this expectation, they have all located land claims of a section each; and these claims are of course respected and protected by the existing provisionary government. This government was organized in 1843, and previous to the arrival of our Emigration. The citizens met in Convention, and elected an Executive Committee of three, which had the powers of a Governor, a Legislative Committee of nine, a Judge, Recorder, Treasurer, Sheriff, four Justices of Peace, and as many Constables. Military Officers were also elected, and several companies of Militia organized. They made a short code of written Laws, defining the duties and powers of the different officers, and adopted the Laws of Iowa so far as they would apply to their condition. They regulated the taking of land claims, determining who might hold claims, and defining what steps should be necessary, in order that persons might be secure in the possession of lands. They limited these land claims by the same authority by which they laid them, (Senator Lynn's Bill,) to six hundred and forty acres, and made any person laying two claims, liable to loose either. In order to hold a claim, they made it necessary that the corners of the land, should be marked, and that a description of it should be entered upon the books of the Territorial Recorder; and the temporary government agreed to protect these land claims against all other claimants, except the United States of America. The Missionaries residing in the Willammette valley, who took an active part in the organization; besides the claims allowed them as individuals, succeeded in obtaining, in the name of the Mission, thirty six square miles; and in the best portion of the Willammette Valley. The succeeding Legislature, however, disregarded it; and all except the usual claim allowed to individuals, was liable to be taken by any one who might wish it. This government was extended over all the country between the parallels of 42 deg. and 54 deg. 40 min. North latitude, and West of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean; and made a residence of six months necessary to Citizenship. The second Legislature, elected by order of the Executive Committee, made a Law, prohibiting the making and selling ardent spirits, in the Territory, except for Medical purposes; and likewise, a Law prohibiting the residence of negroes in the country, after the expiration of three years; and levied a tax upon the people, for the construction of roads, and the defraying expenses unavoidable, in the transaction of the Government.—They have endeavored to protect the rights of the Indians, and promote peace and harmony between them and the settlers; and no disturbance of a genral nature has ever occurred between them; and an Indian war, in all probability, will never interrupt the tranquility of the Willamette Valley. The temporary government is acknowledged and supported by the great majority of of the people, and is constantly gaining strength and character.—None of the members of the Hudson's Bay Company took an active part in the organization of this Government; yet we believe that Dr. McLaughlin was present at the Convention.—Since, however, many of those persons whom the Hudson's Bay Company have settled in the country, have been induced, by the influence of members of the Company, to vote at elections.—Many of the individuals connected with the Company, among whom is Dr. McLaughlin himself, have preferred to avail themselves of the benefit of the Laws, to become subject to them, and to pay the taxes levied by the Legislative Committee. One of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company was appointed by the Executive, to the office of Treasurer of the temporary Government, and he accepted and served in that capacity. But little difficulty has yet occurred in its administration, and only two instances of resistance against the Laws; in both of which, the authorities were successful, and order was maintained. Private difficulties have but seldom occurred, and there is more harmony in society than we have ever known or heard of, in any other part of the world.—This happy circumstance is attributed principally, to the general absence of intoxicating liquors; which is a state of things unprecedented in the settlement of a new country, and speaks loudly in favor of the moral character of the people of Oregon.

Many speculations have been indulged in, since the first discovery of America, much research made, and many opinions offered as to the manner in which it became peopled. We have, in the course of our travels, become acquainted with some facts which may possibly throw light upon this subject. It may be, that the facts which have induced us to form our opinion, have been given to the public by others, and long since; but if they have, as we have never seen them, we beg leave to throw our opinion into the scale. The most commonly received opinion, is, we believe, that the first inhabitants came across from the Northern part of Asia, at Berring's Straits, where the distance between the shores of the two Continents is but short. This opinion, though it is very plausible, and in fact, probable, as regards America, cannot account for the peopling of many of the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, far removed from the shores of either Continent. It is our opinion, that the Western shores, if not the Continent of America, and all the inhabited Islands of the Pacific, have been peopled from China and Japan. It is now known, with as much certainty, as are any existences or transactions, of which we have been informed, by ancient history, that the Chinese Empire has been in existence, that its people have been in many respects enlightened, and that records have been made and kept by them, for several thousand years past. They had vessels in which they went to sea, but not having an extensive knowledge of navigation, they never ventured far from land; it however, sometimes happened, that they were blown off to a great distance, at sea, became lost and bewildered, and were left to the mercy of the wind and waves; in this condition, we believe that these lost vessels have been driven and cast upon the shores of our Continent, and upon the inhabited Islands of the Pacific, where the people who thus saved themselves, have increased, and made the aborigines of this Continent, and those Islands; and that being discouraged by the improbability of their ever regaining their native country, and destitute of all their accustomed means of improvement, they have descended, in the course of ages, into their present state of barbarism. None can object to this theory, on account of the diversity of features, complexion, and languages, who hold that the human race have descended from one common parentage; since, time and circumstances may have wrought a chanage in this case, as well as in that. The circumstances which lead us to this opinion are these: about fifty years ago, as we were informed, by different gentlemen, connected with the Hudson's Bay Fur Company, and previous to their establishment in that country, a Japanese Junk was cast upon the North West coast of Oregon; the people who saved themselves from the wreck were taken, and enslaved by the Indians, and were found among them, by the Company's Traders, in that condition. They endeavored to purchase them from their masters, but were unable to obtain them at any reasonable price. The Company, after the expiration of several years, found it necessary to employ a steamer, to collect their furs, on this coast; and instructed the master, upon its arrival, to obtain, if possible, the Japanese slaves. The Indians, whose villages were near the Sea shore, were at the time of the

Steamer's arrival on that coast, many of them, out in their canoes, some distance from land. As soon as they perceived her, they fled for the shore, and the steamer persuing, so terrified them, that they not only abandoned their canoes, but their villages also, and fled en masse, to the mountains, leaving not only the Japanese, but every thing else behind them. The Japanese were taken on board the steamer, conveyed to Fort Vancouver, and sent from there to London, whence they were carried on board an East Indiaman, to their native country. And beside this, there are the remains of a wreck, near Cape Look Out, at which the Indians have frequently collected beeswax, which was thrown out on the beach, by the surf; and it is the general impression, that this also, was a Japanese or Chinese vessel. The Indians have some strange and mysterious traditions, concerning this wreck; but we were not able to learn any thing definite from them, concerning its character, or the time of its destruction; but it is evidently many years since it was lost. We know of no account of the loss of any such vessel, from any of the Commercial nations of the world, and it is, at least, probable, that this also, was driven from the shores of the Eastern Continent; and if this were the case, here then, are two instances, in which people have been cast upon the Western shores of America, from China or Japan, perhaps from both; two instances, by which, had the Continent been at those times without inhabitants, it would, or might have been peopled. And since the Chinese Em-[illegible] has been in existence so long, and since they have been, [illegible] respects, so long enlightened, why may not this have [illegible], thousands as well as fifty or an hundred years ago; [illegible] may it not have happened, before this Continent was inhabited, and they have been the Parents of the present aborigines?

The scenery in Oregon, is varied, romantic, picturesque, and grand. There is certainly nothing to equal it, in North America, East of the Rocky Mountains; and, although much has been said of the beauty and grandeur of the scenery of Switzerland, we doubt if any thing can be there found to equal it; taking into view, the rich, extensive, and flowery plains, surrounded by tall and heavy forests, of ever-green, watered by many large and living streams, flowing sometimes smooth and gentlle, then rapid, and again precipitating, in broad, and heavy sheets, down immense perpendicular Falls. There may be, some where on the earth's whole surface, some spot which can equal in the mighty grandness of its scenery, the mountains, the valleys, and the shores of Oregon; but if there be, 'tis vast, 'tis beautiful, 'tis grand indeed. Let the beholder, stand upon the green summit of one of the high isolated hills, that rise from the plain in the upper Willammette, and what a prospect! The imagination that has been accustomed only to the level surface, and dull monotony of the Valley of the Mississippi, must be stretched to its utmost to comprehend the mighty picture. The fair Valley of the Willammette, with its hills, and its vales, its forests, and its plains, is spread out before you. To the East, and extending as far as the eye can reach to the North and South, the Cascades, in one lofty, unbroken range, rise mountain upon mountain, and forest over forest, until their highest peaks, wrapped in eternal snow, and white as the unsullied flake in the storm of Winter, stand high and giddy, far above the clouds. At your feet you can see the Willammette, meandering down the wide fertile Valley, and can trace afar, the course of the broad Columbia, winding through its forest-crested hills; and further away to the North, St. Helens shows her towering crater of eternal fire; and further still, the eye is lost in the wide labrynth of dark and clustering heights, in distance indistinct. Away to the South, the peering summits of some lofty chain, are dimly drawn upon the sky. To the West, you hear the distant Ocean's sullen roar, as its waves, with crash tremendous, break upon its rock bound shores. The bright clear blue above is cloudless; all beneath, seems hushed in deep repose; even the loud Cataract's thunders, wake not so far the circling waves of air; and save, perchance, the carol of a mountain bird, the breeze sighing to the leaves, and the heavy murmuring of the distant deep, all else is silent, as it was upon the morn, when God created it. Here may the imagination lift the veil which hides the future, and peer into the destinies of this fair land: As it runs over the wide prospect, it peoples it with thousands and thousands of busy inhabitants, sees every plain checkered with fields, and even the steep and rugged Mountain-side, made to yield to the hand of the husbandman; every where, houses, gardens, orchards, and vineyards, scattered in countless multitudes, over hill and valley; flocks and herds feeding, on every hand; the broad highways coursing the valley, or winding away over the hills, thronged with a busy concourse, all moving hurriedly to and fro, engaged in the avocations of a civilized life; sees villages, towns, and cities, with massive walls and glittering spires, which have risen above the mouldered huts of a departed race. It looks forward to the time when, where now the Indian, upon his jaded horse, is winding along the narrow and solitary trail, the powerful locomotive, with its heavy train, will fly along the rattling railway; when, instead of yon frail canoe, the proud steamer will dash along the majestic river; when that Ocean, now idly breaking on its cragged shores, shall be whitened with the sails of Commerce; and when, amid the flags of an hundred nations, its own proud motto and device, resting on folds gathered with images, whose bright originals bestud her skies, shall float proudly superior to them all; when, where now, there is little else than a wild wilderness, there shall be all the life—all the populous throng and bustle—all the stately magnificence—all the interests—all the enterprise—all the intelligence of the most active, proud, and populous nations of the Old World. Imagination, peering into the far future, beholds enthroned upon an hundred heights, the lordly mansions of the opulent, surrounded with gargardens, teeming with fruits and flowers; with parks, and pools, and groves of ornamental trees; and far up the sides of the surrounding mountains, the herdsman's and the shepherd's humble cottages repose, in sweet and solitary quiet, deep buried amid the mountain pines. And still, yielding to a more romantic mood, the imagination, excited by every thing about it, and by its own wild pictures, cannot but come, in its dreamy wanderings, to the time when these mountains—these rivers—these verdant vales,—when every rock, and hill, and cataract; when every forest, glade, and glen; when every mountain gorge, and precipice, and dark ravine, shall have been sung and storied, until they have grown old and honored by the Poet's pen, and the thrilling legends of the past. But, looking beyond the snow capped barrier, which bounds the vision, to the East, the mind labors in vain to read, from the character of such dreary regions, what will be the future destiny of those wilds and wastes. Long may the lover of romantic scenes and adventures, find in them an ample scope for all his inclinations. Long may the Poet and writer of fiction, undetected, rear there, the fabricks of their dreams, and people the green mountain-girt Oasis of those unexplored solitudes, with the gallant, lovely, and happy creatures of their imaginations. About these, hang mysteries, which time and the baseless stories of the fanciful, will probably render only more mysterious. In these, may rest at last, the remnant of the ancient owners of this great Continent; and here, in a semi-civilized condition, they may continue, the wonder and the terror of ages yet to be. In such a land as this, it is easy to suppose that the minds of its future inhabitants, partaking of the characters of the things around them, will rise in splendor, like their own cloud-piercing peaks; or flow, in majesty, like their broad, majestic Rivers.

And while beholding here, a prospect, which he feels that nature herself, in her farthest reachings, in her most sublime imaginings, could not improve; to which, though she would scatter with unsparing hand, upon one favored spot, all beauty and all grandeur, she could not add one, single touch; while taking, at one eye sweep, such an assemblage of grand various and scenery; and while indulging such fanciful images of the future, the traveler, reclining, perhaps, upon the green sward which clothes the rounded height, from its base to its brow; and beneath the green arms of a low and spreading oak, might revert, amid such silence, and such scenes, to the far land of his home, and recall to his mind others, though less grand and beautiful, yet even dearer than these; might yield to a feeling of regret, when hearing here, the loud Ocean's voice, and seeing yonder, the stern mountain barrier, mingling its snows with cloud and sky; both seperating him from that home, and from those cherished scenes.

But to conclude this portion of our subject, by summing up, in short, the advantages and disadvantages, which the Territory of Oregon possesses, in comparison with other countries, or rather, with portions of the United States. We suppose its principal advantages, for instance, over the Valley of the Mississippi, to be, in climate, in its situation for Commerce, in its water power, in its forest of gigantic trees, in the purity of its waters, and in the vastness and beauty of its scenery. In all of these, it is certainly superior.—In respect to its climate, the rainy seasons, it is true, are often disagreeable; but its being favorable to grazing, and most especially, its great healthfulness, renders it very far superior to that of any portion of the States. Its situation for profitable Commerce with other portions of the world, we consider, to be superior also, to that of the Valley of the Mississippi. The vast extent of Sea-coast, embracing every clime; and the numerous fertile Islands, with which the great Pacific Ocean is crowded, to which it has immediate access, render it superior. And the circumstance, that almost all the commercial and manufacturing nations of the world, are compelled to make great circuits, in order to reach these shores, gives another advantage worthy of consideration. Its water power, we believe, cannot be surpassed on the face of the globe; neither can its forests, or the purity of its streams. Its principal disadvantages, (excepting that of the Winter rains,) are the limited extent of the habitable portion, the great amount of waste land; including even in that portion; the different parts of it, which are [illegible] settlements, being detached, by ranges of mountains, [illegible] from one to another, often difficult; the rock-bound [illegible] its coast; the inferiority of its inland navigation; and of the soil of the high lands. In all of these, it is surely inferior [illegible] the Mississippi Valley. But after balancing the advantages and disadvantages, we cannot determine which is, in reality, superior. Different men have different opinions. One will prefer one country, and another will prefer another country; one will chose the fertile Valley of the Mississippi; another the healthful climate, and the romantic scenery of Oregon.

CHAPTER IV.

ROUTE FROM OREGON TO CALIFORNIA.

Rendezvous—Indian War Dance—Indians came into Camp to trade—Adventure of an Iroquois Indian—An Alarm—SugarPine—Soda Spring—Sacramento River—Sacramento Hills—Rugged Road—Indians on the Sacramento—Fort, Trading Post, &c., of Captain Sutter.

We left the rendezvous near the Methodist Mission, on the Upper Willammette, on the 18th day of June, 1844, for Upper California. Our Company consisted of thirty-seven persons; of which number, thirteen were women and children; the rest were made up of Americans, English, French, Mexicans, and Indians of four different tribes. We took our baggage, entirely with pack animals, as the route will admit of being traveled in no other way.—Proceeding up the Willammette River ninety miles, near to the point where it comes out of the mountains, we left it, and bearing off across the Valley, at ten miles, came to the Calapooiah Mountains; and passed over them, a distance of twelve miles, with ease, into the Valley of the Umqua. Passing across it by a very circuitous way, which characterizes the whole route to California, we came, at sixty miles, to the foot of the Umqua Mountains, and encamped by a small, clear mountain stream, which ran hurriedly along, through a beautiful and extensive inclination, thickly set with a fine green sward; and over which, here and there, the dark green Pines arose to the height of two hundred feet.

Late in the evening, about twenty of the Umqua Indians, came into our Camp. At night, several of them, being induced by a half breed Frenchman, of our party, who was always fond of witnessing and participating in all the games and amusements of his savage brethren, performed one of their War Dances. After equipping and painting themselves, in the most hedious manner which their imaginations, almost perfect in such savage arts, could possibly invent: Having their bows and arrows in their hands, with all their implements of war about them; and being arranged in a row, on one side of the Camp fires; while we, who were looking on, occupied the other; they began dancing; singing, at the same time, in the wildest and most fiend-like strain; making the most hideous grimaces, and every variety of threatening gesture: sometimes throwing into their countenances a most intense gaze, and with lowering brows, and eyes directed along their arrows, as if riveted upon some fated object, upon which they were about to spring, and transfix with a deadly weapon; they would suddenly bend their bows to the very arrow's head, as if in the act of shooting a foe; then, recovering, with a dreadful smile of savage satisfaction, they would flourish their arms about their heads, and throw into their song a tone of fiendish triumph, such as would compel the stoutest nerves to cringe. During the dance, one of the number, who appeared to act the Chief, and to be bound to excel in the terrible, crouched to one half his natural stature, facing the rest, and if possible more hideously arrayed, kept moving by a short, quick, patting step, from one end of the line to the other. At intervals, when they appeared to have finished one part, they would all straighten themselves up, to their full height, and utter several loud, shrill, piercing yells, which thrilled through the forest, and was echoed back from every tree, and the distant hills, as if a host had answered; then again, they would commence the dancing and singing, as before, varying it with the same wild grimaces and gestures, and again conclude with the same loud, thrilling yells; until, after performing in this manner, several times, they wound up by a sham attack. This they did, by holding the bow in their left hand, and grasping the arrow on the string with the right, (as is usual with them;) resting the right hand on the hip; drawing the bow with all their strength; throwing themselves forward and back, and bending their bodies, until their heads almost touched the ground; and all the time they were springing about, in every direction, as if avoiding the missiles of the foe, and yelling at the very top of their voices, with more than mortal fierceness. During this performance of the Indians, the Camp fires burning bright, lighted up the surrounding forest to a considerable distance, showing the tall green pines, and leaving all beyond, (though the moon was high,) in deep dense darkness; giving to the wild scene so wildly acted, in those far savage solitudes, additional wildness; so far surpassing what we commonly consider to belong to nature and reality, that one seemed to dream; and standing in Tartarian shades, to gaze upon the regions of the damned.

In the morning, we commenced the ascent of the Umpqua Mountains, which, being covered with thick timber and brush, was considered as a place favorable to the Indians for an attack; and as we were approaching the territory of the hostile Rascals, (a tribe of Indians frequently so called,) who previously never allowed a favorable opportunity for an attack to pass unimproved, there was much uneasiness in camp, and preparations were made to prevent a surprise. Front, flank, and rear guards were kept out, while the party were moving, and some of the *braves* put on their defensive armor, in the shape of extra shirts, pants, vests, coats, and over coats, to ward off the arrows of the ambushed Rascals. We, however, passed over the mountain, a distance of fourteen miles, without seeing or hearing from the Indians, and came into the Valley of Rogue's River. At the crossing of the River, thirty of the Rascals came into camp, for the purpose of opening a trade. They were, at first, very shy in approaching us. When within two hundred yards, they halted; and waited sometime. regarding us closely, in order to ascertain, from our movements, whether we were disposed to be friends or foes. After repeatedly assuring them of our friendship, and persuading them a long time, they at length came very slowly and cautiously within twenty yards of us, and took their seats in a row, on the ground. In all their movements, and in every expression of their countenances, nothing could be detected that indicated fear, although it was certain, that they were far from being destitute of such sensations; they held such complete command over their nerves, and knew so well how to dissemble that all appeared to be nothing more than caution. Having prepared a pipe and tobacco, several of our party arranged themselves in a circle with the Indians, and smoked, passing the pipe around to the left, from one to another. This is a mark of friendship, and amounts to a treaty of peace. After smoking and asking our permission to depart, which is a custom among the Indians, in the place of our "Good night," they retired, promising to return. In the morning, they came again to our encampment, bringing with them quite a number of beaver skins; which they exchanged with different individuals of our company, for such trifling articles as they pleased to give them.

Having passed across the Valley of Rogue's River, a distance of fifty miles, we came to the Ohesty Mountains. Here, [illegible] taking a narrow spur of the Mountain, on either side of [illegible] there was a small ravine full of think brush, gave the Indians a [illegible] vorable opportunity for making an attack; and, as we knew of their having before attacked Companies at this place, and doing considerable damage; here again, we used the previous precaution, of putting out the necessary guards; and the *braves* again put on their armour, and again we passed in safety the dangerous mountain, and crossed over into the valley beyond, a distance of only six miles, without encountering any difficulty. Having crossed the Northern side of the Valley, and also the Clamuth River, we encamped early in the evening, at a small spring, three miles beyond the River, and thirteen from the foot of the Chesty Mountains. Here an Iroquois Indian of our Company, having returned from a hunting excursion, reported that, while hunting, he came suddenly upon a small Indian camp; and being perceived by the Indians, he went boldly in, as if his coming had been intentional. This scheme, of course, gave the Indians to believe that he considered, from some cause, perhaps the vicinity of a strong party, that he had no reason to be afraid. It worked well, and he returned without being molested, having noticed, as he said, several horses in the Indian camp.—Upon hearing this last part of the story, three of our party, an American, a Frenchman, and a half breed, named Petitoo, set out, against the protest of the whole camp, declaring that they would have the horses. Night came on, and all had retired to bed, when the Indian yell was raised within a few hundred yards; and every one supposing that the party had been killed by the Indians, and that they were coming upon the camp, sprang to their arms, and hastened to meet what they supposed to be an enemy. It proved, however, to be the three themselves, who in their wild and unwarrantable glee, breaking over all custom, and acknowledged laws of order and propriety, wished, for mere sport, to put the camp in a panic. They came charging up at full speed, and Petitoo, who was the ring-leader in the affair, to make a sort of "grand flourish," put whip and spur to his jaded horse, already scarcely able to proceed and coming into the staking ground at a rapid rate, was about to rein up before the crowd, who had rushed out to meet "the Indians," and was just crying out, with a swaggering air, "*Caraho pindalo!*" a favorite Spanish exclamation, when his horse, tangled in one of the staking ropes, fell; and, turning a complete somerset, went tumbling after his rider, who was hastening, in spite of himself, by several successive and astonishing feats of "grand and lofty tumbling," to the bottom of the hill, amid the peals of laughter and cursings, that burst from the still half-terrified camp. After having, received a severe reprimand, and a promise of something severer if they ever dared to alarm the Company again, the frolicking party sneaked off to bed, crest-fallen and disappointed.

Continuing across the Clamuth Valley, which is nearly destitute of timber, we came, at thirty miles, to its Southern side, which is a low division, between the waters of the Clamuth and the Sacramento, and is covered with a forest of Pine and Fir. There we saw the first of the Sugar Pine, one of the largest and finest of the Pine species: it is frequently found ten feet in diameter, and two hundred and fifty feet high. The wood of this species is probably superior to the best common Pine. It is called Sugar Pine, from the peculiar quality of its gum, which tastes very much like Sugar saturated with Turpentine. A small portion of this gum operates as a mild and efficient purgative. Here, on our right, is a high range of Mountains extending North and South; and on our left, the Snowy Butte, a lofty isolated peak, rises from the bosom of an extensive plain, far into the region of eternal snow, and gives rise to the West branch of the Secramento River, which we struck in ten miles after leaving the Clamuth Valley, and continued down it, frequently crossing and recrossing the stream. Fifteen miles below the point where we first struck this stream, we came to a Soda spring, bursting out from the foot of a high hill, and running into a small basin, formed by travelers or Indians, for the convenience of drinking. The water of this Spring is strongly impregnated with some other mineral. From this Soda Spring, we proceeded down the River, through the Sacramento Hills, which are high, steep, and rugged; covered with timber, and almost destitute of grass. The rock in these hills is principally a coarse granite; but that forming the channel of the River is volcanic. In passing through these hills we were still compelled to cross and recross the stream, in order to find a passable way, which, in its whole course, until it reaches the head of the Valley, a distance of one hundred miles, is full of falls, rapids, and narrow canions. Having come to the head of the Valley, we took the west side of the River, which here begins to assume a different character, losing its irregularity and rapidity, and flowing with a more even current. Continuing down the Valley, on the West side, we found, all along on the River, villages of Indians, living in miserable huts made of poles, set on end in a circle on the ground, leaned together, fastened at the top, and covered with grass and dirt. We found those in the upper part of the Valley, entirely naked; and so wild, that they fled from our ap-

[illegible], into the thickets, leaving their villages and all their property behind them. They subsist, principally, upon salmon, (which abound the River in great quantities,) upon acorns, and wild oats.

One hundred and sixty miles from the head of the valley, we came to the Fort of Capt. Sutter, a large trading establishment, built of dobies. Capt. Sutter's Fort is situated on the East side of the Sacramento River, about fifty miles above its entrance into the Bay of St. Francisco, at the head of tide water, and some distance below the affluence of the Rio de los Americanos, or the American River, a stream which has its source in the Mountains to the East. It is in latitude 38 deg. 35 min. North, and is the principal place in the Sacramento Valley, and one to which the foreigners who are residing in Upper California, look for refuge and protection, in case of an out break by the Indians, or an attempt on the part of the Spaniards, to expel them from the country. The Fort is a quadrangular wall, built of large sun-dried brick, and has bastions in the corners, in which are mounted several small pieces of artillery. It is garrisoned by about forty Indians; one of whom, constantly stands sentry, during the day, as well as the night, and apprises those in the Fort of the approach of any party, whether friends or foes. It covers a large area, and is probably capable of containing a garrison of one thousand men. Within the walls, are the shops, and the residences of the officers, mechanics, and servants; and there is, also, connected with the establishment, a horse mill, a distillery, and a tannery. Captain Sutter, at first, had difficulties with the Indians; but by the promptness, and severity with which he has frequently chastised them; whether he acted against tribes, or individuals, against Chiefs or subjects; has at length brought them to fear, and respect him; and now they seldom molest his property or the men in his employ. The Indians cultivate, and improve his farms, attend to his large herds of animals, make a portion of his trapping parties, and do all the drudgery about the Fort: hundreds of them are ready, also, to defend him against any emergency. The government of California was, at first, suspicious of him, on account of the strength of his fortifications, and the influence which he was acquiring over the Indians; but he has since been appointed an officer of Justice by them. It is, however, very doubtful, whether their former feelings towards him, are changed: were it not for the insufficiency of their power, it is believed, that they would yet banish him from the country. Capt.

Sutter is a native of Switzerland, and came from Missouri to his present location, and has been in California about five years; he purchased the cannon and other portions of the establishment, of a Russian Company, then in the country; and having obtained, of the Mexican Government, a grant of land along the Sacramento River, of some thirty or forty square leagues; he removed to his present situation. Besides the fur trade, he carries on an extensive business in farming, stock raising, and manufacturing. He has a very large farm, and large bands of cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs, and constantly keeps employed, mechanics of different descriptions.—He is spoken of, by all who visit him, as being very accommodating, hospitable, and altogether, much of a gentleman; nor have we any disposition, to differ with the general impression. Here our company disbanded; some going to one, and some to another part of the province.

CHAPTER V.

DESCRIPTION OF UPPER CALIFORNIA.

Bay of Francisco—Sacramento and St. Wakine Valleys—Many narrow fertile Valleys—Great Lake, &c.—Barren Mountains, containing Silver Ore and good Water Power—Tar Spring—Gold found in the Puebalo Valley—Cultivation of the Vine—Spanish Dance—Wild Horses—Unsuccessful attempt to take them.

That portion of Mexican Territory, which is generally alluded to under the of name California, is included between the Pacific coast and the California Mountains; a lofty and rugged range, which is a continuation of the Cascade Mountains, in Oregon, running nearly parallel with the coast, and East of it about one hundred and twenty-five miles; and between the parallel of 42 deg. North, and the Gulf of California. But the Southern part of this district, including the Peninsula, called Lower California, is a poor, dry, barren region, and has not yet afforded inducements sufficient to attract the attention of foreigners. That portion which is most desirable, and to which persons from the United States, traveling through, and settling in the country, have entirely confined their attention, is called Upper California; and is that part lying between the head of the Gulf, and the Northern boundary of the Province: and to this portion, we shall be confined in our remarks.

The Bay of San Francisco, situated in latitude 37° 48' North, is, perhaps, without exception, the finest and most spacious Harbor on the globe. It has been spoken of, and we believe without exaggeration, as being of sufficient capacity to contain all the Shipping of the world. The entrance of the Bay, is only about one mile wide. It increases rapidly in width, after entering the land; and separating, forms two arms; one bearing to the South East, the other to the North East. The Southern arm, is fifty miles in length, and ten in width, and is a beautiful sheet of water; deep, and entirely free from sand-banks and Islands. The Northern arm, is sixty miles in length, and about ten in width; is very crooked, containing many small islands; and has numerous [illegible] every where indenting its shores. The St. Wakine and Sacramento Rivers, empty at the head of this arm of the Bay; the former from the South East, and the latter from the North. They are both streams susceptible of navigation, and their valleys uniting, form the most extensive body of level land, [illegible] any where on the Western coast; being from the head of one valley to that of the other, about four hundred miles in length: and in width, from the California Mountains West, about fifty miles. There are numerous small streams running through these valleys, from the mountains, and from the highlands on the West, into the rivers; on all of which, there are rich and productive strips of land, from three to four miles in width, and extending back to the mountains. There are generally, along these streams, narrow belts of Oak timber, of which there are three kinds; White, Black, and an inferior kind of Live Oak. The trunks are short, and none are well calculated for fencing. Between the streams, the land is less fertile, very dry, and not at all adapted to cultivation; it, nevertheless, produces an abundance of the richest kind of grass, capable of affording support, during the whole year, to large herds of cattle and horses.

On the California Mountains, and on many of the inclinations, between them and the valleys, there is a timber called Red Wood; a large and very fine tree, of the Pine species, peculiar to California; Cedar and Sugar Pine, in inexhaustible abundance. But that part is generally considered, the best portion of the Province, which lays West of the Sacramento Valley, and North of the Bay of San Francisco. It consists of alternate hills and valleys.—Many of the hills are high; but they are gradual and unbroken.—The valleys are from three to four miles in width, and from fifty to sixty in length; are all traversed by small streams of water, and have an excellent soil. Those which connect with the Bay—of which there are five or six—run from North to South. Those which connect with the coast, and with the valley of the Sacramento, run to the West, and East. Immediately on the coast North of the Bay, there is a range of very high, rolling hills, which increase in height to the North. They are covered with oats, which is a sponatneous production of this country; with excellent grass, and with groves and forests of Red Wood and Oak.

One hundred miles North of the Bay, and at about an equal distance from the Sacramento Valley and the coast, is the Great Lake, which is, in length from North to South, sixty miles, and fifteen in width. It is said to be a beautiful, clear sheet of water, surrounded by a belt of fine alluvial prairie, which also, is encircled by a wall of high Mountains, covered in many places, with groves of Red Wood and Oak, and giving rise to numerous rivulets, which meander across the plain, and empty into the Lake.— This is perhaps, the most beautiful, romantic, and picturesque portion of the Province; but its very secluded situation, having, as far as has yet been learned, no good natural communication with the surrounding country, renders it less valuable. North of the Great Lake, the country is, as far as the Clamuth Valley, little else than a vast cluster of mountains; which, connected by the Sacramento Hills, join with the spurs of the California Mountains, and forms the Northern boundary to the habitable portion of the Province.

The Southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco, is surrounded by a belt of level land; which, on the North side, is six or eight miles in width, and very fertile. Francisco or Yerba Buena is a small town, situated on the point of land South of the entrance of the Bay, and has a popualtion of about two hundred.— The land upon which it is built, rises gradually one mile from the Bay, and descends gradually the same distance, to the Ocean; and its situation, for a commercial town, is generally considered to be the best, and most advantageous, in California.

The country South of the Bay, and between the St. Wakine and the coast, is also diversified with mountains and valleys. The mountains are high and some of them are barren. The valleys are fertile, from three to four miles wide, and from forty to fifty long. Their course is from South East to North West; and the streams by which they are watered, empty into the Bay. Further South, the streams rising in the California Mountains, South of the head of the St. Wakine, run West, and empty into the Ocean. They have rich valleys four and five miles in width, covered with grass and clover, and separted by high mountains; some of which are covered with forests of Red Wood and scattering Oaks, and others are barren. Among the barren mountains, in many places silver is found in abundance; but little or no attention has ever been paid to it, and none of the mines have yet been worked. The

Ore is said to be of good quality, and easily obtained. This part of the territory is well watered, and affords some good sites for machinery.

Monte Rey, the Capitol of the Province, is situated at the termination of one of these valleys, near the mouth of a small river, and on the bay of Monte Rey, an inlet affording a harbor for shipping, but too much exposed to the Sea, to be a good and safe one. The town is small, containing only a population of about three hundred persons; and is built principally of dobies. Forty miles North East from Monte Rey, there is a bituminous, or Tar Spring, coming out from the foot of a mountain, and covering several acres of ground. This bitumen or mineral Tar, is said to answer well, all the purposes for which common Tar is used: it is inflammable, and becomes hard by exposure to the atmosphere.

South from Monte Rey, for several hundred miles, there are no valleys of considerable size, or country fit for cultivation; being a succession of high mountains, as far as Santa Barbara. Timber is scarce in this mountainous district, but it is, nevertheless, considered valuable for grazing; being covered with an abundance of oats, and various kinds of nutricious grass. At Santa Barbara, there is a fine valley, about five miles in width, and sixty in length. Immediately South of this valley, and separated from it by a mountain, is the lower Pueblo Valley, of about the same size. These valleys have a black alluvial soil, and are both traversed by small rivers, rising in the mountains to the East, flowing to the West, and emptying into the Ocean. They have numerous small tributaries, which arise in the bordering mountains, and empty from either side.

The great objection to this portion of the country is that it is almost entirely destitute of timber. Gold is found in considerable quantities, in the upper part of the Pueblo Valley; yet the inconvenience of water, renders the working of the mines less profitable. A company was formed, however, about the time of our leaving the country, to engage in this business. The Pueblo, and Santa Barbara, are both towns of considerable size; containing each, probably, a population of about two thousand. They are situated about twenty miles from the sea shore, and the inhabitants are engaged in stock raising, and the cultivation of the vine. There is anchorage for shipping, at the Western termination of these valleys.

The Southern portion of the Province of California, called Low-

or California, is more populous than the portion which we have been considering; but its population consists almost entirely, of Mexican Spaniards, and Indians; there being but very few "Foreigners" in that part of California. (The term Foreigners, is used here to designate all others, except the Mexican Spaniards, and Indians; though they have been residents in the country for many years; have become citizens; or even though they have been born in the country; still they are foreigners, if they be the descendants of Americans, English, French, Dutch, or of any other people, except those whom we have excepted.) We have never traveled through Lower California, and are, therefore, incapable of making statements concerning it. But we have been informed, by those who were acquainted with it, that a great portion of it is mountainous, dry, and sterile; and especially the Peninsula of California: and, although we have never tested, by actual observation, the correctness of this description, yet we have some corroborating evidence of its truth; since we have observed, in proceeding South, from the Bay of San Francisco, that the country becomes, as we advance, gradually less fertile, and less favorable to vegetation; the cultivated land, requiring frequent irrigation, to counteract the effect of the Summer droughts: we have also observed that the country becomes more mountainous; the valleys less productive; and that timber, is often, almost entirely wanting. From this, we would conclude, and we think, not without a good degree of reason, that in advancing still farther to the South, we would, probably, find the country agreeing with the description, which our informants have given. The fact, that there are so few foreigners in that portion of the country, leads to the opinion that there is little inducement for them to settle there. Were it otherwise, we might be sure of finding Americans, at least; for there is no country, of considerable extent, upon the earth's surface, which offers either pleasure or profit, where some of our adventurous countrymen, are not to be found, unless their entrance is prohibited by the laws, or prevented by opposing arms.

Between the Northern and the Southern arms of the Bay of San Francisco, there is a range of high lands commencing, which, after running a short distance in a South East course, trends away to the South, until their general course is about parallel with the coast. They separate the waters of the Southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco, and those of the Bay of Monte Rey, (the Rio San Buenaventura,) from the St. Wakine or Rio San Joaquin, which as we have said, empties into the Northern ocean. Trending again to the East, they probably intersect with the California Mountains, South of the head of the San Joaquin, bounding its valley on the West and South, and giving rise, on one side, to the tributaries which come into it, from those directions, and on the other, to the Eastern tributaries of the Rio San Buenaventura, and to some other smaller streams, which rise South of this, and empty into the Ocean.

The soil of the Valley of the St. Wakins, along the river, and on its tributaries, is very rich, and consequently, favorable to agricultural productions. These fertile strips, make up a great portion of the valley; but beside these, there are extensive tracts of barren land, laying back, between the river and the mountains, and between its tributaries. These barren tracts, are so dry and sandy, as to be entirely unfit for cultivation; but they are, nevertheless, covered with that superior kind of grass, peculiar to these Western countries; and which, although it is much less abundant on the barren, than on the fertile land, is richer and more nutritious. On this account, these unfruitful lands, are not altogether valueless; affording, as they *do*, excellent pasturage for large herds of cattle. In one portion of this valley, the land is so sandy, that several of the mountain streams, which would otherwise empty into the River, are swallowed up. This portion is of considerable extent, and the river, for a long distance opposite to it, receives no tributaries, from that side.

It will seem contradictory, that lands unfit for cultivation, and so dry, as we have represented these to be, should produce grass sufficient to render them valuable, for the purpose of grazing: but, it must be remembered, that during the rainy season, the frequent showers keep, even these, almost constantly moist; and that the temperature, at this season, is of sufficient mildness, to favor vegetation; and the fact of the grass becoming cured during the dry season, causes them to afford nourishment for animals, constantly. It is improbable, that they will bear pasturage to the same extent, or support the same number of animals, as the fertile lands. But when the country becomes well populated, and when all the lands, adapted to cultivation, shall have been brought into requisition, for that purpose; then these barren lands, with proper care, will give support, the most healthy and nutritious, to immense numbers of all kinds of herbiverous animals.

This, however, is not to be considered, as the general character of the Valley of the St. Wakine; on the contrary, it is considered to be one of the best portions of California. In many places, where the tributaries of the St. Wakine enter the Valley, there are the terminations of narrow, but rich, and beautiful valleys; which wind away among unexplored, and rugged spurs and peaks, and penetrate deep into the bosom of the California Mountains.

In the upper extremity of the Valley of the St. Wakine, there are large lakes, or marshes, called *tulares*, from the *tulé*, (bull rushes.) with which they are filled. It grows to an astonishing size, and so thick, that it is almost impossible to pass through it. This tulé when it falls, covers the marshes, in places, to the depth of more than two feet. There is one of the tulares here, in particular, which is very large, has several streams emptying into it, and covers an extent of many miles. There are others, similar to these, in different parts of the country; there is said to be a large one, through which the River, which empties into the Southern arm of the Bay of San Francisco, flows; and there are some, in the Valley of the Sacramento. There has yet been made, no permanent settlement, in the Valley of St. Wakine. The causes of this, are, that until now, there were other portions of the country, which were thought to offer greater inducements to the settler; and the Indians, who live in the bordering mountains, and who roam through the valley, are, by no means to be trusted. In consequence of there having been no settlements made here, the Valley of the St. Wakine, abounds with all kinds of game, common to the country. Elk, in large bands, are scattered over it, in every direction. Deer are numerous. And there are Antelopes and Bears, also. The tulares, and the streams, are crowded with deafning swarms of water-fowls. All of these different kinds of game, at certain seasons, get to be very fat. There are other wild animals in the St. Wakine Valley. There are many wolves; and wild horses, in bands of many hundreds, may be seen at all times, feeding on its extensive prairies.

At the source of one of the Upper and Eastern tributaries of the St. Wakine, is Walker's Pass; through which, Captain Walker, the discoverer of the Pass, conducted, in the Autumn of 1843, a part of the California emigrants, with whom we traveled from the States to Fort Hall. More frequently it is called "the Point of the Mountain." It is described, as being a beautiful, though narrow, valley, cutting the mountain from its summit almost to its base; affording the only good, natural pass, through this rugged, barrier into the valuable portion of California.—Through this, with a little labor, it is believed, that a very passable wagon road may be made: but being near the parallel of 35 deg., it is entirely too far to the South, to be of much advantage to emigrants from the United States, who cross the Rocky Mountains, at the Great Pass. This Pass, through the Rocky Mountains is in latitude 42 deg. 23 min., and the point on the Pacific coast, where Emigrants would wish, generally, to terminate their journey, is between the latitudes 37 and 38 deg.; so that, after striking the California Mountains, they would have to make, nearly five degrees of Southing—out of their course—in order to pass around "the Point of the Mountains;" and afterwards, to make nearly three of Northing to regain what they had lost. This would be making a circuit, of between four and five hundred miles, in order to accomplish, that, which, by a different route, might be accomplished in about two hundred. This shorter route is, however, a very steep, rugged, and difficult one; but preferable, we believe, to the other, on account of the great difference in distance. But should emigrants go into California, by the way of Taos; or by some more Southern Pass through the Rocky Mountains, than that by which they go at the present; then will Captain Walker's Pass, be found an excellent way, into the Western portion of this country. It will, also, be of the utmost importance, to emigrants, who may be overtaken, by the rainy season; as it is seldom, if ever, obstructed by the snows, which immediately after the commencement of the rains, cover all the mountains; blocking up every other way, to such a dregree, that it is extremely hazardous to attempt them.

This little Valley of verdure and flowers, looks out, from its Eastern extremity, upon an arid desert, over which, in the vast scope which the eye embraces, nothing presents, save huge piles and masses of dark rock, and thirsty sands. In this region, so wonderful, and so unlike any other portion of the known world, even the foot prints of the bold trapper, have seldom disturbed the inhospitable sands. There are a few tracks in the vast region which lies between the California and Rocky Mountains, traveled at times, by the Trappers, and by the Mexican Traders; but these are rare: between them, are extensive spaces, which have never been trodden, by the foot of civilized man. Previously, this has been marked, on the otherwise very imperfect, and incorrect maps, which have been made of the countries West of the Rocky Mountains, "the unexplored region." It was left a perfect blank; and it is strange, that in this very acknowledgment of their ignorance the map-makers have described, so accurately, what succeeding explorations have proved, to be a perfect blank. It is reasonable to suppose, that the All-Wise, has arranged every thing in nature, with perfect fitness; that there is nothing, in the great globe, which is not perfectly adapted to some proper purpose; which is not a necessary part, in this vast, harmonious machine—the Universe of God. But, as far as the eye of man, though aided by all his philosophy, has yet been able to see; the half of all is unaccountable. So is this seeming waste. It appears to have been thrown in, merely to fill up space; or, to be a barrier, to the commerce, and intercourse of man. To us, a great portion of it, is more than a blank; we would rather have buried, not only a part, but the whole of it, beneath the billows of a vast inland sea. In other respects, the map-makers have been less correct; ignorant that these arid sands could swallow up all the rivers, and torrents, and melted snows of the surrounding mountains, they omitted the loftiest range in North America, in order that the waters of Lake Timpanagos, (the Great Salt Lake,) might flow into the Bay of San Francisco. That was useless. They are thirsty still: the Rio Colorado, were it not protected by a wall of Mountains, would never reach the Gulf of California. There are many lakes besides this, and many streams, running down from the mountains, which enclose this Valley of the Great Salt Lake; all of which, are swallowed up in the sands. The Valley of the Salt Lake, has no outlet. The lofty range, which separates it from the Pacific, has yielded only to the Columbia. The Cascade Mountains, have been severed, only by the great River of the West; and the California Mountains, (an extension of the same,) are unbroken. They stand, like a mighty wall, to separate the green valleys of Western California, from this parched waste.

This Eastern portion of California, however, like Eastern Oregon, contains some green spots, to show more effectually, the dreariness of all around them. Along the Eastern base of the California Mountains, there are, probably, enough of these productive spots, to induce men, in time, to inhabit them. They might be made somewhat profitable, for grazing. There is a region, of considerable extent, in the neighborhood of the Great Salt Lake, which would afford excellent pasturage. There are also, on some of the streams which empty into it, narrow valleys, which [illegible] good soil. Only a portion of this, however, was seen by [illegible] our knowledge concerning it depends, partially, upon the information of others; together with our knowldge, of the general character of the country. A great portion of this habitable region, lies North of the forty second parallel of North latitude, and is, consequently, in the Oregon Territory.

But there is a large portion of the desert region, of which there is little or nothing known. What is known, concerning it, has been learned by merely passing through it, in a few places, by routes, seprated from each other, by great interveing distances; yet from the dreariness of every track, that has yet been tried, may be infered with a good degree of certainty, what those portions are, which have yet either repelled the efforts of the traveler, the trader, and the trapper; or deterred them, by their very appearance, from attempting to break in upon the secrecy of their gloomy and forbiding solitudes.

With a very few exceptions, in this whole vast scope of territory, lying immediately beyond the Rocky Mountains, extending West several hundred miles, and to an uncertain distance North and South, there can never locate any civilzed society. Their inhabitants will be like those in the Deserts of Arabia, and in the Sahara of Africa.

The climate of California, like that of Oregon, is much milder than in the same latitudes, any where East of the Rocky Mountains. In fact, it is in every respect, very similar to the climate of Oregon; excepting only, that it is warmer in proportion to its difference of latitude, and is dryer: there being not so much rain, during the winter season, and scarcely any during the summer. It is very mild; ice seldom ever being seen in the valleys, or snow, except upon the mountains. The extremes of heat and cold, are not great; nor is the climate sebject to any great and sudden changes. The atmosphere is so pure, that whole beeves will remain sweet and good, in the open air without salt, at any season of the year, for three or four days at a time. The nights are quite cool, during the whole year; and sickness of any kind, is scarcely known or thought of. Nearly all the products of temperate climates, except Indian Corn, flourish here. Oats and clover grow spontaneously, in almost every part of the Province. The vine flourishes as well, perhaps, in California, as in any other portion of the world; and its fruit is the finest, and decidedly the [illegible], that we have ever tasted. There are many large vineyards in different parts of the country, from which several thousand barrels of wine are annually made. Many of the tropical fruits come to perfection here. The prickly pear is cultivated for its fruit. The peach and pear do well; but the apple is not so fine as in the United States. In the Southern part of California, irrigation is necessary, to the production of wheat and garden vegetables; but in the North, this is seldom the case; the late winter rains being sufficient to perfect the harvest. But a small portion of the Province is yet in cultivation; the Spaniards, who comprise the chief population, being engaged principally, in rearing and herding cattle and horses; for which, both the climate and country are peculiarly adapted. Many individuals own several thousand animals; which are kept in bands, and require only the attention of a herdsman. They are always very wild, and can be managed only by force. They are driven into a corál, (a strong enclosure,) once every year, for the purpose of branding, &c. The Spaniards enter these coráls on horse back, with the lassoo, which is a rope, made of raw hide, very strong, and formed into a running noose. Holding one end of this rope, coiled in the left hand, they swing the extended noose with the right several times above the head, in order to open it, and to acquire momentum, and then throw it, with almost unerring precision, from thirty to forty feet, about the head of any animal they choose, making fast the end which they retain, around the horn of the saddle, which is made very strong, and bound firmly upon the horse. The horse, as well as the rider, understands the manner of manœuvering, and is able to hold the strongest bullock; taking care to watch closely its movements, when it is disposed to make battle, and avoiding its furious passes, until it becomes exhausted, or assistance is given to the person who has caught the animal.

These Spaniards are probably equal, in horsemanship, to any people in the world, the famous Arabs of the Eastern deserts, and the wild Camanches of the great Western praries, not excepted. Many of their feats are entirely increditable, to those who are not well acquainted with their character. We have heard it frequently said, (and it is nearly true,) that the Mexican Spaniard does every thing on horseback and with the lassoo. The Californians like most other Mexican Spaniards, are a lazy, indolent and cowardly people, and have neither enterprise nor spirit of improvement in their disposition, they are only a grade above the aborigines, and like them they will soon be compelled from the very nature of things, to yield to the swelling tide of Anglo-Saxon adventure.

Almost every thing which the Californians possess, is of the rudest and simplest construction. Among the better class, however, there are many exceptions to the general rule; but the great majority of the Californians, who are of Spanish descent, will be embraced under it. Their houses, which are constructed of mud and poles, are often, without either floors or chimneys. Within, they are filthy, and destitute of almost all the furniture, most commonly used by civilized people; even chairs, beds, and tables, are wanting. The earthen floor, without any addition, affords them convenient seats, and with the addition of a bullock's hide, it is made to answer the purpose, of both table and bedsteads. Their cooking utensils, and diet, are rough, and simple, as their furniture; even those who are not of the lowest grade, live almost entirely on beef; and after the manner of their brother aborigines, a wooden stake, sharpened at both ends, so as to form a spit, answers the purpose of pot and platter.

The principal business of all classes, is attending to animals; there are some, however, who cultivate small patches of ground. In doing this, they use plows of the most simple and primitive style. Their plows are nothing more than the fork of a tree, so cut and trimmed, that one of the prongs answers as a beam, by which it is drawn, the other prong is the plow itself, and the main stem, with some trimming, makes the handle. The Spaniards do not, however, often engage in laborious exercise. They are generally content with merely living; and in a country possessed of so mild a climate, as California has, it requires very little exertion to live. Where labor must be performed, they usually employ the Indians, who are obtained for a mere nominal compensation. In fact, a great many of the Indians in California, are little else than slaves.

A wheeled carriage is seldom used by a Californian; a horse and rope answers his purpose. Often, when he goes to any of the towns, to purchase an article, he fastens his money—which is a bullock's hide—to one end of his lasso; and then mounting his horse, winds the other end around the horn of his saddle, and putting spurs, dashes off at a furious rate, over hill and plain, with, or without a road, to the town.

Their saddles, which are made very strong, are loaded with various trappings, have large heavy wooden stirrups, and altogether, frequently weigh sixty or seventy pounds. The plan of the saddle tree, is an excellent one, and the saddles are very safe and pleasant for the rider; and when they are well constructed, with the exception of their weight, are easy on the animal.

It is difficult to find a people, or even an individual, who has not some good trait of character; and even these Californians, with all their faults, are hospitable at their houses. If a stranger goes to one of their houses, he is made welcome to whatever it affords, and as comfortable as their limited means will allow; he must, however, furnish his own bed. It is always expected that a traveler in California will carry that article with him. When he departs, nothing is demanded, and nothing will be received by them, as a compensation; the almost universal and beautiful reply is, when payment is proffered: "No, God will pay."

There are now about five hundred foreigners residing in the country, and the principal portion are from the United States. Emigration from the United States is rapidly increasing, and it is probable that our citizens will possess themselves of this beautiful and healthy country, with its many vales of fertile land. They will soon outnumber the Spaniards, and gain the ascendency over them. The consequence will be, to throw off their present form of government, establish a Republic of their own, and render this portion of our globe, what nature has seemed to design it should be, a prosperous and happy country.

Grants of land are still obtained from the government, of from one to ten leagues. These grants cannot, however, be had at all times, or by all persons; only those who are in favor with the authorities, are likely to get lands.

The duties on foreign imports, are exceedingly high, and all foreign articles, for which there is any demand, bear a great price. Smuggling is common, and presents are said to turn away the eyes of the Government Officers, and lessen their estimates upon the value of cargoes.

The Government is under the direction of a Governor, appointed by the authorities of the Mexican Government, and the officers of justice are the same as in her other Provinces; they are called Alcaldes, are elected by the people, and have powers very similar to our Justices of the Peace; but the influence of bribery and favoritism affects, in a great degree, the principles of justice, and almost entirely defeats the administration of the laws; and its remoteness from the Capital renders the influence and control of the National Government very limited. They have a regularly organized militia and a small standing army, in the country; but the rebellion of last winter drove the army, with the Governor, out of the Province.

The Spaniards of California are very dissipated, and are exceedingly fond of dressing and amusement. This character applies in a greater or less degree to all, but those only of the higher and wealthier class can indulge these dissipations, to much extent. They are unfeeling and cruel, and many of their amusements partake of this character. They love to witness combats between the Wild Bull and Grizly Bear; for this purpose, a strong arena is formed with heavy palisades, and the animals are taken wherever they can be found, with the lassoo, and dragged into the arena. By them, a Bull is taken, and managed without difficulty; but the Bear, with all their skill and horsemanship, is still a powerful opponent: yet, four or five of these Californians, mounted on their strongest horses, will even take this powerful and ferocious animal alive, and convey him several miles, in order to gratify their fondness for barbarous scenes. If a single horseman, unassisted, throws his lassoo about the neck of a Grizly Bear, the Bear seating himself upon his hinder parts, grasps the lassoo in his fore paws, and commences "hauling away," hand over hand, as adroitly as a Jack-Tar; dragging horse and rider together, towards him. In a case of this kind, the only alternative is, to "slip the cable and make sail." But when there are several to assist, they throw their lassoos around the feet of the captured animal, and thus confined, they drag him away. Being placed together in the arena, the two furious animals soon engage with each other, but the Bear, after such rough handling, is so strained, and bruised, and worried, that he is frequently borne down, and gored to death, by his less powerful adversary. They are fond of cock-fighting, also; and horse-racing; and as the Sabbath is both a leisure and lucky day, and one in which they are commanded to do no labor, their sports, generally, come upon that day, and they are attended by all classes, by saint and sinner. But before every thing else, the Californian is passionately fond of his own National dance, the Mexican Fandango. In order to convey some idea of this great favorite Mexican amusement, we will give a brief description of one that went off on a Sunday night, in Sonoma, at the residence of a Spanish gentleman, Don Gaudeloupe Viyeahoes, to attend which, we were favored with an invitation. About candlelighting the guests began to assemble, among whom we were the earliest, in order to witness the whole proceedings. As they arrived, the gentlemen collected in small groups, through the yard, and entered into the discussion of various subjects; and some highly amusing if we might be allowed to judge from appearances, such as teeth shining under black curling mustachoes—the low chucle, with an occasional loud laugh—while others, with more serious demeanor, were calculating their chances for failure or success, in the pending revolution, for they were rebels, and were consequently interested in the issue. In the meantime, the young ladies, with noisy glee, were frolicking, singing, and dancing within; and some of the married ones were preparing the nicknacks, and getting ready the wines, while others were engaged in arranging and ornamenting the room for the dance. Preparation being ended, we were invited in, and took our seats in a row, on one side of the room, while the ladies, in the same order, occupied the other. The sides of the hall, which was twenty by forty feet, were lined, with persons of every age. The music, which consisted of two guitars and a violin, occupied one end, while the other was filled up by several tables, upon which were heaped indiscriminately, hats, cloaks, coats, and shawls, and the board bearing the sweet breads, wines, &c., which completed the circle, and occupied a large portion of the room. The hall was well lighted, by lamps, suspended from the walls and ceiling; in short, every thing was very well regulated, except only, the disposition of the sexes. A young Don now stepped into the middle of the floor, gave a few shuffles, and the music commenced. He began to pat, or rather to stamp the tune, flat footed; which he continued, without variation, until he had gone through all the different parts of the air. During this time, he had moved to the farther end of the hall, and back again to his starting place; and so exactly had he calculated the measure of his step, that he had occupied precisely the same space of time, in accomplishing his circuit, that was required by the musician, in completing the tune. He then walked up to a young lady, and began clapping his hands in her face, in a manner that reminded us, of a young Hoosier, scaring black birds out of a corn field, or encouraging a lazy cur to take hold of some rascally pig; but we soon learned, that he was only inviting her to dance. So, after clapping his hands half a dozen times, he retired to his seat, and the lady came on to the floor, and went through the same patting and stamping, which the gentleman had done. This mode of dancing had continued for some time, when one of the fair, who was occupying the floor; from fancy, curiosity, or politeness, danced up to an American, and began clapping her hands in his face. Our countryman was evidently very much embarrassed; he blushed, reddened, and at last, after several hems and hawks, stammered out, "*No, sarvy.*" Not at all discouraged at this failure, and resolved, as it seemed, on seeing an American dance; she turned, and went waltzing up, to our friend, who by the way, was not easily dashed, though not much of a dancer. "What could I do," said he afterward; "I could not dance in their style, I knew; and but very little in any other: if I took the floor, I might reasonably expect to fail, and so be laughed at, for an awkward American; if I refused, I should be ridiculed for my timidity, and want of gallantry. While thinking thus," said he, "the lady was all the while, with a most persuasive smile, bowing, clapping her hands, and urging her entreaties with all the English she was acquainted with. I turned my head, saw some of the company beginning to titter, and could bear it no longer." Here he made a desperate effort, gained the middle of the floor, and then went patting away, to the further end of the room; imitating their mode of dancing, as well as he could; then turning, he came down on a real, regular, backwoods hoe-down shuffle; wheeled into the middle of the floor, cut the pigeon wing, and brought up before a pretty brunette, who seemed about to go into a fit of hysterics, from excessive laughter, at the novel performance; clapped his hands four or five times in her face, and then went whirling away to his seat. "Go it countryman—huzzah countryman," cried we, joining in the general uproar. The Spaniards appeared to be much interested, and were quite pleased with this new way of dancing, and during the evening, we saw numbers of both sexes, trying to imitate the step. At length, becoming tired of this single handed game, they changed it, into a series of waltzes, cotilions, &c.; which were performed with such noise and uproar, that we verily believe they might have been heard half a mile. It appeared that skill was estimated, by them, in proportion to the amount of sound produced; which was created in two ways: first, by the heavy dancing, and secondly, by yelling at the top of the voice, parts of the tune, which were designed to chime in with the instruments; but which, however, so far from being the case, when half a dozen of those stentorian voices, at once broke forth, it produced such a variety of horrible discords, as could be compared to nothing, but the simultaneous roar, of a caravan of African and Asiatic animals. At length came the refreshments, which consisted of cakes, dates, dried figs, and wines, and were handed around by the married ladies. About thirty minutes having been spent, in thus reviving the physical strength, the dance again commenced, and was continued, with great spirit and exertion, until a late hour of the night; when the weary, and drowsy guests retired; and there was an end to the biosterous fandango.

This was a collection of about the fairest samples, which the country could afford; and how far inferior were they, even to the unlearned and poorer classes, in our own country! Selfishness, it is true, is sure to make us have a good opinion of ourselves; and with ourselves, to make us appear favorable in comparison with others. A knowledge of this, should generally dictate to us, the propriety of not hazarding an expression, concerning our own goodness or greatness, in such a comparison: but there are instances, and this is one of them, in which there is no possibility of being mistaken. These very people, though they are not aware of it, in all their intercourse with foreigners, admit the inferiority of their judgment and knowledge, in every respect, except only in those things, which are immediately connected with their every day life. Why is there so great a difference? There must have been some great cause to have produced it: it is evident that such a difference did not exist, between the brave and enterprising, though infatuated Spaniards, who conquered Mexico; and our forefathers: even the people whom the Spaniards conquered, were far, very far superior to these. What great cause, we would enquire, has operated to sink them so far beneath their proud, daring, and high minded ancestors; and that too, while all the rest of the civilized world, has been moving forward with giant strides, up the great highway of human improvement? What could it have been, but "that accursed thirst for gold?"

But to plunge precipitately from one extreme to another, as has been usual with us, in the few preceding pages; to step, from the threshhold of the best specimen of society, which this degraded people possess, at once into the wilds of this wild country; we will enter again the Valley of the St. Wakine.

During our stay in the country, we went, in company with a friend, from Capt. Sutter's, to the South, in order to examine the St. Wakine; to see the wild horses, and to visit the Capital, Monte Rey. We proceeded down the Sacramento, passed around the head of the Bay, and came to the St. Wakine River, thirty miles above its mouth, on the third day. This part of the country is inhabited, by a very troublesome tribe of Indians, called the Horse Thieves, and contains no white settlements. The character of these Indians will readily be inferred from their name, which is most appropriate. They have long been hostile to the Spaniards, and a short time previous, had killed a white man; and it was therefore necessary for us to be very cautious, while we were passing through their country. They have their Villages in the small valleys, and nooks, deep in the mountains, where they keep their women and children, and to which they fly, as soon as they have committed any depredation. Among these fastnesses, they enjoy their booty in quiet: the Spaniards not daring to follow them among the mountains. They subsist, principally, upon horse-flesh; some of which they procure from the wild bands, which cover the Valley of the St. Wakine, but principally, from the Spanish bands; from which they frequently drive off hundreds, and sometimes thousands of horses. Many of these Horse Thieves have been educated in the Catholic Missions; where they were comfortably fed and clothed, and promised homes, during their lives; but when the Missions were broken up—by the avarice of the Spaniards, these Indians fled to the mountains: from whence they have since continued to commit depredations, and destroy the lives and property, of their own enemies and destroyers.

Traveling up the St. Wakine, we frequently saw large herds of Elk and wild Horses. The Elk, which were often in herds of four or five hundred, were not very easily frightened, and seldom ran to a great distance; but the Horses, which were still more numerous, and were scattered, in large bands, all along the river, after having satisfied themselves with approaching and examining us, would dash off across the valley, at full speed; and, in their course whatever bands they came near, would join in the flight, until frequently, the plain would be covered, with thousands and thousands flying in a living flood towards the hills. Huge masses of dust hung upon their rear, and marked their track across the plain; and even after they had passed entirely beyond the reach vision, we could still see the dust, which they were throwing in vast clouds into the air, moving over the highlands. These frightened bands were never out of sight; so numerous are the wild horses on teh St. Wakine. Continuing up the river we came, on the second day, to a corál, which had been built some time previous, by our acquaintance, for the purpose of taking these wild horses. It was situated in a large slough of the river, at a part which was then dry, for several hundred yards; and was the principal crossing for the horses, from an island containing several thousand acres, which was formed by the slough. There were two large bands upon the island when we arrived, and we made an effort to drive them into the coral; but they took another crossing, and we did not succeed. Our friend pursued the first band that left the island, with the lasso, endeavoring to take a fine mule, which he selected; but his horse being fatigued, he was not able to come up with it. When the second started, we put spur for the crossing which they were about to take, and arrived at the same time that the foremost horses of the band leaped down into the water. We endeavored to turn them, whooping and yelling most manfully, but those behind, urging those before, forced them forward, and they began to rush by. The pass was narrow, and the dust so obscured us, that they frequently ran near enough for us to strike them in the sides as they were passing; but we were at length compelled to retire, on account of the suffocating effect of the dust. Presently, again approaching, with whooping and yelling, we endeavored, the second time, to turn them; but they only gave way, and closed around us, and the dust again obliged us to retire. We finally succeeded in turning a few of the last, yet they were so determined to follow the others, that we only drove them a few hundred yards, towards the coral, before they plunged down a perpendicular bank, fifteen or twenty feet, into the slough, burying themselves completely under the water, and gaining the opposite shore, followed the band. The Spaniards often take the wild horses in this manner, and frequently, by pursuing them, upon the open plain. When they have taken one, they confine it, with ropes, saddle it, put a halter on it, and having again loosened it, they mount, and ride it furiously, until it is completely exhausted. And they continue to do this, until the animal becomes tame, and tractable. These wild horses are of almost every color; some of them have a very fine appearance, but they are much smaller than well-bred horses; and their habits are, in some respects, entirely different from those of the domestic horses. From the coral, we proceeded across the country, to Monte Rey.

Arriving at Monte Rey, we found a gentleman and his family, who had left the States with us, and with whom, as we have before mentioned, we traveled, as far as Fort Hall. They left Fort Hall for California, under the pilotage of Captain Walker, about the same time that we left it, for the Falls of the Willammette. After traveling through the dreary country of which we have spoken, as far as the California Mountains, they followed that range South, several hundred miles, and entered the Valley of the St. Wakine, by Walker's Pass. The small supply of provisions; which, by very unpleasant means, they at length procured at Fort Hall, after continued and persevering effort; were exhausted, long before they could reach a place where they could be resupplied. A country so barren, as that through which they were compelled to travel, afforded, neither game, nor food of any kind, except that upon which the few miserable and beast like Indians, who inhabit that region, subsist—lizzards, crickets, ants, and the like—and which would, of course, be revolting to the palate of any other people, unless in the very extremity of starvation. They suffered extremely; and before they arrived at the Pass, they were driven to the necessity, of eating some of the mules and horses, which had served them so faithfully, and which were then poor, and worn out with fatigue, from long and laborious traveling, over a country so rough and barren. They left their wagons, and much of their baggage; and packing what they could, upon the remainder of their fatigued animals, they succeeded in gaining the Pass. When they came into the Valley of the St. Wakine, they fared more bountifully upon the wild horses, which they found in good condition, and in great abundance. They finally arrived, in the winter, at the settlements; and after suffering all hardships and privations, were prepared to relish, in no common degree, the abundance which they afforded.

We also, had an opportunity, during our stay in the country, of seeing most of those, with whom we parted at Fort Boisé, on Snake River. The gentleman in whose company we were at this time, was one of that party. They followed the route which [illegible]pected, at the time of our separation, to follow; expe[illegible] fortunately, not so much difficulty in finding it, as had been [illegible]pated. Having left the head of the Malheur River, and traveled over a barren, sandy country, about two days, without water, they at length, after ascending a high mountain, came upon a lofty, but beautiful table land; rich, and wooded with pines, or varied by prairies, and coursed by many clear mountain streams. They discovered, what they supposed to be the head of the Willammette, and corrected an error, which had previously been entertained, concerning the source of the Sacramento. They had expected to endure suffering; and in this they were not mistaken.

Although they were fortunate, in finding their way through an unknown country, and still more so, in preserving their lives from its brutal and hostile inhabitants; yet the lateness of the season, together with their entire ignorance of a great portion of the pathless wilds, and precipitous mountains, over which they had to pass, subjected them to numerous, and serious hardships. At times, when they saw no way to move forward, an additional obstacle was opposed to their advancement, by heavy falls of snow; greatly increasing, and at the same time, concealing the dangers of their perilous way. Their provisions became exhausted. Some of their animals had been killed by the Indians, some dashed to pieces by falling from the rocks, and those that remained, poor from want of sufficient food, and worn down by the journey, were all upon which the little party had to depend for the support of life. After encountering delays, and suffering much from anxiety, fatigue, hunger, and cold, they at length succeeded in getting down into the Sacramento Valley. Thin and feeble themselves, they finally arrived, early in the winter, at Capt. Sutters; on foot, and leading their animals, which were no longer able to carry them. This was the point where they had designed, for a time, to terminate their travels; and here they found, that abundance, and repose, to which they had so long, and eagerly looked forward, and which their present condition so much required.

Almost all the suffering, which the emigrants to California experienced, was owing to the detention, which they were compelled to make along the road, for the purpose of supplying themselves with provisions. Had they been properly provided, before the commencement of the journey, and not depended at all on the game, they would have avoided it almost entirely. It is to be wondered at, that the person, who assumed the leading of the party, and [illegible] was then making his second trip to California, had not learned, from his experience to give better counsel; but in respect to those who were unacquainted with the country, it is not in the least astonishing, that they should be mistaken, in making the necessary preparations, to travel comfortably, and securely, through a region so unlike every thing, to which they had ever been accustomed.

The Northern portion, of Western California, considered in comparison with the Mississippi Valley, like Oregon, contains a great deal less fertile land, in proportion to its extent. Much of this portion of California, which is far superior to any other, is taken up by mountains, or lands otherwise unfit for cultivation; whereas, in the Mississippi Valley, the whole might be brought into one vast, fruitful, and unbroken field. From this reason, the Mississippi Valley must always be the most productive, and wealthy country. But on account of the delightful mildness, and uniformity of the climate of California; it will forever be, the most healthy and happy country.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO THE STATES.

JOURNEY FROM CAPTAIN SUTTER'S TO FORT HALL, WITH SOME OF ITS INCIDENTS.

Leave California for the United States—Difficulties in crossing Juba River—Extensive view from the summit of a mountain, with deep snow on one side, and naked earth and fine grass on the other—Burnt Mountains—Boiling Springs—Sink of Mario's River, and singular peculiarity of the stream—Encamp in the bend of the River, and have horses shot by the Indians—Travel over extensive wastes, and finally come to the Oregon Trail.

Having spent some months in exploring the country, and obtained a tolerably satisfactory knowledge, of the greater part of Northern or Upper California, either from personal observation, or by careful enquiries, from such persons as had made themselves acquainted with the various portions of the country, we determined on leaving for the United States. After much trouble and exertion in raising a small company of fifteen persons; on the 12th of May, 1844, we left Capt. Sutter's, on our homeward bound trip. We traveled up the Sacramento, on the East side, forty miles; and then traveled up Bear Creek—our course being about East. Crossing the east side of the Sacramento Valley, a distance of about twenty miles, we came to the spurs of the California Mountains. We continued to travel up through these hills, following the general course of the stream, until we came to its source; which is in a large marsh, greatly elevated above the Sacramento Valley. At this marsh we remained one day, in order to find a place where we could cross Juba River, which was a mile and a half distant, a stream of considerable size, very rapid, full of falls and canions, and was at this time quite high, from the melting of the snow on the mountains. It was only in a few places, where the hills were sufficiently gradual, to allow us to descend to the water; and these places were frequently between perpendicular falls, which were so near, and the velocity of the water so great, as to render the crossing very dangerous, if not absolutely impossible. This was the character of the first place where we struck the River, which was on the trail of a small emigrating company, that came into California, the previous summer. We had been told, by a gentleman whom we had met a few days before, returning from the mountains, where he had gone to get some wagons, and other property, which he had been compelled to leave, in the Fall, on account of the lateness of the season, and the fear of being blocked up by the coming snows, that it would be impossible for us to cross the stream, and that it would be best for us to return. We, however, discovered a place, where we ascended the mountain, immediately above us; and having, with much difficulty, on account of the steepness of the ascent, gained the summit; we followed the ridge—our progress being somewhat impeded by the snow—for about eight miles; and descended into a small bottom of the River. Traveling up the bottom about two miles, we came to a high, rocky spur, making into the water, around which we were at first unable to pass. But after searching and examing, for a long time, we at length found a place, where, by cutting away the brush for a considerable distance with our hatchets, and plunging through the mire and snow, we could pass around the spur. Having accomplished this, and traveled up the narrow bottom about two miles further, we again came to where the mountain neared the river. The bottom land was miry and covered with brush, and the snow was about four feet deep. Our loose animals, which were in front, were crowded into the stream by the pack animals, before we were aware of the situation. We succeeded, with difficulty, in stopping the animals which were packed with our provisions, &c., and stripping off our baggage and saddles, in the snow, we drove in the rest of our animals. They all succeeded in gaining a small island, near the opposite shore, just large enough to contain them; where they stayed the whole night in the snow, without anything to eat. Having kindled a large fire, and arranged our camp, our next object was, to make a way, by which we could cross ourselves and baggage. For this purpose, we felled a tree, which not being long enough to reach, was carried down the stream: we then selected a large tall Fir, which we cut about half off, and left it until the next morning, when we finished cutting it down. In falling, it broke in two, about fifteen feet from the opposite shore, and the top was carried away; the main trunk, however, lodged against the upper part of a large rock, and the force of the current supported it above. From the broken end of this tree, we were able to throw poles across to the opposite shore, and in this manner we constructed a way, upon which we carried across our baggage.

Having repacked our horses, we continued up Juba River, traveling about an East course; sometimes in the narrow bottom of the stream, and sometimes upon the sides and summits of the ridges. The snow still continued deep, and covered both the bottoms and the mountains, in all parts, around us; but it was very compact, and in the morning would generally bear our animals. We traveled up the North side about eleven miles, and came to the forks of the stream; the North branch of which we crossed with difficulty, the current being very strong, and the channel full of large rocks, upon which some of our pack animals fell; and were carried down the stream: and we were compelled, to leap into the water, just melted from the snow, and assist them to the shore. Having crossed, we came into a prairie, about one mile in width, and three or four in length, extending to the base of the main ridge of the mountain; which now lay immediately before us. We ascended this ridge without much labor, although it was composed entirely of granite, which lay in large detached fragments, over the whole surface: and gained the summit. This, on either side of the narrow gap through which we passed, was very sharp, and perfectly bald and barren. Immediately upon reaching the summit, the whole Eastern side of the mountain burst upon the view; and a sudden thrill of joy, awakened in every bosom, and flushed in every eye: for the snow which had so much impeded, and made so disagreeable and dangerous, the ascent on the West, had melted almost entirely away, on the East. Down the mountain we could see a green spot, at the further end of a beautiful lake, which spread out in a broad crystal sheet below us. But although this was so pleasing to us, as it was now the third day since our animals had had any nourishment, we could not but remain, for a moment, to admire and enjoy the vastness of the prospect around us. On either side, there was no limit to the vision, save the thickning air of the distant horizon, which bent down, and rested upon the far off hills, like the bending sky, upon the bosom of the great deep. Within this wide range, was a succession of mountain after mountain, increasing in height, as they approached the summit, upon which we stood. To the West, from whence we came, wherever we could see through the tall forests, all was wrapped in one unbroken sheet of snow; to the East, whither we were going, we looked down, down, until the eye was lost among the dimly descried, crowded, and confused objects in the distance.

Descending the Eastern declivity, we came to the lake, and pas-

and around on the Northern side, to the further extremity, where we found the grass, which we had seen from the summit of the mountain, in abundance, and of a very good quality. We remained at this place the rest of the day, in order to refresh our animals, which were by this time much exhausted, and fatigued, from hunger, and plunging through the snow. The distance from the forks of Juba River to the lake, is about ten miles; and in this lake the South branch of Truckies River has its source. This stream was called, by the emigrating party that went into California, in the Fall of 1844, after the name of an Indian, who piloted them across the mountains.

Leaving the lake, and the river which flows from it, to the right, we bore off to the North East, for a wide, deep gap, through which we supposed that we could both pass, and leave the mountains. At ten miles, we crossed the North branch of Truckies River, a stream of considerable size. We traveled eight miles further, to the head of a stream, running to the North West, which we called Snow River; as a heavy fall of snow, here obscuring our course, compelled us to halt. Snow continued to fall during this, and the succeeding day; and we remained in camp. When it ceased, we again proceeded on our journey, leaving the gap for which we had been steering, and bearing to the East, through a break in the mountain which follows the course of Truckies River, and which is a spur of the main California chain. Having crossed this mountain, we again came, at five miles, to Truckies River, which we crossed and traveled down on the South side, and thence across a barren plain, ten miles in width, and at fifteen miles, we came to the Burnt Mountains. These are a succession of very high, perfectly barren, and very rocky ridges. The distance across them is about thirty-five miles, and the way was very tedious and toilsome.

We found the Indians on Truckies River, generally, very wild, entirely naked, and miserably poor. They live in floating houses, constructed of long, coarse grass, on rafts of dry willow brush. They are armed with bows and arrows, and subsist, almost entirely, on lizzards, crickets, and muscles.

Having crossed the Burnt Mountains, we found that it would be necessary for us to leave Truckies River, as it now bore off, to the North: and accordingly, we remained one day encamped, in order to rest our animals, for a hard travel, across a sandy, unproductive plain, thirty-five miles, to the sink of Marie's River.

which distance was without drinkable water. We passed some springs in the plain, but the first was salt, and the other two, which were close together, were both hot; the largest one, which was ten feet in diameter, was boiling furiously; and we could see the steam arising from it, several miles. These springs rise through volcanic rock; and large fragments of the same are scattered over the ground, around them.

At the sink of Marie's River, the stream is lost in the sand. This sink is a large sandy marsh, about three miles wide, and ten miles long, full of bull-rushes, and very miry; the water which it contains, is also warm, and has a very disagreeable taste. From this point, we traveled up Marie's River, which flows from North East to the South West, through a sandy plain, almost entirely destitute of vegetation. This plain is about twenty miles wide, and is bordered on each side, by high, rugged, and perfectly barren mountains. On the lower part of the River, we could find but little grass for our animals, and we had traveled two hundred miles up it, before we found streams, coming in on either side. Unlike any other stream, perhaps, it is larger in the middle than any where else; it continued to increase in size as we proceeded up, until we came to where it receives its last tributary. Here we encamped, one night, in the bend of the river, which we used as a corâl, the guard standing at the entrance. During the night, the animals made several attempts to rush by the guard; and it was with the greatest difficulty, that they were able to keep them. In the morning, we were astonished to find four of them fatally wounded; they had been shot by the Indians, who had swam across in the night; we also found several arrows in the encampment, some of which had evidently been shot at the men. We left one of the animals dead, in camp, and another was able to go only a half a mile. The Indians had killed them to eat, and we were determined to disappoint them as much as possible, by driving those that were able to travel, away. After we had packed up, two of us remained behind; and the rest of the company proceeded, taking all the animals. We then concealed ourselves in the brush, intending to kill, if we could, whoever came to the dead beast. The company had been gone about two hours, when we saw an Indian coming towards us. He came within about two hundred and fifty yards of the point of brush, in which we were concealed; but think-thinking this rather a long shot, we allowed to pass, supposing that he would return to the horse, after having examined the company's walk, which he seemed to be doing; he was, however, in all probability, suspicious, and went away, and we saw nothing more of him, or any other Indians. Having waited half an hour longer, and finding that he did not return, we left our place of concealment, and followed the company, three of whom we met, after having gone about five miles, returning with our horses, to meet us.

Overtaking our companions, we continued to travel up the river, finding now an abundance of grass in its bottoms and on its tributaries; which were still very rare. Fifty miles above our unfortunate encampment, we left the river, and the last of our wounded animals. About the head of Marie's River, there is a large extent of country covered with a superior quality of grass; the stalks, branching out into numerous heads, are loaded with seeds, which are highly nutritious.

Leaving the valley, we crossed the spur of a mountain, which was also covered with grass, and came to waters running North, towards Snake River; and for fifty miles, the country over which we traveled, afforded excellent grazing. At the termination of this distance, we came to a spot, containing several acres, full of small pools of hot water. From these hot pools, we traveled over a mountainous country, leaving the main range, which was broken in several places, by deep gaps, several miles to the left, and between us and the Valley of Snake River. The grass became less abundant, and as we advanced, a great portion of the country became quite barren.

At one hundred miles from the Hot Pools, we came to and crossed the Raft River, which empties into Snake River, twenty-three miles below the American Falls. Thence we crossed the main range of mountains, South of the Valley of Snake River, through a large, deep gap, and at thirty miles came to the river, five miles below the junction of the Portneiff; thence we proceeded to Fort Hall, a distance of twenty three miles, where we arrived on the 20th day of June, forty days having elapsed since we left Capt. Sutter's, in California.

In the whole country between the Eastern base of the California Mountains, and Fort Hall, we saw no game, of any description, excepting a few Antelopes, on the head of Marie's River. The greater portion of the country, after leaving the head waters of the Sacramento, is either broken by mountains, or covered with extensive wastes of sand and volcanic desolation; and can never be inhabited, by a people much superior to the insect and reptile eating savages, found at the present time upon some of its streams.

Here we will leave, for a time, the Company from California; return to the Falls of the Willamette; and follow, from that place, the Oregon Company, until the time when the two, having accidentally met in the mountains, united.*

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*For the sake of uniformity of expression, "we" has been used throughout the previous pages, although it will be perceived by a reference to the introduction, that only Mr. Walker was in California.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO THE STATES.

JOURNEY FROM OREGON CITY TO THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI, WITH SOME OF ITS INCIDENTS.

Return from Oregon City to the United States—Difficulty with the Walawala Indians, and timely intervention of Capt. Grant—Meet with Wm. H. Winter, on his return from California, near Fort Hall—Difficulty with the Pawnees—Came to the Western settlements of the United States.

On the 19th day of April, 1845, we left Oregon City, for the United States. Our company, consisting of twelve persons, proceeded, a part by land, with the animals, and a part by water, with the baggage and provisions. And as the Cascade Mountains were yet impassable, on account of the snow, it was necessary for those who went by land, to follow the Columbia River; to do this, they were compelled to cross over to the North side at Vancouver, and a part of them re-crossed above the Falls of the Columbia. They had only a dim Indian trail to follow, which frequently wound along between rocky precipices and the river; it was sometimes covered with water, and a great portion of it was over loose fragments of rock, and along the sides of very steep hills and mountains. The streams which empty into the Columbia, were full, and all conspired to make the way through the Cascade Mountains, by land, very difficult. The passage by water was, likewise, somewhat impeded by high winds, strong currents, and the portage around the Falls. We arrived at the Wascopin Mission on the 1st of May, where we left our canoes, and packed the baggage upon our horses. We remained here one day, during which time Mr. Brewer and his lady, who are connected with the Mission, did every thing in their power to assist us, and make our stay agreeable. From the Mission, we followed the South bank of the C[illegible]bia to Fort Walawala.

We found the De Chutes and John Day's Rivers too deep to ford, and were compelled to employ the Indians to take us across them, in their canoes. When we came to John Day's River, it was late, and we encamped. We had been previously informed by the Indians, in case we should find no person here, that if we would go down to the bank of the Columbia and fire a gun, those who were on the opposite side, would come over and take us. Finding [illegible] the trail crossed the river, in the morning, one of [illegible] party mounted his horse, and rode down to the Columbia; intending, if he found no one there, to make the signal which we had been instructed to give. But finding Indians on the same side we were on, he attempted to make a bargain with them. They pretended at first, not to understand the language which he spoke, (Chenook,) but gave him to understand that they had no canoes. After spending some minutes, endeavoring to persuade them to do something for us, an old man walked up to him, grasped his horse firmly by the bridle, and made signs to him to dismount; at the same time, a squaw came out of the lodge with a large knife, and stood before him. He hinted at the Indian, and tried to rein his horse away, but was unable to release himself. He then drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and threw the muzzle against the Indians breast; at which, letting go his hold on the horse, and extending his arms, he sprang back, with an exclamation of terror, to the door of the hut, and protested that he meant no harm and was only sporting. He saw no arms, and intended first to rob the man of his horse; and having succeeded in that, to strip him, probably, of every thing he had. He did not know that the buckskin coat concealed a pistol, or that there were friends at hand. In a short time, the rest of us having packed up, followed down to where the Indians were; they soon found their canoes, set us over the stream on our own terms, and became exceedingly friendly and accommodating.

They are always very pleasant and harmless in the presence of a superior force, with this unvarying exception; they will always steal any thing and every thing they can lay their hands on, when they think there is a possibility of concealing, or carrying it away, without being detected. But where they have the power, their disposition immediately changes; they are then frowning and insolent; and not satisfied with pilfering, they frequently commit open robberies. Many instances of this have occurred with small companies of emigrants, on their way down the Columbia; who, having imprudently separated themselves from the larger companies, and probably parted with their arms, have, some of them, been plundered; some of them stripped of a good part of their clothing, some have been whipped, and others, have been otherwise insulted, and abused. We heard of an instance, where two men, who were descending the Columbia River in a canoe, landed, for [illegible] purpose, at an Indian village; and while on shore, an Indian [illegible] up to one of the men, with a dead snake in his hands, which he was pleased to draw several times across the white man's face. There are those who would not have borne such an insult tamely. but it would have been dangerous to have resented. They have frequently amused themselves, by brandishing their arms in people's faces, or presenting them with their drawn bows. They have never yet taken the life of an emigrant; but, unless they are soon checked, their insolence will grow to something of a more serious nature.

Having arrived at Fort Walawala, we learned that an Italian priest, Father Soderena, then at the Caleppel Mission, was exceedingly anxious to return to the United States; and as we were weak, and glad to receive any addition to our numbers, we consented to wait until a messenger, who was instantly dispatched from the Fort, could inform him of our presence, and that we were on our return to the United States. There being but little grass near the Fort, and several of the party wishing to trade horses with the Indians, we moved a few miles beyond Dr. Whitman's Mission, (twenty-five miles from the Fort,) and encamped. Intending to turn our stay to the best advantage, by resting and recruiting our animals, we were careful to select an encampment, where there was excellent pasturage, and good water, in immediate connection.

While we were encamped in the neighborhood of the Mission, a party of twenty or thirty Chiefs and braves, a deputation from the Walawala, Nez Pierce, and Kioss Indians, came, and made a council with Dr. Whitman, Mr. Spaulding, and other gentlemen connected with the Mission. They told the Missionaries that the hearts of some of their people were bad; and the object of the council proved to be a trial, to ascertain whether Dr. Whitman was not worthy of death. The charges brought against the Doctor were these: Yellow Serpent, a Chief of the Walawalas, together [illegible] son, and a number of his people, went into California in the Autumn previous, to the time of this council, taking with them a band of horses, which they intended to trade for cattle during the Winter, and return in the Spring. While they were in California, a difficulty arose between Elijah—which was the name of the Yellow

Serpent's son and an American, concerning a mule which Elijah said he had caught among the wild horses. The American claimed the mule, and a quarrel ensued. Afterwards, while they were disputing about the matter, Elijah went away, and got his gun, for the purpose, as his people said, of shooting a hawk. The American then supposed, or at least he said that he was sure the gun was intended for him; and taking the hint, withdrew immediately. This happened in the camp of the Walawalas.

On the following day, Elijah came to Captain Sutter's Fort, where the American was; who, as soon as he saw the Indian enter, determined upon an immediate and more than savage revenge. Taking his gun, he entered the room where the Indian was sitting, presented the muzzle to his breast, and told him to prepare to die. No explanation or defence was permitted. It was said, that the Indian, who professed Christianity, kneeled to pray; and that, while engaged in that act of final preparation for another world, he was shot dead by the American. He was killed in the presence of his father, who, flying from the Fort, collected his people instantly, and hastened out of the country. They left a great portion of their property, which they feared to take time to collect; and although it was in the Winter, they rushed on, over mountains and snows, and through the files and ambuscades of other hostile tribes, and came, after suffering great loss of property, into their own country. This affair was frowned upon by almost the whole white population of Oregon. There were few persons in the country, unfriendly to the Indian who had been killed. And a letter was dispatched by the authorities, to the friends of the deceased, and Chiefs of his tribe, offering their services, whenever a favorable opportunity would present, to regain the property, and bring the offender to justice. The son of the Yellow Serpent, had been taught at the Mission, by Dr. Whitman, and had always been on terms of most intimate friendship with him. But because his son had been killed by an American in California, the Walawala Chief demanded the life of Dr. Whitman. He argued that it would be no more than just and equal, since his son was a preacher, to take the life of a preacher for satisfaction. This equivalent they all considered, must be given, in order to make the hearts of their people good.

In addition to this, they accused him of another crime; which was, that two Snake Diggers—Indians, living on the lower part of

Snake River, East of the Blue Mountains—had lately been killed by Americans. This was made an important item in the charge, although they were not on very friendly terms with the Snake Indians. The circumstances of this affair, were thus: Two Americans, who had remained at one of the trading posts, in the mountains, through the Winter, were coming down to the settlements on Willammette. While traveling up the Brulé River, their horses were taken, in the night, from their encampment; and in the morning, they found themselves on foot, far from any Fort, Mission, or settlement; surrounded by mountains, in the midst of an unfeeling people, and without the means of carrying their baggage and provisions. In this situation, they determined to follow the Indians, and regain, if possible, the horses that had been stolen. Arming themselves with all the weapons they had, they proceeded on the track of the horses. They passed by, where one had been killed, and after several hours of rapid pursuit, came up with the thieves. They found them, with the flesh of the horse they had killed, packed upon the other. They attempted flight, but the horse was so loaded that it could not run; and rather than surrender their stolen property, they presented their guns, and offered battle. Sadly to their discomfiture, their fusees refused to be discharged; but the rifles of the Americans, were sure and deadly: both of the Indians remaining with the horse, fell when they reported, yelled, and died. The Americans returned to their encampment, with the horse, placed upon him their baggage and provisions, and proceeded for Dr. Whitman's, where they at length arrived in safety.

They were allowed to lodge in one of the Mission houses, and to eat at the Doctor's table. This the council also regarded as a crime. But their object, however, was not to punish; it was rather to have an equivalent. They only wished that the Americans should suffer a loss, as great as their own. Dr. Whitman reasoned with them, and appealed to them, by every means, which he thought would tend, in the least, to affect them in his favor; and so did all the others; but it was in vain. After a long consultation, by which they appeared to be not the least shaken in their opinions, they went away, saying that they themselves, would not disturb the Missionaries; but, that they could not help, what their young men might do. After the council was ended, several of our party, who were present, expressed their opinions to the the gentlemen of the Mission; saying, that they considered it, both imprudent, and wrong in them, to hazard their own lives, and the lives of their families, by remaining longer among these people. Dr. Whitman, who is naturally a man of excellent judgment, and especially so with regard to matters relating to the Indians, and who is, moreover, not to be frightened where there is no cause to fear, replied, that he also believed, that prudence, and their safety, required that they should abandon the Mission, for a time, at least. The same opinion was expressed, by all the other gentlemen.

Whether there were other causes to excite the Indians to this step, besides those which they made known, is uncertain. We would hope, that men professing to love good feeling and good actions; claiming to be engaged in the same great cause of Christianizing, and civilizing an ignorant, and barbarous people, would not, merely because they belonged to different sects, or denominations, aim at each other's success, by such vile, uncharitable means. This, and the Catholic Mission on the upper Columbia, are on very unfriendly terms. We would not give it as our opinion, that these unfriendly feelings have been carried to such an extreme; but, there are thousands of instances, in which those professing to be Christians, have acted towards each other, even as unchristianly.

A good body of soldiers, garisoned in the Walawala Valley, would not only be of great benefit in protecting the emigrants, and whoever else might wish to pass through that country, but also to the Indians themselves. For such a garison would keep them in awe, and thereby prevent them from committing depredations, for which they would afterwards have to be punished. They would, at the same time, protect the rights of the Indians, prevent feuds from arising between them and the white people, and establish a peace, and friendship, which would likely be lasting, and beneficial to both; favorable to the civilization of the Indians, and to the promulgation, and extension of Christain principles, among them.

Shortly after this occurred, we removed to a small farm, belonging to Mr. McKenley, the Principal at Fort Walawala; situated on the Hudson's Bay Company's trail to Fort Hall. While we awaited here, the arrival of the Priest, who would come in company with Capt. Grant, (then going up to Fort Hall, with a party, and a large supply of goods and flour,) the Chief of the Walawalas, one evening, came to our camp, with about a dozen men. Without saying a word, or noticing us when we spoke to him, he rode between our fires, where we were cooking, and one baggage; which were only a few feet apart. We told him to go away; that he was throwing the dust in our victuals; but he seemed not to hear. He then reined his horse short around one of the fires, and came near riding over the vessels in which one of the men was preparing supper. He was told repeatedly to go away, but was still silent, and heedless. The person who was cooking at the fire, then took hold of the horse, and endeavored to lead it away; but the Indian pulled against him, and would not allow the horse to move. He at last took up a stick, struck the horse, and drove it out. At this, the Chief became greatly enraged; talked loudly, and threateningly: he would hear nothing; and at length went away in the same mood. Some of the party were a little uneasy; but the night passed, and we thought but little more of it.

We learned that Capt. Grant was near, and sent a messenger, to tell the Priest, that we would move the next day, and to request him to join us as soon as possible. The messenger returned, and informed us, that he had agreed that we should encamp the next night, at a certain place, with Capt. Grant; where the Priest would complete his arrangements, and be ready to proceed with us. We accordingly packed up and started, with the intention of going to the place agreed on. We, however, missed our road, and after having gone eight or ten miles, halted to take dinner.

We had just arranged our baggage, &c., and had our animals grazing near, when we noticed a cloud of dust, away in the direction from which we came. In a few minutes we perceived that it was approaching us; and in a very short time more, we saw that it was nearing us very rapidly: and then heard shouting. We were convinced that it was the Yellow Serpent, coming to revenge the insult, which he had forced from us; and no doubt, for the purpose of having an excuse, for making this attack. We hastened to construct a frail breastwork of our packs; the only materials we had, out of which we could form something to shield us from the balls and arrows of the rapidly approaching foe. But we had not finished our work, before Capt. Grant, who had seen the Indians coming, and guessed their object, in company with the Priest, and Mr. Ramo, a Frenchman, and overseer of the camp, came up to us at full speed, from nearly the same direction, and a few hundred yards ahead of the Indians. Mr. Grant, we knew, had spent a great portion of his life among these people, had a powerful influence over them, and was perfectly acquainted with their char-

[illegible] and [illegible]. He advised us to lay aside our arms, present a [illegible] demeanor, and trust the event to him; assuring us, at the same time, that he was confident he could make peace, without any loss of life or property; both of which were of nearly equal importance to us, in the situation we then were. There was no time for words, and we yielded to the judgment, superior in such affairs to ours, and followed his advice. The Indians, about sixty in number, came yelling, and beating loudly on a kind of a drum. When within three hundred yards, they separated; the Chief, with one part, charged up, on the same side of the little stream on which we were encamped, yelling and flourishing their arms, and firing in the air; while the others, on the opposite side, with the same kind of music, swept away our animals. The Chief, with his party, reined up against our packs, and formed in a circle around us; except a few, who continued to fly back and foward, within eight or ten yards of us, yelling, firing and flourishing their arms. At this instant a hot headed Southerner, seizing his gun, and crying out that we were betrayed and should sell our lives as dearly as possible, was just in the act of firing on one of these yelling theives, but was prevented, by the intervention of some of our party, and the remonstrance of Capt. Grant. Thus they stood around us, half naked, painted in the most hidious manner, and with their arms ready in their hands. The other Indians, having driven our horses beyond the hills, and performed a war dance, on one of the neighboring summits, at a signal given by those in our camp, came charging down with whoop and yell, and thickened the ranks around us. Our situation was uncertain; the Chief and Capt. Grant, with the Frenchman, were engaged in an excited parley, the event of which, we did not know. From the great disparity in numbers, we were perfectly in the power of our foes, who could have crushed us in an instant, with a single blow; which any act or expression of rashness, or want of boldness, would probably have brought about.

But the most affecting scene which our confused camp presented, was that of two little girls, who, trembling with fear, and in tears, crouched at their father's feet, seemed to implore that protection from a parent which he could not give. To feel one's self in the power of a mean and miserable foe, whom he despises, is maddening; and when so surrounded, powerless, and submissive, we could not but dream of vengeance, as we looked about us, and hope to crush, at some sweet future period, those grim frowning wretches. After a long consultation, in which the [illegible]ed to the death of his son, and to the two Shoshonees, (Snakes,) that had been killed, forgetting the many injuries, robberies, and insults, which emigrants from the United States had suffered from his people, he agreed to consider the insult canceled, to return our horses, and withdraw peaceably, without interrupting us or our property, upon Capt. Grant promising to give him a green blanket, and some tobacco. They kept their faith towards us, but not towards our property; taking advantage of their proximity, and the disorder, to pilfer whatever they could lay their hands on. Having regained our animals, and packed up, we followed Capt. Grant, and joined his camp in the evening. This circumstance happened on the 20th of May. Having joined with Capt. Grant, we continued to travel with him, until we reached his Fort.

At our second encampment on the Brulé River, a Frenchman and his Indian wife came to us, from Fort Boisé. They came expressly to meet Capt. Grant, having, probably, some message. The Frenchman told us, that the village near the mouth of the river, exasperated against the white people, on account of the death of their friends, would hardly allow him to pass. They debated among themselves whether they should not kill him; but by the intervention of his wife, who was of their tribe, and related to some of the Indians of the village, and as he was not an American, they concluded to spare him. We were aware, that if we met any of these Indians, they would not be well disposed towards us; but this timely information put us more on our guard.

On the 30th of May, we crossed the Brulé River, at the village of the unfriendly Indians. The women and children had fled from their huts, as soon as they became apprised of our approach; and here and there on the hills around, we could [illegible] couched among the sage. They knew that we were [illegible] and the men, standing around in groups, regarded us with [illegible] sullen countenances. But under the circumstances, they were more in fear than we were, and appeared without their arms. As we passed, the relations of the two that had been killed, set up a howl of lamentation, which they continued as far as we could hear.

That evening, we pitched our camps on the bank of Snake River, three miles distant from the village. Many of the Diggers came into our encampment, and appeared to be anxious to obtain some opportunity of revenge. Some of them were carrying their [illegible] had their faces striped, and spotted, with black and white, the colors of war. Some of them were also harranguing us about their misfortunes, and telling how bad the Americans were, and how very bad were their own hearts. In the evening, Capt. Grant said to them, through his interpreter, that, as his countrymen and our's were friendly, and as we had been traveling together, we were then, all like one people, and that whatever act they committed against one, would be felt equally by the other, and treated accordingly. At dusk, we brought our animals close, and tied them up, between the line of our camps and the River. During the night, we kept up a vigilent guard, and fortunately were not disturbed.

On the 1st of June, we arrived opposite Fort Boisé, where we remained four days, while Capt. Grant was re-arranging, and disposing of some of his packs. The Diggers followed us here from their village on the Bruié. By this time, it was generally known by the Indians in the neighborhood, that there was a small party of Americans in their country; and their numbers increasing, about our camp, gave us reason to suppose, that they still cherished some hostile intention. We had little fear for our personal safety, but were somewhat uneasy on account of our animals. We were confident, that if they undertook to take them in the night, we must loose part, at least.

In the evening, Capt. Grant again addressed them, through his interpreter. In summing up their grievances, they accused one of the last Emigration, who had his horses stolen, of taking others in their stead, from an innocent Indian; and complained, that it was very bad, in that American, to make one man suffer for what another had done. "Very true," replied the Captain; "I am glad to "find you agreeing with me. That was a bad man, and you "would be equally so, were you to make these men, who have never "injured you, suffer, in any way, for the wrongs and losses you have "received from others." To this they would not reply, and he continued: "He who took your horses, I say, was a bad man, but "the man who killed your people did well. Those who were killed "were thieves, and they deserved to die. Do you act as they act- "ed, and you shall be treated in the same manner. If you wish to "steal any of these horses, it is good. Come this very night. "You will find many of them loose on the prairie, far from our "camps. Those only that are swift and strong, we will keep here. "You need not come for them; we never sleep. But remember "this: if you come, wherever you go, we will follow you. If in "the morning, one of our horses is missing, we will follow you. "We will not only retake our own, but will drive away [illegible] "We will not be content with destroying your villages; [illegible] "order to rid ourselves, and every one else, of such thieves and "pests, we will wipe you from the face of the earth. Go away "now, and come to-night if you wish. But remember; I have but "one tongue. I talk straight."

The Indians took him at his word. Our horses, excepting a few, were allowed to wander, unguarded, over the prairie, but none of them were disturbed. These people afterwards brought us fish, and whatever else they had to sell, and we traded with them. They appeared to have abandoned all idea of disturbing us, and we had no more difficulty with them.

On the 6th of June, we left Fort Boisé, and traveled up Snake River, on the South side.

On the 8th, we noticed a Comet in the North West. We observed it with a common spy glass, and it was so distinct, that it could not be mistaken. It continued to appear, in the same quarter, for many days.

On the 10th, at the middle of the day, we came to the place, where emigrants generally cross over to the North side of the river. There was some demand in our camp for horse-shoes and horse-shoe nails, and one of the party, who reported himself to be an excellent swimmer, and at the same time, something of a brave, had been saying for several days previous, that he knew where a large lot of such articles had been buried on an island, at this crossing, and promised, besides, when we came to the place, to swim over and get them. We now reminded him of his promise. He hesitated a little, but finally consented, by another person agreeing to accompany him. It was but a short swim to the island, and the person who went with him made it easily; but he, when he had got about two thirds of the way over, became frightened, strangled, and called for help. His companion in the enterprise, assisted him to the shore, and he began to search for the hidden treasures: but time had obliterated the marks, either from the place, or from his memory; and the search was in vain. His companion being satisfied, in a few minutes, and returned; but he [illegible] commander in the enterprise, and was such an excellent swimmer, and above all, who was so brave, shrank from the dangers of another voyage. He had now, neither confidence in his craft, nor crew. He was lame in his arm, subject to the cramp, short winded, and withal, a little afraid. He was in a sad condition, perfectly naked, while the rays of a mid-day sun, were pouring down with a withering intensity. In the shade, he was literally covered with hungry musquetoes; and out of it, he was blistered by the excessive heat of the sun. It was an hour, before an Indian could get horses to bring him off; and during this time, he enjoyed all the luxuries, and comforts, of his solitary situation, uninterrupted, undivided, and unenvied. When he returned, we received him as the Robinson Crusoe of the camp; and the Island, in commemoration of the event, was afterwards the Juan Fernandez of the Desert.

We continued on our way, without interruption, or occurrence worthy of notice; travelling about twenty miles each day; and on the 17th, arrived at Fort Hall. Here, and in the camp of Capt. Grant, we received every assistance, attention, and respect, which it was in his power to give, or we could desire; contrary to the treatment we formerly received from him, while on our way to Oregon. For this kindness and attention, under such circumstances as those in which we were often placed, we will ever feel the deepest sense of gratitude, and consider ourselves, under obligations of no common kind. In this, we are confident, that we express the sentiments, not only of ourselves, but of every individual in the company. Yet, while we remember those kindnesses, with the warmest feelings, justice forbids that we should forget entirely that other treatment, so contrary.

We remained at Fort Hall one day, in order to rest our animals, and have the company of a Mexican, who would conduct us by the shortest route, to the camp of Messrs. Vasques and Smith, (Peg Leg,) where we hoped to have some addition to our company. We received a letter at the Fort, written from their camp, and addressed to any Company, returning from Oregon to the United States; stating that there were several persons there, who wished to go down by the first opportunity, and requesting us to come that way. We were informed that they had probably gone, but our anxiety to receive any addition to our numbers, urged us to leave nothing doubtful.

Our company, excepting two, left Fort Hall on the 19th, for the Soda Springs. We delayed nearly one day, on the way, waiting for the two men who were behind; but becoming impatient, we determined to proceed to that point, by which, we knew they would have to pass. When we came to the Springs, we found that they had arrived already, and were waiting for us. We had prepared ourselves to talk hard to them, for causing us delay, but the information which they brought, was ample to shield them from our displeasure. There was a company behind, from California.

They were near, and we, of course, halted until they came up. We were soon to enter a country, inhabited by a powerful, warlike, and hostile tribe of Indians, the Sioux; and it was with no small degree of mutual pleasure to us, that a kind Providence, guiding and guarding, was pleased to unite our small and inefficient forces; which, when thus united, amounted to only twenty-six persons. Under such circumstances, especially, as it brought together friends and acquaintances who had passed life's earliest and most cherished scenes together, and who, before, having been ignorant even of the existence of each other. And the event was more thrilling and impressive, as it occurred in such a wild, gloomy, barren, and savage country, far away from home and friends, where the human kind was seldom seen, and when they were, most generally avoided. We will not describe the scene, but leave it to the imagination of those who are not destitute of sensibility, and who cannot but appreciate, in some degree, the feelings which were awakened, by such an occasion.

On the 22d of June, the two companies united, and proceeded, by moderate traveling, to the camp of Vasques and Peg Leg; the former of whom, had left his trading house, for fear of the Sioux and Shians. We found them several miles from the emigrant's trail, on one of the branches of Green River; and, as many of our animals were much fatigued and reduced, we determined to remain several days.

We found, upon arriving at this place, that those persons who wrote the letter, which we received at Fort Hall, had met with a company of traders, and had been gone about twenty days. While remaining here, we were entertained by accounts of all the parties that ever had been cut to pieces by the Sioux, all the difficulties and dangers which the white men, living in the mountains, had ever encountered by them, and probably a great many more. We passed, here, the 4th of July, and on, the 5th, again proceeded.

Having crossed Green River, by [illegible] swimming, on the 7th of July; in the morning, of the succeeding day, we met the van of a large Emigration, from whom we learned some of the principal events, which had occurred in the States, during the past year; among which, was the election of Mr. Polk to the Presidency.

In a few days after we had met the Emigration, several of our party, anxious to travel faster than was deemed prudent by the majority, and unwilling to yield their own opinions, separating from the company, proceeded ahead. It is strange, that men so surrounded, on every hand, with danger, and at the same time perfectly conscious of their situation, should allow little trivial differences of opinion, to separate them, exposing their lives on account of a mere whim, which, at most, does not profess any benefit, worthy of consideration. But it is so here. If a company is strong and united, there is no security that it will long continue so; if it is weak to-day, it is no reason that it will not be weaker to-morrow.

We found the Emigration scattered near five hundred miles, and the number of persons composing it, were about three thousand. They were in fine spirits, and high hopes, and far ahead of either of the Emigrations who had gone previously. We found Buffalo on Sweet-Water, where we were able, by halting a few days, to recruit our stock of provisions.

On the 21st, we met a Mr. Sublet, brother to the celebrated mountaineer, William Sublet, who informed us, that there was a large party of Sioux, somewhere below, in the vicinity of the North Fork, and near the trail; and that eight of them, a few days before had pursued one of their hunters, within a short distance of their camp. He gave, as his opinion, that it would be impossible for us to pass them without their seeing us, and that if they saw us, they would take our horses, and perhaps our hair, unless we could beat them in a fight. We were only seventeen men, and to complete the consolation, there were, probably, about eighty lodges of Sioux; with which there would be about seven hundred warriors. We had no alternative, but to proceed with caution. We sometimes traveled in the night, and always smothered our camp fires before it grew dark; prevented all unnecessary firing of guns, made our encampments as secluded as possible, and kept the strictest watch, both day and night. Under such circumstances, it was easy to make an Indian spy out of a rock, or a charging war party out of a whirlwind. We saw their trail, but Providence, our caution, or their absence, prevented us from seeing them, and them from seeing us.

We arrived at Fort Lauramie, without molestation or difficulty, on the 27th of July. Here we were doomed to suffer another very great diminution in our numbers. The majority of our little company, having become tired of long traveling, determined to dispose of their animals, and enjoy a few days of repose, in a place where they would be confident of security, and free from the toil and anxiety attendant upon our perilous way. Their intention was to go across to Fort St. Peters, on the Missouri River, in connection with the American Fur Company's wagons which were to start in a short time, with Buffalo robes, for that place. The Trading Companies here, had undertaken to send their robes down the Platte River in boats, but the River falling, left the broad channel almost without water, and their scows dry upon the sand. They were therefore compelled to persue some other course. The American Fur Company were hauling back the loading of their boats to Fort Laurimie, whence they would take it, in some manner, across the country to Fort St. Peters, and thence, in batteaux, down the Missouri River to St. Louis. The other Company would take their's by land, directly to Independence. From Fort St. Peters, our companions were promised a passage on board the Fur Company [illegible] to whatever point on the Missouri they wished. They arrived in the States, as we afterwards learned, in safety, but later, by almost a month, than we who came directly by land.

Our little company, now dwindled down to seven persons, had yet to travel between seven and eight hundred miles, according to our estimate of the distance, through an Indian country: yet the reflection that we had passed over the most dangerous part of our way unharmed, gave us confidence to believe that the same protecting Providence would guide us on and guard us as before.

The Sioux and Shians, who, next to the Black Feet, are the terror of the mountains, and the tribes which had been the cause of our greatest dread, were now not so much to be feared. They are most likely to attack companies beyond Fort Laurimie, and especially those coming from the West, because they say, they have been trading with the Snakes, their enemies. Although it was possible that we might see them between Fort Laurimie and the forks of the Platte, yet, in this part of their country, we knew they were much less to be dreaded: And in addition to this, they were beginning to have a much better idea of the strength of the whites. Formerly they had considered that they were weak, and that their numbers were very small. When the Emigration of 184[illegible] passed through their country, they told the traders at Fort Lau[illegible] they believed it to be the white people's big village, and the last of the race. Under this belief, they entertained serious notions of going back, and taking possession of the country which they had abandoned. But an Emigration of twelve hundred the following year, and one of three thousand the present year, had an effect to open their eyes; and they began to respect their power. Col. Carney's visit this year, with two or three hundred dragoons, had even made them to fear a little, and would, we believed, have a tendency to promote our safety. He had not only passed through the whole extent of their country, as far as the South Pass, but had called together, at Fort Laurimie, as great a number of those tribes as he could; among these were many of their Chiefs and braves, with whom he held a council; not only warning them of the punishment which they would receive, if they continued to molest and kill the Americans, but operating on their superstition, by a display of such things, as to them, were mysterious and supernatural.

After he had had a long talk with the Chiefs, and told them what he wished them to do, and what not to do, in respect to the white people passing through their country, he obtained from them a promise, that they would henceforth, in these respects, act according to his wishes and requests. Having obtained this promise, which without the addition of fear would have been violated as freely as it had been given, he determined to work a little, if possible, upon their superstitions. The dragoons, with all military show, were paraded, and a field piece rolled out upon the prairie. The Colonel then proclaimed to the Chiefs and braves, and to all the Indians assembled, that he was about to inform the Great Spirit of their promise, and call him to witness the covenant which they had made. He bade them look up and listen. A sky-rocket rose in the air, and darting away on its mission, had almost buried itself in the bosom of the sky, when it burst, flashed in the heavens, reported to the Great Mysterious, resolved itself again into its airy form, and the errand was accomplished. Another, and another; three of the firy messengers arose in succession into the presence of the Great Spirit, and announced to him, that the Sioux and Shians had entered into a solemn covenant with a Chief of the white people, to be their friends, and to respect forever their lives and property. While they stood, with all the awe which ignorance and blind superstition could inspire, gazing into the heavens, where, just now they had been luminous with the mysterious display, a cannon was discharged; and while its deafening thunder shook the field, the ball flying, far away along the plains, bounding and rebounding, tore the earth, and marked its dusty track with clouds. "That," said the Colonel, "was to open your ears, that you might not be deaf to what I am about to say. Can you hear?" "We can," replied the Chiefs, "we can hear." The second was discharged, roaring still louder than the first; and the ball again proved the power of the mighty engine that sent it. "Can you hear, I say?" demanded the Colonel. "Yes," they replied, a little submissively, "we can hear well." Again the cannon told, still louder. Three times it thundered in their ears. "Can you hear?" rejoined the Colonel. "I say, can you hear?" We are not deaf; we can hear well; our ears are open. Speak. Let the great Chief of the white people speak whatever he wishes."

Col. Carney addressed them. "I am," said he, "very little. "The Great Chief of the white people is afar: he is in the bosom "of a mighty nation; and his warriors around him, are like the "grass upon the prairie, or the sands which cover the plains. He "told me to go and talk to the Sioux and Shiennes, and I obeyed him; "I am here. A thousand Chiefs who are mightier than I, wait to "do his commands. He loves his friends, and is kind to them; but "to his enemies, to those who destroy the lives of his people, he is "dreadful. As the storm when it walks upon the mountains, and "treads down the pines, so terrible are the warriors of the Great "Chief, when they come upon their foes. Beware then, lest ye "make him angry. Think before you break the pipe, which we "have smoked together in friendship. Think well before you violate the covenant you have made with me and with my people, and "to which we have called the Great Spirit to witness. Talk to your "young men; counsel them that are foolish; tell them that "we are mighty, and terrible in war. Bid them pause, and think, "and tremble, before they spill again the blood of a white man. "The past we will forget; it is buried. We will soon return to our "homes, with the tidings of peace: but when we hear that your "hands have spilt one drop more of the blood of our countrymen, "we will come again. We will come with war. We will revenge all the wrongs that we have ever received. Then your "eyes shall not be dry from weeping over your fallen warriors, "and the blood of your nations shall not cease to flow, until we "are weary from destroying. You say that you can hear. We "will see. Be careful that your ears do not forget." They all answered, "It is good."

Such, we believe, is about the sense, in which we understood Mr. Bisonette, describing the treaty made by Col. Carney, with the Sioux and Shians. He is one of the principal partners in the neighboring trading establishment, Fort Platte, and we presume that it is mainly correct. He gave us, as his opinion, that for a time, it would have a favorable influence over the conduct of the Indians; but that it would soon be forgotten, and disregarded, and that nothing but a strong military post, located in their country, could keep them in awe, and make the lives of Americans, safe among them.

Our little company, after a short delay, continued down the North Fork. On the 3d of August we approached the spot, where Mr. Adams was remaining, in charge of a large quantity of Buffalo robes, the cargo of one of the boats which had failed in descending the River. He was awaiting the arrival of wagons from Mr. Bisonette, to convey them to the States. As soon as we came in sight of Mr. Adams, we saw a village of Sioux coming, at the same time, from another direction. They arrived a few minutes before us, and were engaged in pitching their lodges when we came up. When we were yet half a mile off, we found two young Indians, sitting beside the road, who rose up, and gave us their hands in token of friendship; and then making signs to us to proceed, they led the way, to where their village was encamping, beside Mr. Adams.

We had been discovered by them from the hills on the South, out of which they came; and the two young men had been dispatched by their Chief, to ascertain our character, and to conduct us, if friends, of which they of course had little doubt, to the village.

Without dismounting, we delivered to Mr. Adams, a letter from Mr. Bisonette; enquired whether we would probably fall in with any of the Sioux below, and whether with the Pawnees; and what, in his opinion, would be their disposition towards us, in case we should. We smoked with the Chief, and after a few minutes conversation with Mr. Adams, from which we could determine nothing satisfactorily, we again turned into the trail, and continued down the river.

The Indians treated us with great civility. They did not crowd around, when we stopped, to pilfer and beg, as Indians generally do about a small party.

When we passed by their encampment, as we were leaving, the women and children, with some of the young men, came out and stood by the side of the road; and the Chief, and a few of the old men, walked with us three or four hundred yards, in hopes of receiving presents; yet without being importunate. We gave them a little tobacco, and a few other trifles, excusing ourselves for the smallness of our gifts, by telling them that we had traveled very far, and were then poor. They appeared satisfied, gave us their hands and returned.

We encamped a few miles below, and remained about three hours, but none of them came near us. Knowing the disposition of the people we were among, and their uncertainty, we deemed it prudent, however, to make the distance between us greater, before the next morning. But they were the last that we saw of the Sioux Indians; and from what cause they were induced to treat us with so much civility, we are uncertain. We attributed it, at the time, to Col. Carney's treaty with them, and to the imposing display which he exhibited.

Not having provided ourselves very abundantly with meat, while on Sweet Water, and not having seen any game on the North Fork, we began to be fearful, that we should not be able to procure provisions enough to last us in. But on the 5th of August, crossing over to the South Fork, we found the valley and hills beyond, covered with thousands and thousands of Buffalo. We therefore pitched our camp, on the bank of the river, in the most convenient place we could find, and prepared to "make meat."

On the following morning, two of the best riders and marksmen were selected, and mounted on the strongest and fleetest horses. Having divested themselves of the greater part of their clothing, and whatever else they could spare that would tend to add weight or gather the wind, and being armed with guns and pistols, they proceeded towards the nearest band, which would have numbered, perhaps, about a thousand. They rode along slowly, taking advantage of the wind, until they saw the band begin to notice them: then putting spurs to their horses, they urged the chase at full speed across the plain. Others followed at a less rapid rate, with loose animals, to bring in the meat.

We supposed that some of the largest of these Buffaloes were nearly seven feet high, and would probably weigh more than two thousand pounds.

It was a grand scene to look upon; that [illegible] flood, moving on towards the hills, throwing huge clou[illegible] the air, and shaking, with their heavy tread, the very earth. The horsemen gained; and entering the band, which gave way at their approach, and closed around them, they spurred to gain the lead, where the fatest and best Buffalo are always found. Their guns reported rapidly—the herd rushed on, swelling over the alternate hills, until the cloud of dust that marked their course, faded in the distance, and three fine Buffaloes lay stretched along upon the border of the valley. The hunters halted around their prey, butchered it, and the packmen came and bore it to the camp, where we cut it into thin slices, and dried it in the sun; having done which, we again proceeded down the South Fork.

But not being yet sufficiently provided for, we averaged our daily distance of about twenty-five miles, by traveling a large portion of the night; laying by in the middle of the day, when the sun was most powerful, to kill and dry meat. We continued this method of procedure until we had supplied ourselves with provisions, and then again traveled as usual.

When we came to the junction of the Platte, we found a vast herd of Buffalo, almost covering the valley. They were so thick, that, in many places, they blackened the earth for hundreds of acres. The lowest estimate made in our camp, of the number of that single herd, was, we believe, one hundred thousand, and it was, probably, much greater. During the time that we were passing them, in which we traveled about ten miles, the partially detached or smaller herds extending out from it, became frightened, as we proceeded, and kept pouring across our path, about two hundred yards before us, in an almost constant stream. Besides this, the hills were spotted in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, with bands of Buffalo. Such vast herds are, however, uncommon. Afterwards we ascertained the cause, as we thought, of their being assembled in such vast numbers.

On the morning of the 13th, about two hours before day, while we lay encamped upon the bank of the Grand Platte, we heard a drum beating below us, on the river. We were sure that it was the Pawnees; and, besides, that they were in great numbers, as they were on the middle ground, between their own country and that of the Sioux, where they never come, except in strong parties. We, therefore, made all possible haste to get under way, in order to pass them before they should discover us.

Having traveled a few miles, we passed through a large encampment, which [illegible] been left only a very short time; and all along the road, and on every side, there were fresh signs of a large body of Indians; and we had not proceeded much farther, before we were favored with still stronger proofs of it. We saw an Indian gliding along across the prairie, in a direction to meet our course, and then another, and again another, until they were nearly double our number.

They tried in every way to detain us: they endeavored to persuade us to go across to their village, at which, they said, there were fifteen hundred of their people. We refused, and they told us that there were a great many Buffalo a short distance below; that they intended to surround them the next day, and that they did not wish us to go on and frighten them. To this, although we were sure it was false, we replied, that we had an abundance of meat and would not disturb them; and continued still to move on at a rapid rate. They then began to threaten, and finally, finding all of no avail, they rushed out towards the river several hundred yards, and began yelling and throwing up their blankets into the air. In a few minutes after this signal was given, we saw two or three long columns of mounted men emerge from the brush along the bank of the river, and come at full speed towards us. We had but a moment to counsel. Retreat was folly, since it would be impossible for us to gain any shelter, or advantageous place, before they would be on us. To fight, in the open prairie, against such odds—for there were more than forty to one, and would have been supported by four times that number—would have been madness. The only alternative left, was to wait the event, and be ready for the worst. There was a possibility that in this way, by proper management, we might avoid serious difficulty; any other would have been certain destruction. We were, however, determined, of course, to defend our lives and property as best we could, in the last extremity.

Three hundred armed men rushed up and surrounded us. Standing with our backs together, that we might see them draw, and be ready to return the blow, though feebly, when they struck, we watched their tone and movements. They seemed to differ, and to be undecided. Some appeared strongly inclined to insult and abuse; others checking these, seemed to require time to decide. After the expiration of some minutes, an old Indian came up, passed through the crowd, which gave way at his approach, and handed us a folded paper. We read it. It purported to be from the Indian Agent, and was addressed to white people, passing through that country. It stated that this Indian, who called himself White Man, was a Chief of the Pawnees, and had previously saved the lives of a small party from the United States, and returned them their property, which had been taken from them by some of the young men of his tribe; that he was a friend to the white people: and the writer desired those who might meet with him, to make him presents.

This Chief also requested us, to go over with them to the village; telling us the same story which had been told by those who first came to us, that there was a herd of Buffalo below, and that he did not wish us to frighten them away, since he intended to surround them on the following day.

From the character which the paper of the Agent gave the Chief, and from his venerable and friendly appearance, we were now almost persuaded to believe their story about the Buffalo. We hesitated for a moment, and some spoke in favor of going with them to their village. We had never seen Indians making "*a surround*," and our anxiety urged us strongly. We thought how grand a scene it would be, to see fifteen hundred Pawnees, armed and mounted, after having formed in a circle around a large herd of Buffalo, close in upon them, with whooping, yelling, and firing; and then to see them, after the affrighted herd had scattered, cover the plains afar, with the confused, tumultuous, and excited chase; the whirling clouds of dust; the huge animals that had fallen, laying about on every side; the wild uproar, and the reckless eagerness of the half naked pursuers. Some thought less of looking on, but imagined how glorious it would be, all mounted, armed and flying over the level plain, to mingle in the tumult, pull down the mighty game, and be an Indian for an hour. Had not our homes and friends rose up against this curiosity, and urged us to proceed, we would have gone with the Pawnees to their village, been disappointed in seeing the anticipated sport, and probably, after having been stripped of every thing we had, would have been insulted and abused.

Our desire to hasten on prevailed, and we replied in the same manner as before; told them that we had far to go, and did not wish to delay; and further, that if he was unwilling to trust us, he might send some of his people along, until we had passed the Buffalo, to see that we did not disturb them. He finally consented to this, and we now considered that we were safe. We smoked with the Chief, as a mutual pledge of friendship, made him such presents as our situation and circumstances would afford, and departed, accompanied by twenty-two of his men.

Having gone about ten miles, we halted, and unloaded our animals, that they might eat and rest, as we had been travelling at a rapid rate, from early in the morning until now, which was about the middle of the afternoon.

We expected to part with the Indians here, and therefore opened our bales and offered them something to eat, which they refused to accept, saying they had plenty in their camp. And as soon as our bales were opened, and our baggage scattered, they began taking whatever they could lay their hands on. We saw now that they intended to rob us, and knowing that it would not do to yield to them in the least, we regained what they had taken, with as little force as possible. They feared us, and yielded; but threatened, saying that they would take away every thing we had. We showed them our guns in reply. Hastily reloading our animals, with our arms in our hands, we mounted, pointed them to the backward track, and took the other ourselves.

There was an old Indian who followed us a short distance, and either from friendship, or a desire to learn what course we intended to pursue, told us, with a great pretension of regard for our safety, that "it was good for us not to sleep," but to continue travelling, "after the sun had gone down:" that some of their young men "had bad hearts," and were "very angry;" and that they would follow and attack us in the night. We expressed our thanks for his kindness, without intimating our intentions, and left him.

We had not seen a single Buffalo, nor did we afterwards; and we thought that this was only a scheme they had laid, to get us into the village, where they might strip us more effectually, and without our knowing who did it; and that finding we would not go willingly, they consented to our proposal, thinking that three times our number, would be sufficient to accomplish their object. They probably considered, in addition to this, that by the method which they adopted, the tribe would avoid the responsibility of the act. As the greater portion of those who came to us, had gone away professing friendship, they would, with some degree of probability, have been able to assert their ignorance, of any intention on the part of those who went with us, to commit a robbery. It was our opinion, that they did not wish to take our lives, if they could obtain our property without; and especially if they could do so by means, in which the tribe would not seem, generally, to participate.

Could they have destroyed us entirely, without any possibility of detection, they would have been very willing to have done it; but they had made like attempts several times before, and failed; they were now a little fearful, for they had been threatened by officers of our government, and had, from experience, some confidence in their ability to execute. Had we gone to their village, they might have stolen almost every thing that we had, and in such case, all would have been innocent. Had the twenty-two succeeded, they only, and not the tribe, would have been criminally responsible. We had no doubt but that all were perfectly acquainted with the intentions of the party that undertook to rob us, and would have been sharers to some extent in the booty; and that, had they considered a failure at all probable, they would have adopted some other surer method of procedure.

The Pawnees were descending the river, and all appearances favored the opinion, that they had been the cause of the great assemblage of Buffalo at the forks of the Platte. Having passed the great band a short distance, very few others were afterwards seen, although the whole valley, on the South side, had been trodden recently, by numerous herds.

That we might not fall into their hands again, we concluded to follow the old Indian's advice; and that we might decieve him also, we determined to do more; and having halted a little before sundown, to take supper and allow our animals to graze, we proceeded, following the road until it was quite dark, when we left it, and bore off to the South, until we entered the hills: we then turned again, and followed the direction of the river, steering our course by the stars, until after midnight. We then halted and slept till morning without food or water.

As soon as it was light, we again loaded our animals, and steered across the plains for the waters of the Kanzas, which we thought we could reach in a day's travel.

About 12 o'clock we began to differ about the course we were traveling, and came near separating, but finally agreed by changing it a little; and in the evening, after having traveled about forty miles, we came to a tree, by a small brake that ran towards the the East, in which we found a pool of water, and stopped for the night.

The way across, between the Platte and the waters of the Kanzas, before the emigrants had made a beaten track, had always been considered very difficult to find. The distance at different places, varies between twenty five and fifty miles; the country is level and monotonous, and has not a single landmark, by which the traveler may be guided. Many persons much more experienced on *the prairie* than we, had been lost in attempting to pass from one stream to the other; and this country, from this circumstance, had obtained the name of "The Lost Ground." The Catholic Priest, who was still with us, being a foreigner, and not at all accustomed to moving at random, without track or guide, through such wilds, became alarmed at our situation, and declared he was certain that we should never find the trail, and he would be very glad, he said, to give every thing he possessed, to see again the track of a wagon. We were fortunate in changing our course, for if we had not done so, we should have missed entirely, the head of Little Blue River, and would have been compelled to travel another day, and perhaps longer, before we would have come to another stream. This fortunate circumstance—finding the pool—was highly pleasing to us. It had been nearly twenty-four hours since we had drunk water, and we had been traveling rapidly during the day, over the dry plains and through the hot sun. We noticed, in the course of the day, that our voices became much changed, from lack of moisture, and as we refrained from eating, also, there was a feeling of emptiness in the stomach, peculiar, and very disagreeable. When we came to the pool, our parched lips did not stop to question the quality of the water: and our animals were equally as eager as ourselves: they plunged into it, and we were compelled to drag them away to prevent them from killing themselves. The person whose turn it was to guard during the day, was obliged to watch the pool almost constantly, in order to keep the animals from drinking too much. We climbed into the tree with our hatchets, and trimmed off the dry limbs, which furnished us sufficient fuel to cook with; and in a very short time, we had banished both hunger and thirst, and feeling secure in our secluded and unfrequented position, we contrasted this present comparatively comfortable and safe condition, very pleasantly with the past.

In the morning we followed the breaks until they joined with others, and finally brought us to a deep dry channel, along which there was timber; it continued to increase in size; as we proceeded down, and on the 16th of August, about the middle of the day we came again to the emigrant's trail, and knew that it was the Little Blue River, down which we had been traveling.

We saw no more of the Pawnees, and on the 22d we crossed the

Big Blue River, and came into the country of the Kanzas Indians, from whom we had nothing to fear so long as we kept a strict guard; which we never failed to do in the Indian country.

On the 24th, we met a small company bound for California, and on the 25th, the wagons of Messrs. [illegible] & Bissonette, Indian traders, of Fort Platte.

On the 27th, we crossed the *Kanzas River*; where, finding the water too deep to take our baggage on our horses, we were compelled to carry it over on our shoulders.

On the 29th, late in the night, we passed the boundary line, between the States and the Indian Territory, and encamped near West Port, Missouri, having become lost and bewildered among the roads and fences, to which we were unaccustomed. The darkness of night hid every mark of civilization when we came; and we slept, without appreciating the change. We awoke with the rising sun, to look upon fields, orchards, gardens, houses and villages; our country and our countrymen.

Note.—By a little inadvertency this chapter was numbered the same as the preceding one; it will be perceived that it should be VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL VIEW OF OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

Concluding remarks, giving a brief, but general view of Oregon and California as regards the Agricultural, Manufacturing, and Commercial advantages of these countries, &c., &c.

As we have now completed our explorations in both Oregon and California, we will make a few remarks upon their fitness for the occupancy, and various uses of civilized man.

As we have already said, the climate, in Oregon and California, is far milder and more agreeable, than it is in the same parallel of latitude, any where on the Eastern side of the American continent. There is, we think, a difference of perhaps 10 or 12 deg. We suppose that some *may* think this difference too great, but when they recollect that animals can live well through the winter, in Oregon, in the 47th deg. of North latitude, and that scarcely any snow falls during this season of the year; and that that which does fall, even in this high latitude, lays but a very short time, in the lower and more productive valleys; and that good beef is often killed in mid-winter from the grass, any where between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, South of the Columbia River; and then recollect what the Winters are in the United States, even as far South as the 25th deg. North, we are inclined to believe, that most, if not all, will be ready to believe, that we are nearly correct in regard to this matter.

As the farmer's stock can live well all winter, not only throughout California, but through nearly the whole of Oregon, he will here possess one advantage that he can never have East of the Rocky Mountains, except in the most Southern part of the United States; consequently, he will not be compelled, as he is in most parts of the great and fertile Valley of the Mississippi, to labor six months to produce grain and provender, to feed out, at the expense of another six months' labor, to his stock. And there is not only in the territory of Oregon, but also in the province of California, another great advantage, that is, indeed, paramount to all others:

which is, health. These countries, with the exception of a few small localities, and [illegible], and must ever remain, very healthy. Some of the causes which make them so, must be obvious to all, who become acquainted with these countries. They are high, dry, rolling, [illegible] and well watered with the purest springs and streams; and [illegible] the wind from whatever point it may, it must ever be free from miasma and disease, as it always comes, either from snow clad mountains or passes over the pure and un[illegible] waves of the briny Ocean.

There is, however, one drawback to the mild, and otherwise pleasant winters, over a large portion of the countries we have thus far described; on the western shores of our continent; which is, the great amount of dark, cloudy, and rainy weather, throughout most of the winter season. The rains, however, as it has already been seen, do not generally fall in heavy showers, but are, mostly, gentle and light, and often, nothing more than heavy mist. We are inclined to believe, that little if any more water falls there, in the winter, than falls in most parts of the Mississippi Valley; with this difference, that there it is rain instead of snow.

In those countries, as in the Mississippi Valley, the winters do, in some degree, vary. When compared with the winters East of the Rocky Mountains, they are always mild; yet some are more so than others, and some are much dryer than others. The first winter we passed, West of the mountains, was milder, dryer, and much more agreeable than the second; indeed, there was much of the first that was dry, sunny, and agreeable, beyond anything we had ever before witnessed. The second was more rainy and disagreeable. But as far South as the Bay of San Francisco, in California, it is never colder, even in the winter, than to produce heavy white frost.

We believe that small grains of every description, that are raised in the United States, will grow well, and produce abundantly, throughout Oregon, and over all the Upper or Northern portion of California. So also, will the grasses; but Indian Corn never will, as the nights are too cool in Summer, over all those regions, for the thrifty growth and proper ripening of this grain; it can, however, be raised in small quantities, but the farmer there, can never grow it to much profit.

The Willammette Valley is, perhaps, the largest district of productive country in Oregon. Something more than two thirds of it is open, or prairie land, and the largest part of this is rich; the prairies, indeed, generally, through the country, when turned up by the plow, make very much the same black, [illegible] mostly bear in the Mississippi Valley; [illegible] being as durable, as there seems to be [illegible] Near one third of this valley is timbered, [illegible] good, and as it furnishes great manufacturing, as well as agricultural privileges, it would be capable of sustaining, were every portion of it made to yield to the best advantage, a population of nearly a million of souls.

The Umqua Valley is, perhaps, three-fourths prairie. The Rogue's River Valley, two-thirds, and the Clamuth, four fifths.

In many places through these several valleys, the prairies are of convenient size to be entirely settled and cultivated; in others they are so large that it will be inconvenient; but as the neighboring mountain lands are, with few exceptions, thickly clothed with the finest timber in the world, they will, in time, all be brought into cultivation.

North of the Columbia, and West of he Cascade Mountains, there is, perhaps, not more than one third of the country that is not timbered, and much of it stands so thick on the ground, is so tall and large, that it will not only make lumber very abundant in the country, but it must long, if not always, be capable of furnishing immense quantities for exportation.

The valleys, through this portion of Oregon, are smaller than they are South of the river; here the country has more broken, mountain, waste land, and consequently it cannot sustain so large a population. It is thought, that considerable portions of the timbered land between the Cascade Mountains and the Pacific, both North and South of the Columbia, is good for cultivation, though mostly, if not always, much inferior in point of productiveness, to the prairie lands.

The Cawlitz Valley, North of the Columbia, like the Willamette, South, furnishes, perhaps, the largest valley of land, suitable for cultivation, between the Cascades and the Ocean; but on the North, as well as the South side, there are many other smaller valleys, besides these, capable of sustaining considerable settlements; which will, altogether, in time, when all that can, is made to yield, furnish agricultural products, sufficient to sustain a population of some millions.

And through this whole region of country, many of the hills [illegible] be kept in the same condition, [illegible] the Pacific, to furnish [illegible] as far distant day, [illegible], with heavy [illegible] of the [illegible]

If the United States obtains her claim to the entire Territory of Oregon, she will then have Puget's Sound, the safest and best harbor on the Western shores of America, and a considerable amount of country around it, said to be good; besides the whole of Vancouver's Island, which, of itself, is capable of sustaining a considerable colony; but as it is most likely that the 49th parallel of latitude will [illegible] be finally settled upon, as the Northern limit of our territory, it is doubtful whether we will possess the fine harbor of Puget's Sound, and we shall not have more than one third of Vancouver's Island.

The country East of the Cascade Mountains, and laying between them and the Blue Mountains, is an excellent grazing country. Immediately on the streams, and along the base of the mountains, there are many narrow strips of fertile land, suitable for cultivation, and these portions of rich soil, though small when compared with the entire country containing them, (not more, we think, than one tenth part,) will probably be enough to grow a sufficiency of agricultural products, to sustain a large grazing population. And that this country will at some future day, be filled with such a population, there cannot be a doubt; as it contains, in most places except in the country known as a the Walawala Valley, an abundance of the most nutritious grass, so that, within the bounds of this valley, great numbers of stock can be kept through the year; and although the valley contains no timber, with the exception of Cotton Wood along some of the streams, as the neighboring mountains are mostly well timbered, and as a large portion of the tillable land lies immediately along the base of the mountains, and convenient to the timber, most of the farms could be furnished with it very readily. But those that might be improved on the streams, would, most of them, have to be furnished with the necessary timber, at the expense of much labor, as it could only be had from the mountains, at a distance, in some places, of many miles.

Inasmuch as there is a river called Walawala, some might suppose the valley bearing the name, to be the valley of that stream; and that, therefore, the manner in which we have spoken of it is incorrect; but upon noticing particularly our description, and finding that not only the Walawala, the Snake River, and many other smaller streams, but that the great Columbia itself, runs through it, they will at once see that the valley has not obtained its name from the river, but that the name applies to a portion of country bounded by high mountains, both on the East and West, and stretches North and South some three hundred miles, covering an area equal to twelve or fifteen thousand square miles. This large district of country is not only good for raising and keeping horses, mules, and cattle, but it will be very good for sheep also, as great numbers of them can be raised and kept in the finest and healthiest condition.

This valley has, also, much water power.

The Blue Mountains, which form the Eastern boundary of the Walawala Valley, cover an extent of country about seventy-five miles broad, and are, we believe, about nine-tenths timbered; through these mountains there are numerous small valleys, furnishing in many places, good soil, and every where fine pasture, upon which stock of every description can be kept in good condition throughout the year. But as the valleys in the mountains do not, perhaps, cover more than one twentieth of the whole area, this portion of country could only sustain a sparse population, and keep a limited amount of stock.

The entire country East of the Blue Mountains, including the Rocky Mountains and a broad belt of country some five hundred miles wide, East of them, embracing altogether a tract of some one thousand or eleven hundred miles broad, is, with the exception of some small spots—widely, very widely separated from each other, a vast and dreary desert—a sandy, dusty, rocky waste. Over much of this desert region, there are large dusty tracts, on which there is almost no vegetation. These dusty regions bear much the appearance of ashes and burnt earth, mixed.

The small spots of productive soil that are scattered over this great desert of America, cannot amount to much if any more than one thousandth part of the whole. From which it will be seen, that it is better calculated to sustain small bands of savages living after the manner of the wandering Arabs, than any fixed population of agriculturalists.

South of the Snowy Butte, which is not far from the parallel of [illegible] North, to the head of the Sacramento Valley, a distance of one hundred miles, the country is entirely covered with timber, is mountainous, and contains no land fit for cultivation; and although much of the timber in those mountain regions is of excellent quality, it is so far removed from the extensive plains of California, laying far South, that it can never be taken to them to make enclosures for farms; and much of the country where it grows is so exceedingly broken, that it will be difficult to take it out for any purposes. But from many parts of this extensive tract of timber, immense quantities can and will be taken out in lumber for all purposes, and used in many distant parts of the province; and by way of the Sacramento, it may be taken into the Bay of San Francisco, and from the thence wherever wanted.

The Sacramento Valley, which probably contains about ten thousand square miles, is nearly or quite, one-third timbered and one-half suitable for cultivation. Much of the soil is very fertile.

From the Bay of Francisco to Monte Rey, and between the California Mountains and the Coast, including the Valley of St. Wahine, covering an area of near twenty thousand square miles, there is not more than one-tenth of the country timbered; but nearly one half is fit for tillage, with some very productive lands.

From Monte Rey to the Lower Puebla, embracing the Southern portion of Northern or Upper California, there is, perhaps, not more than one-hundredth part of the land timbered, and one-twentieth, suitable for cultivation; but these is a much greater portion good for grazing.

The Sacramento and St. Wakine Valleys, furnish much the largest body of good country in California. Indeed from the health of this country, which is good beyond all doubt; from the great mildness of the climate; the fertility of much of its soil, and the great commercial advantages it will have, by means of the noble Bay of San Francisco; it must, at no distant day, become a very desirable, if not the most desirable country on the Continent.

When it is recollected, as we have heretofore stated, that over a large portion of Upper California, fresh meat will keep good, hung in the open air, at any season of the year, for several days together, without salt; there can be no doubt of the great purity of the atmosphere, and consequent health of the country.

Most of the Northern portion of the Province has an abundance of good water power; but in the South, the supply is less abundant; and in some parts, it is very deficient.

When this Province shall have been settled, by an industrious and enterprising population, disposed to avail themselves of all the advantages which Nature has so bountifully spread out, over this country; it will be covered with vast multitudes of stock of all kinds; the upper country will become a manufacturing district, and every where, on and around the extensive Bay of San Francisco, the most active and extensive commercial operations will be constantly going on.

But no country of which we have any knowledge, is so fitted by nature to become one great manufacturing region, as the territory of Oregon. It has every where, over it, an abundance of never failing water power, sufficient to propel machinery of any kind and to any amount; and as we have already said, all parts of the territory are suitable for raising the finest sheep, (not excepting the best ever reared in Spain,) and over this country sufficient numbers can and will be raised, to keep the numerous and extensive factories in constant operation.

But little is yet known of the minerals of the country. Some lead and iron have been discovered; and if an intimate acquaintance with the country shall discover an abundance of the metals, then will there be nothing wanting, to make Oregon one of the greatest manufacturing countries in the world, but the necessary population and capital; both of which, time and the enterprise of our countrymen, will give. And, although much of it is rocky and mountainous, and every where over it, are strong and evident marks of powerful, and not very remote volcanic action; as the country is very healthy, the climate mild, and the volcanoes, from appearances, mostly, if not all except Mount St. Helen, extinct; we think the day not distant, when it will be sufficiently peopled to carry on extensive manufacturing and commercial operations. And as it is situated for carrying on a direct trade with the South Sea Islands, all the countries on the Western shores of South America, and with China, the trade of which, under the treaties that have been made with this country, since the British war, must, in a few years, be extensive and important, Oregon must, at some future day, become a great Commercial as well as Manufacturing country.

But we do not profess to give a full description of these countries. There is no one whose knowledge concerning them is not very limited. After the natives, from whom, of course, little is to be learned, those who have longest inhabited them, and traveled over them most, the traders, are nearly all illiterate; and the few who were somewhat competent to investigate and judge, have had their minds chiefly engrossed with other matters. A few years is insufficient to acquire a particular knowledge of such extensive territories. It yet remains for others to explore, discover, and make known, many of the hidden resources and subjects of interest, with which those remote, new, and peculiar regions, most probably abound,

APPENDIX.

INSTRUCTIONS TO EMIGRANTS—SUPPLIES AND EQUIPMENT—MANNER OF TRAVELING, &c.—BILL OF THE ROUTE.

The distance from the Western Settlements of the United States to the Settlements in Oregon or California, is variously estimated from twenty-two to twenty-five hundred miles; and the kind of country through which emigrants have to pass, will be seen from the foregoing description; it will also be perceived, that there is but a small portion of this country in which they can supply themselves with provisions. Nothing can be obtained at the trading establishments, except at an enormous price; and the Buffulo are not to be depended on. Under these circumstances, it is of the first importance, that emigrants furnish themselves amply with provisions, before they leave the United States. It requires about five months to make the journey, under ordinary circumstances; but difficulties and detentions may, in some instances, increase the time to six months; it will therefore be the safest, and most prudent, for emigrants to lay in provisions for six months. In respect to the quantity, every one should make a calculation, and judge, partially at least, for himself. In making such a calculation, it is important to take into consideration, the fact, that the appetite is almost universally increased by traveling. It is peculiarly so on the way across the Rocky Mountains. The rough manner of living, which it is necessary for the traveler to adopt, together with the purity of the atmosphere, the constant and wholesome exercise, and the various scenes and incidents daily presented, which tend to divert the mind, all have a great tendency to promote uncommon good health, and consequently, uncommon good appetites. For this reason, it will be found easy to dispense with most of the mere luxuries common to civilized life. With but few exceptions it is only those things which are the most substantial and nutritious that should be taken; such as flour, middlings of bacon, because they are *free* from bones, rice, sugar, coffee, salt, pepper, &c. The quantity of flour for each individual, should not be less than two hundred pounds, unless the company be entirely made up of pack-men, who intend to make the journey in as short a time as practicable. Where a company carries their provisions, packed on mules, they can generally make the trip about a month sooner, than those who go with wagons, and therefore the quantity of provisions should be proportio[illegible]ced; one hundred and fifty pounds of flour will be an abundant supply for a packman. Other articles of provision should be taken in the same proportion with the flour, excepting meat, which should be something less. The quantity of meat should be such, that it could be made to last conveniently, five months. There is scarcely ever a year, in which emigrants will not be able to kill some game between the point where they first come to the Platte River and the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and by taking sufficient meat with them from the States *to do*, by stinting themselves a little, they may expect to obtain enough from the Buffalo to complete an abundant supply, but beyond this they should not trust to the fortune of the hunter.

From the moment in which emigrants leave the Western settlements, they should be exceedingly careful of every morsel that may be used with propriety for the support of life. Persons who have been always accustomed to the overflowing abundance of food so bountifully bestowed by Providence upon our country, are very apt to be a little careless in this particular. They are almost sure to acquire habits of wastefulness, which, though they be of little consequence in a land of plenty, if they be not laid aside on *the prairie*, may cause the traveler to look back repentingly, upon the numerous littles which have been daily thrown away, and which, had they been saved, would have prevented the want consequent upon such neglect. Atoms make Mountains; and a little daily waste, in the course of five or six months, will amount to something very considerable in the eyes of a hungry man, when he is surrounded by a desert country where no food can be obtained.

It will be necessary, of course, for families to have wagons, and little companies of three or four young men, will generally find it more comfortable and convenient to travel in that manner. Every thing can be carried with far more ease and less exposure, than on the backs of mules; neither are the things carried so liable to accident. After the provisions, the means of conveyance, wagons, teams, &c., are of the next importance. Wagons should be selected with the greatest care; those should be taken which are made out of the best material, well put together, and properly proportioned. The irons on the wheels should be as tight as possible, without breaking or straining the wood; and the whole wagon should only be heavy enough to bare the required load. It is necessary to have the tires tight on the wheels, on account of the hot.

dust and sand through which they have to go, and which is very liable to loosen them from the wood.

It will also be well for those who wish to be provided against every circumstance that is liable to come in the way, to construct the beds of their wagons in such a manner that they can be corked and converted into boats. It matters not about the shape; and as they will be used every day as wagon beds, and perhaps never as boats, they had better retain the shape of the former. The covering of the wagon should be of strong and very close material, or painted so as to render it impervious to the heavy rains, which are likely to be encountered on the waters of the Kanzas, and on the Platte.

The kind of teams taken upon this road, is also a matter to which the emigrant should pay very great attention. In an outfit, it is one of the things second in importance: after the provisions, probably the first: for if a team fails, it will be very difficult to replace it. The emigrant is entirely dependant on his team; because if it be not sound, healthy and strong, it will not be able to keep pace with those that are, and he will, in consequence, be forced to some disadvantageous extremity, to avoid falling behind. It will be wise to provide against such accidental circumstances, by taking along extra animals.

Taking every thing into consideration, oxen are preferable to any other animals, for teams. It is true they cannot endure the heat, the want of sufficient food, and other hardships incident to the journey, quite so well as mules; neither can they travel with the same speed: but with moderate traveling, and propper care, they will make the trip, and may be kept in good traveling condition. They are the kind of teams generally used, and are not likely to be stolen by the Indians; and, in addition, they are more serviceable to a farmer improving in a new country; and, in Oregon, they are more valuable, in proportion to the cost in the States, than either mules or horses. All animals that are expected to do service on the road, should be of mature age. A mule should not be less than five years old, and a horse not less than seven. Oxen should also be rather light, and not very large; because this kind are found to travel better than others that are different. If horses are taken with the expectation of having them to do constant service, the Indian horses had better be obtained, if possible; for there are but very few horses that have been raised in the United States, that will not fail to reach the settlements in Oregon or California, if constant service is required of them.

The greatest attention should be paid to all animals that are taken on this journey: they should never be made to perform any work that is not absolutely necessary, and they should always have water and grass when they require it, if it can possibly be obtained. It will be well to stop once in every few weeks, where a good pasture is found, in order to rest the teams. Neither wagons nor teams should be overloaded, for it is bad for either to fail, on the prairie. And there is another thing in connection with this, that ought to be avoided. Many persons preparing to emigrate, who have been unable to sell their little property, have crowded all sorts of trumpery into their wagons, to be hauled to Oregon. This is generally thrown away when it has been hauled six or seven hundred miles, and after it has broken down either the wagon or the team. Persons should remember, that the distance from their starting point to that of their destination, is from twenty-five hundred to three thousand miles; which is rather a long land carriage, especially where the articles taken are of little value. Almost every article which is indispensable to persons wishing to engage in any ordinary occupation, may be had in Oregon, at a very reasonable rate; and in California, for far less than what it will be worth to haul it three thousand miles, across the Rocky Mountains.

Every family should be provided with a commodious tent, made of some kind of strong, close, cotton cloth. It will be found to add much to the comfort of traveling, both as a protection against the sun and rain. A tent also affords a convenient sleeping place, and one in which families may enjoy the privilege of being somewhat to themselves.

Cooking utensils should be such as are in character with a camp; light, simple, and not liable to be broken.

Emigrants should be provided with a good supply of strong and durable clothing; enough to last seven or eight months, or until they can arrive at their destination, and have convenient time to procure others. But this is sufficient; more is worse than superfluous, especially for those who intend going to Oregon. In Oregon, articles of clothing may be obtained at about as reasonable rates as they generally are in new countries, and very much cheaper than they can be carried in wagons, over land, from the United States. It will be proper to take a few articles suitable for Indian trade; such as colored shirts and blankets, butcher-knives, awls, tobacco, beads, vermillion, &c.; for the Indians often have things, which the emigrant would be glad to obtain. A very small supply of such things will, however, be sufficient.

If a number of persons would join, or if a single individual wished to be furnished with goods, tools, implements of husbandry, or any thing else, in Oregon, to a considerable amount, they might be had there more certainly, and for a much less price, by purchasing them, or having them purchased, in some of the Eastern Cities, and having them shipped around the Horn.

Every male person who is of sufficient age to bear arms, should be provided with a gun, and a good supply of ammunition. The kind of guns which are preferable for such a trip, are large and strong rifles: their balls should not be less than one fiftieth of a pound, and they would be better if they were larger. The stock, which is very liable to be broken, should be made uncommonly strong at the brtich, and all parts of the piece which are liable to wear or break, should be effectually tried before leaving the settlements. This is also a matter which should not be disregarded. It is necessary to be properly armed, to insure safety; those who are not, have no business in an Indian country. Five pounds of powder will be an abundant supply for those who intend to hunt a great deal; for those who do not intend to hunt much, half that quantity will probably be sufficient. The amount of lead, it will be remembered, should be four times that of the power. Emigrants generally supply themselves over-abundantly with these articles.

It will be impossible for great numbers to travel together in the same company. It is necessary that the companies should be as small as will be consistent with their safety, in order that they may not be so much delayed in traveling, and that the animals of the several companies may be supplied with grass. It will not be difficult for any one to imagine how delays will occur, where a great number of wagons are traveling together. And grass is found in many places, in quantities sufficient for small companies, but not for large ones.

One hundred men well armed, may travel in safety, by conducting themselves properly, through the most dangerous part of the country, that is, the country laying between Big Blue River, one of the [illegible] branches of the Kansas River, and Green River, of the Gulf of California, which is to be crossed, a few day's travel beyond the summit of the Rocky Mountains. From Green River to the settlements in Oregon, [illegible] men will make a company sufficiently strong, to avoid or repel all danger.

The character of the Indians will be learned from our preceding remarks. The manner in which they are treated, will, of course, make a great difference in their disposition towards those who chance to meet with them. They should never be trusted, nor should they, if it can be avoided, be allowed to have the advantage in any particular. And while every thing that would be calculated to give them offence, should be carefully avoided by those who wish to go in peace, they should at the same time, be constantly held at a distance. The emigrant should refrain from all familiarity himself, and discourage it in them. In trading with them, he should make use of few words; never attempt to deceive, and be prompt to the letter, in fulfilling every promise. Few presents should be given them, and those few should appear to be given, rather as an expression of friendship, than to concilitate their favor. Under all circumstances, the least expression of fear should be sternly avoided. From the late difficulties with the Shoshonee Diggers, and with the [illegible] —to which we have referred—these tribes will not likely be well disposed towards emigrants. Previously, those who have gone into Oregon, have become, after traveling thus far, impatient and careless, have separated into very small companies, and poorly armed, have hastened on, regarding nothing but the termination of the journey. What these have been compelled to submit to and endure, should be a warning to others. Companies passing through these tribes should consist of not less than thirty, well armed men.

The time of leaving the United States, will vary with the [illegible]. Companies should start as soon as the grass will admit, which will vary from the latter part of April, through the month of May. The [illegible] well marked that there will be no difficulty in finding it, and [illegible] would only be useful, to direct the manner of traveling, &c., and to point out the best places for encampment. For the benefit of those [illegible] to emigrate to Oregon, we subjoin a bill of the route.

BILL OF THE ROUTE.

	Miles.		
From Independence to Crossing of the Kansas,	90		This is the general estimate of the distance to the point where emigrants usually cross this river. At the season in which companies for Oregon and California generally leave the States, [illegible] the distance, every where, an abun[illegible] of wood, water, and grass. The Kansas River is generally full in the Spring, but emigrants will probably hereafter be accommodated, by a Frenchman who resides at the crossing place, with a ferry-boat. Owing to the time required in crossing, and the consequent accumulation of great numbers of animals, the grass in this vicinity, will likely become, in a few days, insufficient.
Muddy Creek,	17	107	From the crossing, the road leaves the river gradually to the left. Here there is an abundance of wood and grass. The creek is small but deep, and the crossing has formerly been difficult.
Honey Creek,	20	127	In the intermediate distance, the road, which still continues to leave the Kansas River more and more to the left, crosses, every few miles, small creeks upon which there are good camps. At Honey Creek, there is the greatest abundance of wood and grass.
A small creek	9	136	Upon this, there is much grass—some wood.
Another,	3	139	do do
Another,	4	143	do do
Cannon-Ball Creek,	2	145	Upon Cannon-Ball Creek, there is an abundance of grass and wood.
A small creek,	11	156	But little wood—grass abundant.
Another,	5	161	do do
Another,	3	164	do do
Vermillion,	2	166	This is a large creek, and near it there is wood and grass in the greatest abundance.
A small creek,	12	178	Grass and wood are abundant.
Another,	5	183	do do
Big Blue,	3	186	This is a river of considerable size, and at this season of the year it is frequently high and difficult to cross; but its bottom lands are covered with timber, which serves to make rafts, or canoes, and in the vicinity there is a great deal of grass.
Battle Creek,	11	197	At Battle Creek, the grass is abundant, and the quantity of wood is sufficient for camps.
A small creek,	9	206	Grass abundant. Wood.
Another,	15	221	do do
Another,	8	229	do do
Another,	14	243	do do
Another,	10	253	do do
Another,	7	260	do do
Little Blue,	5	265	The small streams intermediate between Battle Creek and the *Little Blue River*, in the

	MILES.		
		Total.	
			Autumn, frequently cease to flow; but in the Spring they generally afford a sufficient quantity of water, wood, and grass, for campers.
To the point where the road leaves Little Blue, - -	51	316	Where the trail follows Little Blue River, there is found, all along, an abundance of wood and grass. Thus far the road passes through a country, much the largest portion of which is fertile; affording every where, grass sufficient to supply the animals of the largest Emigration; neither—as will be seen by the foregoing notes—will water or wood be wanting. Thus far, there will be no difficulty on account of the unevenness of the surface of the country, but the rains which are here frequent during that portion of the year in which emigrants will be passing through it, will generally occasion delay; will sometimes render the streams impassable for several days, and where large companies are traveling together, or several smaller ones near each other, the road, in such instances, will of course, become muddy.
The Great Platte, -	25	341	Water is not found in this distance, and the trail, after leaving Little Blue, bears very much to the North until it strikes the Platte—sometimes called the Nebraska.
The Forks, - -	99	440	From the point where the road strikes the river to the union of the North and South branches, there is, in most places a sufficiency of grass on the bottom land, through which the trail passes, seldom leaving the stream more than two or three miles. Wood is seldom found here, though in its absence, a substitute can be obtained which the emigrant will soon become acquainted with. There is wood on some of the islands in the river. At the Forks there is a very large timbered island, and a few trees along on the main shore.
Crossing of South Fork,	71	511	The trail, in this distance, follows [illegible] the South bank of the South Fork. On this branch there is not so much grass as there is on the main river, but what there is, is rich, and animals need not suffer. Very little wood. The manner of crossing, in case the stream is high, has been described.
To the North Fork,	15	526	From the South Fork, the trail bears again very much to the North and crosses the high dividing land between the two branches, and descends into Ash Hollow, on the opposite side. There is no wood in this distance, and no water, except some standing in pools, which is very bad. In Ash Hollow there is excellent wood, grass, and water. The mouth of Ash Hollow is within a few hundred yards of the North, Fork, and the trail, from this point, with one exception, follows the stream to Fort Laramie. The grass is not so abundant on this, as

	Miles.	Total	
			[illegible] the South Fork. But it will be found sufficient, generally, for the accommodation of companies. A few small cedar trees will be found on the bluffs, for some miles above the mouth of Ash Hollow, but with this exception, there is no wood to be found, worthy of notice, between this point and Scott's Bluffs. As the trail never leaves the river far, water may be always had by going off from it a short distance.
A [illegible],	7	[illegible]	This spot will afford grass sufficient for several large companies.
A small creek,	20	[illegible]	
Another,	8	[illegible]	
A large creek,	40	578	
The Chimney,	20	[illegible]	The trail leaves the river, a few miles beyond the Chimney.
Scott's Bluffs,	20	615	On the East side of Scott's Bluffs, where the trail passes over them, there is a large spring of excellent water, an abundance of wood, and grass enough for two or three large companies.
Horse creek,	12	627	In the intermediate distance, there is neither water nor grass. At Horse Creek there is an abundance of grass and rushes, but scarcely any wood.
North Fork,	15	642	An abundance of grass and wood.
Fort Laramie,	20	662	The trail, in this distance, follows the river; along which the bottoms are wooded; affording always plenty of fuel, and generally ample pasturage. At Fort Laramie, the trail crosses Laramie Fork, a small river which is sometimes too deep to ford; but if it should be, means can probably be obtained at the Fort to ferry it. There is generally but little grass here, and it will be [illegible] for companies to delay no longer than necessity absolutely requires. Wood, in this vicinity, is almost entirely wanting.
Warm Springs,	11	673	Between Fort Larimie and this point, there is no water, without descending to the North Fork, which will be very difficult. At the Warm Springs, there is an abundance of wood, and there will be no difficulty in using the water; but the grass is sufficient only for a few small companies. They are a few hundred yards to the right of trail. These Springs are at the entrance of the Black Hills, and the road beyond them, is, in many places, steep and rocky; but from the last waters of the Kanzas, thus far, it is certainly an excellent one.
A small creek,	8	681	Wood. Grass abundant, on the hills.
A large creek,	20	701	In the intermediate distance, there are several small streams which are dry in the latter part of Summer, but in the season in which emigrants pass, water will be found every few miles; an abundance of wood, and grass sufficient for camps.
North Fork,	5	706	On the river at this place, there is plenty of

	Miles.		
		Total.	
			wood and grass. Here there are two roads, one following the river, and the other leaving it to the right. That will be preferable which has been least traveled, on account of grass.
The North Fork, -	55	761	This is by the road which leaves the river. Through the Black Hills, there are, in the Spring season, numerous small streams which afford water, a great deal of wood, and grass sufficient for several companies. In this distance, the streams are never more than six miles apart.
The crossing, -	30	791	From the point where the two roads again unite, the trail follows the North Fork to the crossing, never leaving it far. In the bottoms of the stream, there is grass sufficient for camps, and an inexhaustable quantity of wood. The River here, at this season, can generally be forded. If it be high, recourse must be had to rafting, unless emigrants are otherwise provided. Timber is not wanting. Immediately after crossing the Platte, the
Water, -	16	805	trail leaves the river entirely, and bears to the right, over a high and uneven country, which affords very little of either wood, water, or grass; and until it reaches Sweet Water, a small river tributary to the North Fork, the most of the water is impregnated with some kind of salts, which render it worse than disagreeable. At this place, there is a spring, and a channel, in which the water sometimes flows. Water salt. Grass scarce. No wood.
Salt Sink, -	10	817	Here, immediately on the trail, the water is salt, and there is scarcely any grass; but green spots may be seen to the right among the hills, where there is excellent grass, and springs of good water. They are five or six hundred yards from the road. Great caution must be observed, to keep out of the sinks, which are numerous, dangerous, and deceptive. No wood.
Willow Springs, -	7	824	Excellent water, some willow brush, and good grass, for a few companies.
Large marsh,	2	826	Water and grass for a few companies. No wood. A small branch flows from this marsh, along which there is some grass. The [illegible] follows it a few miles.
Crooked creek, -	11	837	But little grass, and no wood.
Independence Rock,	8	845	This is on the bank of Sweet Water, along which there is good grass, but not much wood.
Grand Pass, -	97	942	This is to some large and excellent springs, a few miles beyond the head of Sweet Water, and near the summit of the Pass through the Rocky Mountains, (South Pass.) From the Independence Rock, the trail follows Sweet Water, never leaving it far, to its source. In most places, the bottoms along the stream are cov-

	Miles.	Total.	
			vered with an abundance of excellent grass. There is very little wood. At the springs, in the Pass, grass is abundant, but wood is entirely wanting.
Water, - -	10	955	Water salt. Little grass. No wood.
Little Sandy, -	6	961	A creek—very good grass, and some wood—trail crosses the stream, and follows down six miles.
Big Sandy, - -	12	973	Grass, and some wood—trail crosses—trail follows the course of the stream, but leaves it some distance to the left.
Big Sandy, - -	18	991	The same stream. Grass and wood.
Green River, -	6	997	A large stream which is often too deep to ford, but there is plenty of timber on its banks, out of which to construct rafts, if it should be necessary. Grass is abundant. After crossing the river, the trail follows it down 12 miles.
Green River, -	12	1009	Wood plenty. Grass scarce.
Ham's Fork, -	18	1027	Trail crosses. Good grass. Wood plenty.
Black's Fork, -	1	1028	
A trading house, -	28	1056	Establishment of Bridgers and Vasques, situated on Black's Fork. In the intermediate distance, the trail follows the stream, along which there are good places for encampments. Near the Trading House, both grass and wood are very abundant.
Bear River, -	70	1126	From the trading post, the trail follows a branch of Black's Fork to its source, passes over a short dividing ridge, to the head of a small branch, which it follows down to Bear river. Grass and wood are scarce.
Soda Springs, -	80	1206	These springs are on Bear river. In the intermediate distance, the trail runs down the valley of the stream, which is mostly covered with excellent grass. Wood is scarce. At the Soda Springs, wood and grass are abundant.
Fort Hall, -	75	1281	The wagon way is very circuitous, but it crosses many creeks and branches, on all of which is an abundance of grass, and on some of them wood. Fort Hall is situated on the bank of Snake river, and in its vicinity, the valley is covered with grass, and the banks of the little streams with trees.
American Falls, -	18	1299	In this distance there are many good places for encampments.
Raft creek, -	23	1322	In this distance there are places suitable for camps, every 4 or 5 miles. Where the trail crosses Raft creek, there is good grass, and plenty of willow brush.
Big Spring, -	16	1338	This is a large marsh, affording very good grass. On the neighboring hills there are cedar trees.
Snake River, -	10	1348	
Goose Creek, -	4	1352	A great abundance of excellent grass, and of willow wood.

	Miles.		
	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Snake River, -	[illegible]	1372	In this distance the road runs near the river. The water is generally accessible, and in the upper bottoms there is much good grass.
Dry Fork,	[illegible]	[illegible]	Good grass for a few companies, and willow brush.
Cut Rock Creek. -	[illegible]	1394	A large scope of fine grass, and plenty of willow wood.
Cut Rock Creek, -	10	1404	Here the trail crosses the stream, where there is wood and grass sufficient for several large companies. In the last distance, it runs down on the east side of the creek.
Cut Rock Creek, -	12	1416	Here the trail leaves the creek,—some grass and wood.
Snake River, -	15	1431	Impossible to get near it with wagons.
Snake River, -	8	1439	In the intermediate distance it is inaccessible.
Salmon creek, -	5	1444	Good encampment—wood and grass.
Salmon Falls, -	5	1449	Neither wood nor grass.
Crossing, -	27	1476	Here the trail crosses Snake river, which, if it should happen not to be low, will be very difficult to pass. There is not a stick of wood any where near,—good grass. In the last distance, there is grass, but no water, without going to the river, which is three or four miles from the trail.
Boise River, -	80	1556	In this distance the country is rough, and there is a scarcity of water and grass. Fine camps on the Boise.
Fort Boise, -	[illegible]	1606	In the intermediate distance, the trail follows down the Boise river, along which grass and wood are found, in inexhaustible abundance. Near the fort, grass is scarce. Here the trail recrosses Snake river.
Malheur River, -	12	1618	Good grass, and a little willow brush.
Sulphur Spring, -	11	1629	Some grass, but no wood.
A small branch, -	5	1634	Some grass, and a little willow brush.
Snake River, -	5	1639	do do do.
Brule River, -	3	1642	Good grass and some wood.
Branch of the Brule,	40	1682	In this distance the road which is perhaps the worst on the whole route, follows up the Brule and its branches. There is good grass all along in the narrow bottoms, and there is an abundance of wood.
Fallen Pine, -	24	1706	Water, grass, and some willow brush.
Powder River -	10	1716	Excellent grass in the greatest abundance,—willow brush.
Grand Round, -	15	1731	The Round is covered with superior grass, the streams are fringed with balm and willow trees, and the mountains around are clothed with pines. From this point the trail ascends the main range of the Blue Mountains.
Grand Round River,	16	1747	Good grass, and forests of pine.
A small creek, -	18	1765	But little grass, forests of pine.
Utilla River, -	17	1782	This is a small river at the western base of the Blue Mountains. The bottoms and hills

	Miles.	Total.	
			are covered with a very superior kind of grass, and the banks of this stream, where the trail crosses it, are fringed with various kinds of trees. Here there are two roads, one going by the way of Dr. Whitman's and Fort Wallawalla, and the other following down the Utilla. The latter is considered to be much the nearest and best.
Mouth of Utilla,	60	1842	In this distance the trail follows the narrow valley of the river which affords generally an abundance of excellent grass. In some places wood is scarce.—Trail leaves it a few miles from the mouth.
Columbia,	14	1856	Not much grass, and no wood.
A creek,	22	1878	Good grass, and some wood. At several places in the last distance, the trail comes near the Columbia.
Columbia,	12	1890	Some grass, but no wood.
John Day's River,	20	1910	In this distance the trail runs near the Columbia. At John Days river there is good grass and a little wood.
De Chutes River,	14	1924	Some grass—no wood. Along the Columbia, wood may frequently be purchased from the Indians.
A small creek,	10	1934	Good grass and plenty of brush.
Wascopam Mission,	5	1939	The Mission is situated near the Columbia, and in its vicinity, there is an abundance of grass and wood. It is situated at the eastern base of the Cascade Mountains, and here the wagon road terminates. Animals may be driven over the mountains, but wagons and their contents must be taken down the Columbia in boats.
Cascade Falls,	50	1989	This is the distance by water. The river is smooth and the navigation uninterrupted. At the Falls it is necessary to make a portage of [illegible] portage on the North side. Tide water.
Vancouver,	40	2029	River smooth unless agitated by wind.
Mouth of Willammette,	6	2035	
Astoria,	84	2119	
Mouth of Columbia,	12	2131	

NOTE.—Most of the above distances, are according to the daily estimates of our company, returning from Oregon. We believe the proportion to be good, but the sum is too small.

Yours truly

Wm G. Johnston

From Daguerreotype, 1848.

EXPERIENCES

OF A

FORTY-NINER,

By WM. G. JOHNSTON,

A MEMBER OF THE WAGON TRAIN FIRST TO ENTER
CALIFORNIA IN THE MEMORABLE
YEAR 1849.

"Mammon led them on,
Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent: admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavements, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific; by him first
Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
Ransacked the centre and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
And digged out ribs of gold."

—*Milton.*

PITTSBURGH:
MDCCCXCII.

MESSMATES ON THE PLAINS.

CRAWFORD WASHINGTON, Killed at Vicksburg, May 19, 1863.
WM. O'H. SCULLY, *Died in Pittsburgh, February 10, 1891.
WM. B. MCBRIDE, *Died in Chicago, September 20, 1873.
CHAS. D. KINCAID, Died in Nicaragua, 1853.
JOSEPH L. MOODY, Residing near San Francisco, 1892.
WM. G. JOHNSTON, *Residing in Pittsburgh, 1892.

MESSMATES OF THE NORTH FORK.

JAMES R. MURPHY, Residing near Pittsburgh, 1892.
GEORGE R. BARCLAY, Died in San Francisco, 1860.
GEORGE REPPERT, Died at the North Fork Camp, Nov. 18, 1849.

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* Also menbers of the North Fork Camp.

To my Messmates
of the Plains and Mountains,
and of the North Fork,
Living and Dead:
To those of them who yet with me pursue life's
journey, their steps bent towards a land
having a City, the Streets of which
are paved with Gold;
and
To the memory of those who,
"Life's fitful fever over,"
Sleep peacefully under the clods of the valley:
In affectionate remembrance of
their friendship,
and of their many manly virtues,
This Volume is Dedicated.

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ERRATA.

On page 147, at the close of the paragraph, the word "latter" is used instead of "later."

On pages 164 and 165 a ludicrous error occurs in substituting the name of "Mrs. Bridger" for that of "Mrs. Vasquez," in the incident respecting a skillet lid.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

THE original intention of the writer in the preparation of the notes forming the basis of this work, was to preserve a record of such incidents as could be briefly jotted down from day to day, that in after years he might have at hand that which would aid in refreshing his memory concerning a journey which he foresaw must ever form a memorable epoch in his life.

When, after a lapse of more than forty years, a release from many of the active duties of a busy life afforded an opportunity for the revision of his manuscript, this was attempted solely for its presentation in a more suitable shape to his immediate posterity, and with no view of publication.

While it may seem a departure from the intention here set forth, that the work of the printer should be substituted for that of the scribe, it can scarce be regarded a wide one, when it is known that the circulation will still be restricted to a small circle of readers composed of friends and acquaintances who, upon personal grounds, might be thought to take an interest in a perusal of the volume.

Whilst adhering to the diary form in which the notes were originally made, this has not curbed a desire manifested in a number of instances, to take the wings of time to fly to periods even remotely in advance; an advantage moreover, only to be enjoyed when confining our readers within the limits above stated, since otherwise such a departure in the view of a more general public would have met with severe criticism, happily avoidable in the house of our friends.

THE AUTHOR.

THE WILLOWS, August 22, 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

MAKING THE TAIL-RACE OF A SAWMILL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IMPORTANT events in history not infrequently spring from others, which, in themselves, are of little moment.

When Captain John A. Sutter, hidden in the depths of a wilderness, and well nigh as far removed from the haunts of civilization as it was possible to be, was engaged in making a tail-race for his sawmill at Coloma, in Alta California, what imagination could have ventured the thought that this, in itself an insignificant affair, was to create a commotion that would be felt throughout the world.

The mill had been erected, its great water-wheel was in place and ready to revolve, but the tail-race had yet to be dug. This was speedily accomplished by a large force of Indians usually employed by this enterprising pioneer in such labors; after which the force of a mountain stream was turned into the newly made ditch. But something was not right, and the water had to be withdrawn; and thus it happened that the head workman, James W.

Marshall, was enabled to discover some sparkling flakes of gold, which the current of water had brought to the surface of the excavation. This occurred on the 24th day of January, 1848; and it was this discovery that occasioned the upheaval above referred to.

The discovery of gold in California did not occasion much of a stir in the United States generally until late in the summer, or in the fall of the year mentioned. It was about this time that it became an event in which "our boys" at their evening sessions, in the back room of Jim Jones' drug store, became greatly exercised. In passing, I may say that the site of this pharmacy was that which had been the S. E. bastion of Fort Fayette, a structure of which the older families of Pittsburgh have some knowledge, and concerning it, as a link in the olden time chain, feel an interest; while, to come down a century later, on the same spot there now stands a business house, with which the writer has connection, viz., on the corner of Penn avenue and Ninth street. There it was that the adventures here recorded had a beginning.

Day by day information accumulated, confirming more and more the marvelous accounts of fortunes being made in a day, by those who happened to be earliest on the ground; and thus was it that the gold fever became contagious, and one after another of our number became infected by it. With this brief introduction, I proceed at once with the narrative.

CHAPTER I.

OUR PARTY—PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY.

NEVER having been far from home, the thought of an adventure of such magnitude as now seemed to loom up before me, possessed my mind more forcibly than any expectation of getting rich at gold digging. I had never looked out upon the Atlantic, and was confronted with the possibility of seeing both it and the mightier Pacific, and of setting foot on that far off Western coast, having as an appendage that long, narrow peninsula, only sufficiently wide to afford room on ordinary maps for the name "California:" a country which, for some unexplainable reason, had been in my mind always invested with some peculiar, inexpressible attractions.

It soon became a settled fact that a number of my associates would, at an early day, set out for this wonderful El Dorado, and I resolved to accompany them. These were: Messrs. George R. Barclay, Wm. O'H. Scully, Wm. B. McBride, Charles D. Kincaid and Joseph L. Moody. In a brief time arrangements were so far perfected, that we telegraphed to New York for passage on a line of steamers running to Chagres, and having connection with another, affording transportation from Panama to San Francisco. The answer received was as follows:

NEW YORK, December 19, 1848.

WM. G. JOHNSTON: Passages for 15th February boat all taken.

PACIFIC CO.

Telegraphing once again for rates, and as to the time when the next steamer would sail, the following answer came:

NEW YORK, December 20, 1848.

WM. G. JOHNSTON: At this office, rates $250, $200, $100. Advertised in New Orleans papers. Books for March steamer not opened until December 26.

$1.55. PACIFIC MAIL S. B. CO.

These telegrams are yet preserved in my storehouse of relics, and it is curious to note the cost, marked as above, in contrast with the present low rates of wiring messages; and to further observe, that this was before the era of using printed blanks, and that the envelopes, also in excellent state of preservation, were sealed with red wafers.

Mr. Barclay determined not to be baffled by these replies, and finding a genial companion in our mutual friend Mr. James R. Murphy, who was willing to undertake a voyage in a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, the two made preparations accordingly, and were joined at Baltimore, from whence they sailed, by Mr. George Reppert, a cousin of Mr. Barclay, and also by a number of other gentlemen from

Pittsburgh; among them J. Heron Foster, founder of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, and a jolly brush maker, one Robert Thompson.

Mr. Barclay had an uncle, a Pittsburgh banker, who furnished him with an outfit, and funds to make the voyage; and further made provision for being reimbursed, by adding to the outfit a number of neatly painted kegs, bound with stout iron hoops, which were to be returned by the nephew on his arrival in California, filled with gold dust!

This party sailed early in February, 1849, and as will be seen later on, arrived in San Francisco towards the end of August. For the remainder of our party, the long voyage thus undertaken had no fascination, but all were as intent as ever on reaching California. There yet remained the overland route from Missouri and other Western States, with wagons hauled by mules or oxen; and learning that parties were forming in many places for emigrating in this manner, we at length determined to undertake the journey. Some knowledge of what was in store for us was obtained from the recent report of Col. Fremont, and a work just published by Edwin Bryant, but it was by our after experience we were to learn more than could ever be found in books.*

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*Note.—The vast territory lying west of the line of the Missouri frontier in the year 1849, was well nigh a *terra incognita*. Ever since the renowned expedition of Lewis and Clarke, at the beginning of the century, scarce anything had been done to open it up for emigration. Astor had made an ineffectual effort to establish a colony at the mouth of the Columbia River;

A valuable accession to our number was made in the person of Mr. Crawford Washington, a gentleman whom I early learned to esteem, and account worthy the name he bore; connected in fact with the family of the one who had rendered it so illustrious. A younger brother, Bushrod, had for some

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and only within very recent years some daring adventurers had wended their way to Oregon, amid great hardships and perils, and made feeble beginnings in setting up the star of empire.

Fremont only within the past seven years had marked out the paths over plains, mountains and deserts, over which the future tide of emigration should travel, and had with his pen unfolded to the world his discoveries in the unknown land, while at the same time, with his sword, he added the land of gold to our possessions. And it was only within two years that the Mormons had begun their settlement at Salt Lake. With these exceptions, confined as is seen to a narrow strip along the Pacific coast, and a single point midway between the States and that far off ocean, there were not in all this vast region to be found any whites, if we except a very few missionaries among the Indians in the Eastern portion of what is now the State of Kansas; some roving bands of trappers in the Rocky Mountains; a small number of traders and voyageurs, at such posts as Fort Bridger and Bent's Fort, those of the American Fur Company,—Forts Laramie and Hall; and the military posts recently established on the Platte and Arkansas Rivers.

Reader, in this year of grace, 1892, take up the map of your country and glance at the cordon of populous States which within less than two score of years have been carved out of this domain—Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and California! And these containing a combined population only a trifle short of seven millions! Then consider the cities, which as if by magic, have sprung into existence—abounding in enterprise, wealth and magnificence—San Francisco, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Kansas City, Denver and Portland! Observe too, those vast Continental railways, with their innumerable lateral branches; think of the network of electric and cable railways everywhere found in these go-ahead cities,—where also night is turned into day, by touching a button or turning a switch. And then after this hasty glance, I would have you contrast these things with the picture embraced within the first few lines with which this note begins. The place which once knew only the red man, knows him no more forever. The white man has well nigh wiped him from the face of the earth. He has built his palaces where once stood the lodge and the wigwam. He has reared cities and towns upon lands which, through untold ages, the Indian has been accustomed to consider his undisputed hunting grounds, the home alike of himself and the deer and buffalo, upon which he subsisted. And these animals too, countless when I first beheld them, as the stars of heaven or the sands on the seashore, for multitude—how have they melted away! Fleeing as it were in dread terror at the approach of the fast flying, screeching, smoking, flaming locomotive! In a word, civilization has succeeded barbarism.

years prior to this been numbered among our intimate associates, and it was thus we were brought together. Being some years our senior, and married, while we were all single, we naturally viewed Mr. Washington as a sort of ballast to keep the other members of the party steady. Possessed of a fine education, pleasing in manners, handsome in form and features, he was in the highest degree companionable, as I afterwards realized when on the plains we so often jogged along side by side.

Among other preparations, we contracted for two wagons; one modeled after those used by our government on the plains during the recent war with Mexico. It was light, yet strong; built of thoroughly seasoned wood, and in all details was well adapted for a journey such as was contemplated. It was fortunate that in this we exercised much care, as was realized in our after experience. The other wagon was smaller, and being intended for lighter use, we were less particular in regard to it.

Through the months of January and February, '49, we busied ourselves in getting in readiness for as early a start as possible; laying in a stock of provisions—pilot-bread, oatmeal, bacon-sides, coffee, sugar, salt, clothing, blankets, fire-arms, etc. Additions to this outfit were to be procured on reaching the frontier, where we could ascertain, from those familiar with the necessities for traveling on the plains, what further would be needed for the journey.

Toward the end of February we secured passage as far as St. Louis on the steamboat Shenandoah, Captain Bowman; the time fixed for our departure being Thursday, March 1st. On the evening of the appointed day we went aboard the steamer, where all was bustle, as though momentarily about to start. Relatives and friends, forming a numerous company, came to the boat to see us start, and to say "good-bye." By ten o'clock we were left to ourselves, and soon after it was ascertained that it would yet be several hours before the boat would start, as much freight had to be taken aboard. Reminded of a social gathering up town, where we might expect to meet many acquaintances, we repaired thither, and, as anticipated, spent an enjoyable evening.

As midnight approached, and we were compelled to return to the boat, it may be imagined that some tender words of farewell were spoken; but we must draw the curtain here, for when lovers part it is not meet that the cold gaze of the world should be upon them.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO THE FRONTIER.

AT an early hour of the morning of Friday, March 2d, the Shenandoah parted from her moorings, and we were soon after steaming down the beautiful Ohio. But little worthy of note happened on this part of the journey. One day was spent in Cincinnati, and a morning in Louisville, at both of which cities we diligently employed ourselves in sight-seeing. At the Galt House (Louisville) I met *Mr. Randolph Benton, son of the Missouri senator, and Mr. Edwin Bryant, author of the then popular work, "What I Saw In California," and late Alcalde of San Francisco. Mr. Bryant was about to form a company to make another journey across the plains, and Mr. Benton informed me that he had some thought of joining his party.

When near the mouth of the Ohio, an hour or so after dark, our boat took fire from a chimney stack becoming overheated. The pilot at once steered for the shore, but with a few buckets of water the flames were quickly extinguished. It

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*In 1842, when but twelve years old, young Benton accompanied his brother-in-law, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, in his first expedition to the Rocky Mountains.

was fortunate that this fire occurred while the passengers were all astir; had it been in the night, after they had retired, the result might have been different.

Early on the morning of the 10th the boat pulled up at the St. Louis wharf. After breakfast we engaged passage on the steamer Sacramento, Captain Atkinson, and had our wagons and other freight transferred to that boat, on which we were to continue the journey up the Missouri River. This was a new steamer making its first trip; her name was in compliment to the then much talked-of river of the country whither so many emigrants were bound, a goodly share of whom the owners of the craft expected to help onward in their journey. Much of the day was spent in going through the busy streets of the city, satisfying curiosity in sight-seeing. The one building of prominence was the court house, through which we took a run. On one of its walls was a full length portrait of Clarke, the pioneer, who, in the days of President Jefferson, in company with Lewis, made the renowned overland journey to the mouth of the Columbia River. While in one of the court rooms, we chanced to hear the eminent lawyer, *Edward Bates, addressing a jury.

At the time of this visit, St. Louis had a population of 70,000, and Cincinnati 100,000. These figures have swollen many times since then, and

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*Afterwards Attorney General in the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln.

both places have become great cities, full of life and energy, but proportionately not more so than when we then saw them. St. Louis, however, has left Cincinnati far in the rear; while Chicago, which had then scarce more than a beginning, has now out-distanced St. Louis, and bids fair in a decade to outnumber even New York. Then the great West depended solely upon river transportation, while to-day, railroads cob-webbing almost the entire country, have well nigh made the river business obsolete.

On Sunday morning, March 11th, destined for the little frontier town of Independence, we left St. Louis, and were soon after steaming up the great, wide Missouri. We had on board a large crowd of passengers; every state room was occupied, and many were compelled to sleep on the cabin floor. Quite a number, we discovered, were bound for California; among these, two pleasant gentlemen whose acquaintance we made, Captains Maury and Stewart, both of whom, in the recent Mexican war, had commanded companies in a Kentucky regiment. At Jefferson City, the capital of Missouri, Governor King and about forty members of the legislature, bound for their respective homes, came aboard—that august body having just adjourned. Of many of these lawmakers we did not form favorable impressions, as they spent the hours of both day and night in gambling, and in drinking to excess.

Thursday, about midnight (March 15th), we reached a diminutive village glorying in the name of Wayne City, the landing place for the town of Independence, which lay four miles inland. Two hours later, having deposited us with our goods on shore, the Sacramento proceeded on its course up the river. Forthwith we busied ourselves in putting the wagons together, as for the convenience of transportation they had been taken apart when shipped at Pittsburgh. We were thus busily occupied until daylight, when we proceeded to a log house near to the river, and awaking its inmates, engaged them to prepare us a breakfast. Scarcely had we seated ourselves around a blazing log fire, quite grateful to our feelings after the long exposure in the chill air of the morning, when we observed the Sacramento returning and heading towards the landing, but tying up at a point nearly a mile further up. Soon after, two men landed from the boat and walking briskly to where we were, demanded of us their wagon cover, which, they claimed, had been put ashore with our goods. It was soon evident to us that a mistake had been made, and it was equally plain that the cover they sought, and found in our possession, was greatly inferior to our own, which only then we discovered was missing. This not being ours, we were glad to restore it to the claimants, who doubtless were the proper owners; and thereupon we set out for the boat to make search for our missing property, and were speedily rewarded for our labor in finding it carefully stowed away in the wagon bed of the very men who had compelled the boat to return for their cover!

After this morning exercise and encounter with the sharp March air, our appetites were well whetted and we did ample justice to the plentifully supplied table spread before us. That appetizing meal is even yet remembered, and I recall how the ham and eggs, hot biscuit, corn bread and coffee vanished from sight. After this repast we proceeded on foot to Independence and put up at a tavern which bore the name of the town.

It soon became evident that it would be several weeks before we could proceed on our journey westward. We had yet to purchase mules and numerous things needed on the plains, and time would be required for the grass to grow upon which the animals must subsist. Accordingly, it was determined to select a suitable place for camping, as that mode of life would better suit our limited purses, and by it also, it was thought, we would become more readily inured to hardships such as we might expect to encounter on the plains. With this end in view, after dining, four of our party rode to the country west of Independence, eight miles distant therefrom, where, at the edge of a scrub oak forest, belonging to the plantation of a Mr. Rice, they selected a site for our new mode of life. Mr. McBride and myself remaining in town, occupied the afternoon in visiting the stores and a daguerreotype gallery, with its frightful array of portraits. The streets, as yet, were quiet, showing no signs of the great bustle so noticeable a month later when the town was overflowing with intending emigrants. When night came our party were the occupants of three beds in a large room on the second floor of the inn. When about to retire our pistols were placed on a table in the centre of the room, to have them handy in case of a night attack, as was humorously suggested; but by some careless handling of mine the hammer fell on the cap, instantly discharging the contents upon the opposite side of the street. Our candle was hastily blown out and in a twinkle all were abed, ready to be soundly asleep should any approach to our room be made. No harm, however, was done; none, at least, that we heard of, though all were badly scared. In the morning a clean-cut hole in the window pane of the room showed where the bullet had passed in its flight.

CHAPTER III.

FORTY-ONE DAYS OF FRONTIER CAMP LIFE.

SATURDAY, March 17th.—Engaging two ox teams this morning, we returned to the river landing and brought from thence our wagons and their contents. After dining at the Independence House, we proceeded to the place chosen for a permanent camp, reaching it about five o'clock. Our route, after passing through some beautiful woodlands immediately west of the town, lay over an undulating plain called the "Blue Prairie."

Grass was just beginning to show itself above the surface of the ground, for a winter of unusual severity was being followed by a backward spring. We were joined by three of our recent fellow travelers on the steamer Sacramento, who intend camping near us. We pitched our tent in a small clearing, surrounded by hickory saplings, behind which was a dense thicket of scrub oaks. Convenient to the camp was a spring of excellent water. Building a fire, we prepared supper, which consisted of a prairie chicken (shot by Washington in the afternoon), fried bacon and coffee. Gathered around our camp chest for the first time, and it covered with a dazzling array of new tin plates and cups, we fared sumptuously.

Supper over and dark coming down, we piled high the logs on the fire, and, seated around it with well filled tobacco pipes, recounted adventures of the past, and conjured up visions of the future until bed time. Spreading rubber blankets on the ground within the tent, and upon these a couple of buffalo robes, and wrapping about us heavy woolen blankets, notwithstanding the night was wintry cold we slept soundly and comfortably until the morning light stole in at the tent door. Thus passed the first day and night of our new Bohemian life.

Sunday, March 18th. — We spent the day in reading and in taking short walks in the neighborhood; performing no labors except such as necessity imposed. A mule dealer called upon us, wishing to sell us some stock, and promised to return again shortly.

Monday, March 19th. — Arranging matters to make the camp in all its appointments as convenient as possible occupied the day. Appearances of an approaching storm in the afternoon led us to dig a deep trench around our tent, and to place our goods under secure cover. But the clouds passed harmlessly by. Washington and Kincaid went to town for the purpose of purchasing mules.

Tuesday, March 20th. — A day's fishing with Mr. McBride on the Big Blue River, said to be a mile or two distant, consisted of getting lost in the woods, and wandering about promiscuously—of inability to find bait on reaching the stream; of being forced to return; and once more in renewing the experience of wandering about. A log cabin on the edge of the forest brought hope, while a couple of dogs sunning themselves on the porch, growled us a welcome; this too, seconded by the hostess, who bade us await the return of her husband, who coming shortly, asked us to join them at their noonday meal. We needed no urging to accept the invitation to partake of the usual fare of frontier people: ham and eggs, corn bread, onions and coffee. Our good host, named Irvin, formerly resided in Pennsylvania, and on learning that we also hailed from that State, this gave assurance of an additional welcome. Dinner over, Mr. Irvin escorted us a short distance on our way, and pointed out the direction of our camp, which we soon reached. In the evening our committee on locomotives returned from Independence, reporting the purchase of eight Spanish mules, from a dealer named Irwin, who agreed to have them in charge until the middle of the coming month, unless needed sooner. They paid at the rate of seventy-two and a half dollars for each mule.

Wednesday, March 21st. — To-day the mule committee again returned to Mr. Irwin's farm, to brand the animals purchased yesterday. The instrument commonly used for this purpose is an iron plate, with a letter or other device cut on it, and is attached to a handle about three feet long. Ours is a diamond K, thus ◆; this having been the mark used in shipping our goods at Pittsburgh. The mode of branding mules is this: by means of a rope drawn backwards and forwards a number of times, the animal to be branded is fastened securely to the side of a wagon; and the brand being heated in a fire close by, is applied usually about the hips of the beast; burning off the hair, and making a mark which is indelible. The unwritten law of the plains determines the ownership of strayed or stolen animals by these brands.

Washington and Kincaid got back to camp in the evening, bringing with them samples of the mules bought; also, a web of muslin to make sacks in which to put our provisions, in place of the boxes and barrels in which they are now packed. We employed ourselves in making these sacks, until dark.

FRIDAY, March 23d.—With the intent of visiting the postoffice to get letters, two of our party went to town, while Mr. Washington, with a shot gun over his broad shoulders, started for the corn fields to hunt prairie chickens. Night brought the stragglers home, without letters and without game.

SATURDAY, March 24th.—This morning was spent in packing groceries and other provisions in the sacks recently made. By this use of sacks, we dispense with heavy boxes and greatly reduce our load; and it is thought also they will prove serviceable in the frequent packing and unpacking of our wagon to which we will be subjected in the course of our travels, being light and easily handled.

Since beginning camp life, three gentlemen who camped near us, and another who subsequently joined them, have messed with us, but their party having still further increased, they to-day set up dining quarters for themselves.

SUNDAY, March 25th. — A thick coating of ice was found this morning on the water bucket beside our tent door. We visited some new neighbors to-day, encamped a short distance off. Some of them have had much experience with life on the plains, and withal are very agreeable fellows. They cordially invited us to become their companions on the intended march, and we concluded that it would be highly advantageous to unite with them. Another cold night.

MONDAY, March 26th. — Our coffee pot accidentally upset, just as we sat down for our morning meal, and it was only natural that there should be some growling on account of the delay occasioned. A letter from home contained quite a budget of news, and being the first received since leaving, was listened to attentively, when at night it was read by the light of the camp fire. It was wonderful how absorbing the interest manifested respecting even the most trivial matters happening in our absence.

TUESDAY, March 27th. — To-day we erected a wooden horse and vise, such as coopers use, and with this and a draw-knife manufactured a large supply of tent and picket pins for future use. Thus far we have been favored with dry weather, but this evening there was rain, and going early to bed, we fell asleep to the music of rain drops pattering on our muslin roof.

WEDNESDAY, March 28th.—Rain was still descending when we awoke, and we cooked and ate as it fell upon us. In a few hours it ceased, but the air was chilly, and mud abounded in an unpleasant degree. By noon the sun came out, after which it became pleasant. Letter-writing and camp duties employed us through the day. McBride surprised us at supper with an excellent cake of his baking, the first warm bread we have had. It was made of cornmeal, and being baked in a skillet covered with wood ashes, was greatly relished. Our meals usually consist of fried bacon (ham and sides by turn), pilot-bread soaked in water and fried in bacon fat, and coffee; eggs we have frequently, either boiled or fried; often a pot of oatmeal mush; and occasionally a stew of dried apples. For dinner, now and again we have bean soup, without other accompaniment, and this is always a favorite dish. We might have prairie chickens frequently, but for the labor of tramping after them through muddy fields, and spending much time without sufficient compensation.

Rain again fell heavily through the night, ceasing about daybreak.

THURSDAY, March 29th.—Two more mules were added to our stock to-day, bought for sixty dollars each. Letters for different members of the mess were received. Day pleasant.

FRIDAY, March 30th.—The grass grows with provoking slowness, though somewhat aided by the recent rains. The prevailing expectation is that in about ten days its growth will be sufficient to allow us to start on our journey; but we may be obliged to carry with us a supply of corn for occasional use. Mr. Scully visited Independence to-day to make sundry purchases, and returning brought a package for Mr. Washington, containing letters of introduction from Judge Crawford, of Washington, D. C., to certain of the military authorities of California, and one from Senator Benton to Colonel Fremont.

The information reached us to-day that a small detachment of a company from Pittsburgh, commanded by Captain Wm. J. Ankrim *en route* for California, had made a landing at Wayne City, and strolled up to Independence after night fall, where a "bust" of no small proportions was indulged in. Store signs were taken down, boxes piled in the middle of the streets, and sundry other depredations committed, when the marauders returned to their boat, greatly delighted, it may be, with their performances. This company, we learn, intends making St. Joseph its starting point.

SATURDAY, March 31st.—A young man, Lowry Adams, grandson of Mr. Rice, owner of the plantation on which we are encamped, is anxious to emigrate with us, in the capacity of teamster. He complains of ill-treatment on the part of his grandfather, and proposes to run off. To this we are unwilling to assent, but will accede to his proposition if he will first notify the old planter, and then make application to us. He has at length consented to do this, but with no small reluctance.

SUNDAY, April 1st.—Burning the fingers of my right hand as I attempted to lift a camp kettle from the fire during breakfast time, while it did not put me in a very thankful frame of mind, recalled the fact that this was April fool's day. Whilst taking a walk with Mr. McBride over the neighboring prairie, we visited the camp of Col. Russell, composed of a large party, among whom we had numerous acquaintances, with whom we spent some pleasant hours.

MONDAY, April 2d.—A cold rain fell upon us whilst we prepared breakfast; and excepting sitting down to eat it under such circumstances, scarce anything more disagreeable can be imagined in camp life. Mr. McBride and myself rode to town this morning, to exchange one of the mules recently purchased, it not having proved satisfactory. We dined at the Noland House, but would have preferred our camp fare. The little town was crowded with people, oxen and mules. The stores were jammed with customers; whips were cracking in all directions; and the utmost confusion prevailed. Everybody seemed to be getting ready to start for California; and impatient, too, to go at once. Leaving Mr. McBride to remain over night to finish some matters of business, I returned alone. It was still raining, but I was closely enveloped in an India rubber coat, and but for the miry road, would not have been greatly inconvenienced by the storm.

Lowry Adams having concluded to remain with his grandfather, I made a number of inquiries as to teamsters, and discovered that scores of them could be obtained, who were anxious to "roll out," as is the common expression with reference to going to California. On my way I fell in with a Mr. Phelps, who had been Quartermaster in Doniphan's regiment in the late war with Mexico; and I was greatly interested by a number of his experiences on the plains of which he gave me some account. At a boarding-house by the roadside at which I halted, I found a number of Pittsburghers preparing to emigrate, among them Messrs. Joseph C. McKibben, James B. Mitchell, A. W. Brockway, Harry Myers and Thomas Kennedy. I learned that two of their number during my absence had been to our camp and dined. They pressed me to take a meal with them, but as night was approaching, and the rain continued to fall, I thought best to decline their invitation. Reaching camp at dusk, it was still raining, but I found considerable comfort under shelter of the tent, where a warm supper was already spread.

TUESDAY, April 3d.—All night long the rain continued to fall; was pattering on our muslin walls when morning awoke us, and fell unceasingly through the day. Our meals were eaten under shelter of the tent. Mr. Washington and myself, differently inclined from the rest of the party, who through most of the day sat shivering in the tent, preferred working in the rain. Gathering stones, we built a substantial fireplace; and when this was finished went with our axes to a clump of hickory saplings, and laid in a large supply of fire wood. Mr. McBride returned from town, accompanied by two young men on the lookout for positions as teamsters. They were quite respectable in appearance, and had shown considerable pluck in accomplishing their journey thus far. They had traveled on foot from New York City to Brownsville, Pa., and from thence had worked their passage on steamboats. After dining with us they returned to Independence. As a result of their visit they obtained situations as desired, shortly afterward.

WEDNESDAY, April 4th.—Mr. Edwin Bryant and members of his company have just reached Independence, and intend camping near the town, while awaiting the growth of grass.

FRIDAY, April 6th.—Rain fell during the night, and again quite heavily about noon to-day. Clearing up, I undertook to do some laundry work. When I saw the result of my labors fluttering in the breeze, I felt proud of my success, but nevertheless could not repress the wish,t hat wash day would not often occur.

I received to-day from Colonel Sam. W. Black, some letters of introduction; one was to General Bennett Riley, Military Governor of California, and another to General Persifer F. Smith, commanding the Pacific

WM, O'H. SCULLY.

From Daguerreotype, 1853.

Division.* Mr. Scully likewise received an introductory letter in Latin, addressed to the Catholic Bishop of Monterey. Rumors are prevalent of cholera having broken out among some emigrants encamped near Independence.

SATURDAY, April 7th. — A reporter for the St. Louis *Republican* paid us a visit, taking down our names for publication. From him we learned that Captain Ankrum's Pittsburgh company, encamped at St. Joseph, whither he had recently been, numbered two hundred and seventy-one men.

As a result of a day's hunt in the neighboring woods, Messrs. Washington and McBride brought in three squirrels and a wood-duck, being the only game they came in sight of. Again we had rain in the evening.

SUNDAY, April 8th. — Our Pittsburgh friends, the Kennedys, Brown, Mitchell and McKibben, dined with us to-day. Like ourselves they are waiting for grass to grow. At dusk a rain storm began, accompanied by loud peals of thunder and vivid lightning, continuing after night.

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* As an opportunity for presenting these letters never occurred, they are still in my possession, and preserved as mementoes of the large-hearted, gallant soldier who penned them. The one to General Riley I copy here as a sample of both.

PITTSBURGH, March 5th, 1849.

Bt. Brig. Gen. Riley, Comm'g, &c.,

MY DEAR SIR:—Messrs. Wm. G. Johnston, Chas. Kincaid, Wm. Scully, Crawford Washington, Wm. B. McBride and Jos. L. Moody are going in a body to California. Jointly and severally they are gentlemen, all of whom I commend from my heart to yours. If you can serve them I am sure you will do it. Although I cannot recompense you for this and other kindnesses, I will acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude on my death bed.

Always truly, SAM'L W. BLACK.

Monday, April 9th.—As rain continued falling we ate breakfast in the tent. When the rain ceased a heavy wind swept the prairies, increasing to a gale towards night.

Tuesday, April 10th.—With Messrs. Washington and Scully I spent the day hunting in the woods, and on our return to camp we brought nine squirrels as a result of the tramp.

Wednesday, April 11th.—One large cat-fish was the sum total of a day's fishing at the Big Blue River, Messrs. Scully, McBride and myself being concerned in this catch.

It was decided this evening that cooking for the mess should be performed by each one in turn, for a month at a time; and the order of service was arranged by drawing cuts. Mr. McBride drew for the first, and I for the second month.

Thursday, April 12th.—Rain fell steadily throughout the day, so that we clung closely to the shelter of the tent; occupying the time mainly in reading and writing.

Friday, April 13th.—Scouring the country around for a mule which had strayed off, gave us employment for the day; but without success.

Saturday, April 14th.—Ice fully half an inch in thickness was found in our water bucket this morning.

At nine o'clock the neighboring camps of Paul* and Johnston struck their tents, to begin the march westward; being the foremost in the long line of caravans which are to make memorable the year 1849, for the exodus across the plains and mountains stretching to the Pacific. These had intended forming part of our train, but becoming impatient at our delay, they concluded to proceed without us.

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* Paul's company was the first to enter California, but with pack mules, having abandoned their wagons on reaching the Rocky Mountains.

Whilst at dinner, a blinding snow storm came up, lasting for an hour. The white robe of snow covering the earth has such a wintry aspect, that we feel a fresh blight is thrown over our prospect for "rolling out;" while to our friends already started, the effect must be to occasion feelings of great despondency. Mr. McBride, who started yesterday in search of the lost mule, returned with it this evening, having found it tied to a fence about a mile to the east of Independence.

SUNDAY, April 15th.—Captains Maury and Stewart, our fellow travelers on the steamer Sacramento, and several others of their friends from Louisville, dined with us to-day, after which they rode out to the Big Blue River, intending to form a camp there. Several of our party accompanied them to assist in the selection of a site. On our way we stopped at the camp of Colonel Russell, and were hospitably entertained by that gentleman and others. Whilst there, Mr. Edwin Bryant, who had been at the river selecting ground for his company, rode up, and with him and Dr. Clinton I returned to camp, where I found Messrs. Mitchell and Kennedy, who were paying us a visit.

Monday, April 16th.—An Illinois company, which has been encamped in our neighborhood, to-day took up its line of march. We had a visit this morning from a number of Kansas Indians—"Kaws" as they are commonly called. Among them was a chief, two squaws, and a roach, the latter being their designation for a young warrior. They were possessed of a number of certificates, bearing the signatures of Indian agents; but very curious were the statements of facts contained in them. That of the chief was a black, greasy, almost indecipherable document, which doubtless had borne the smoke of many a "lodge in some vast wilderness." It set forth the fact, that the bearer was *en route* to Washington, on business for his tribe. It bore date 1831! The mission for which it was written, was perhaps accomplished when General Jackson was the great father at the capital. The paper of a squaw bore evidence that the bearer thereof was a mighty warrior chief! Like discrepancies were observable in the various papers held by the several members of the tribe. They asked for sugar, but instead we gave them a cup of molasses; a substitute which gave immense satisfaction. It was amusing to watch them, as, one after another coming forward, they dipped their fingers into the cup and brought the streaming treacle to their lips with great gusto. We also gave them bread and tobacco; the latter especially occasioned them much delight. But these evidences of our good will only stimulated them to prolong their stay, in hope of additional bequests, so that we were at length forced to give them invitations to retire. It was soon quite manifest that they were wholly unfamiliar with such tokens of civilized life, and we were at length obliged to be somewhat rude, when at the point of a musket, we compelled them to leave camp.

My crop of hair having grown more rapidly than the grass, Mr. McBride proposed being my barber. In no wise fastidious, under present circumstances, as to style, I felt no serious concern as to the mode adopted, quantity rather than quality being the desideratum.

Applications on the part of persons anxious to go to California to become our teamsters are numerous, while in several instances engagements which we have entered into with such applicants have been broken. Possibly on account of receiving more favorable opportunities they have not hesitated to disappoint us. To-day our friend Irwin, from whom we had purchased most of our mules, recommended a young man named Joseph Bagby, who had driven a team in Price's regiment during the Mexican war. We had an interview with Bagby, and he is to join us on Sunday next. We learned to-day of a letter having been received from a former citizen of Independence confirming previous accounts as to the abundance of gold in California, and containing specimens said to be as large as beans. Snow storms and all other discouragements melt away when such evidences of what is in store for us are produced. Gold as big as beans!

Tuesday, April 17th. — The tide of emigration westward increases, and almost hourly we have fresh evidences of this, as wagon after wagon, some drawn by oxen and others by mules, roll past. Our proposed guide, Jim Stewart, whom we have not yet seen, but who we understand is to be connected with Captain Pye's mess, and whose headquarters are in the town, sends us occasional greeting, always telling us to be in no haste. He says that the parties starting thus early are making woful mistakes, as there is no grass to sustain their animals, and that when once we take up the line of march he will engage to pass "every mother's son of them."

Daily we witness the breaking in of mules by emigrants who go past, and thus have a foretaste of what is in store for us. Plunging, kicking, throwing off the uncomfortable gear, lying down, rolling and running off, with heels striking out in every direction, are common sights. All hands were at work to-day laying in a fresh supply of wood for fires. I spent part of the day in making sundry personal preparations; among other things, a cover for a Springfield musket which I purchased in St. Louis, having while there sent back to my home an uncommonly fine English bird gun which I learned would be useless on the plains. I also made leathern cases for my pistol and hunting knife, which are to be carried on a belt around my waist in the regular backwoods style. With a woolen stocking I covered my tin canteen, as in this way when carrying water on the march it can be kept cool, even when exposed to the rays of a broiling sun. And lastly I cast bullets for my fire-arms, moulding enough for a seven years' war, or to stock a garrison. Thus prepared, I felt assurance of being in full fighting trim.

Colonel Russell's large train began its march to-day.

Wednesday, April 18th.—Among the many teams that rolled past to-day were those of our friends Brockway, McKibben, etc. A large number of government wagons from Santa Fe went by. These will probably be sold in Independence to emigrant parties. Three of our party who went last evening to Irwin's returned to-day, bringing with them eight mules and three horses. They had, while at his farm, made a trade with Mr. Irwin, giving him a favorite dun mule for two other animals. Great fault was found at this barter by some members of our mess, and it was the occasion of a bitter quarrel this evening; one never afterwards healed. Cordial relations, I regret to say, were severed. At times the fire smouldered, but again and again it burst forth into flames on the plains.

Back of this unpleasant occurrence lay the fact that Mr. Washington had been selected captain of our mess, which fact had excited the jealousy of one of our number who aspired to the position. Mr. Washington cared nothing for such honors; he was at all times ready and anxious to do his part, and was, moreover, too proud and too magnanimous to resent any bickerings on the part of opponents, although like others of our number he could not but be greatly annoyed by them. Personally I had no part, either in the origin or continuance of the quarrel, but as the known friend of Mr. Washington my position could not be questioned.

One of the mules, when being driven to camp, strayed off and had to be abandoned for the night. A lot of oxen, about sixty in number, were driven past us to-day; some were yoked together, but the greater part having no such restraint, seemed wild and uncontrollable, fighting and goring each other, pulling down fences, and cutting antics generally. We obtained quarters for the mules in Mr. Rice's barnyard.

Quarrels among emigrants in the town occur with great frequency; to-day there is a report of a man having been killed in one of these skirmishes.

THURSDAY, April 19th.—An early search was made for our lost mule, and after a few hours it was recovered. Our friend, John S. Willock, of

Pittsburgh, paid us a visit and took dinner with Captain Pye. We also entertained members of Col. Russell's company.

Mr. McBride astonished us at dinner by setting before us a pot of apple dumplings which he had cooked with consummate skill.

FRIDAY, April 20th.—The passing by of emigrant trains westward bound is become so common an occurrence each day as to be no longer a novelty, and to note the fact would be both wearisome and monotonous. About forty wagons, mostly drawn by oxen, went past us in the course of a few hours to-day, while large numbers going by other roads, of course escape observation.

Our neighbors in general gathered around our camp fire to-night, and with song and story until near midnight we passed the hours cheerily.

SATURDAY, April 21st.—Camp business took me to Independence this morning. Noise and confusion reigned supreme there. Traders, trappers and emigrants filled the streets and stores. All were in a hurry, jostling one another, and impatient to get through with their business. The salesmen were overworked, but good nature aided them in preserving their tempers. Mules and oxen strove for the right of way. "Whoa" and "haw" resounded on every side; while the loud cracking of ox goads, squeaking of wheels and rattling of chains, mingled with the oaths of teamsters, produced a din indescribable.

Our guide, Jim Stewart, for the first time visited our camp, staying over night. Like many frontier men he is addicted to gambling; and it was feared that its fascinations under the multitude of present opportunities, might lead him to disappoint us, or at least occasion unnecessary delay. On our arrival here, the one whose name was to us most familiar, and whom most of all we felt anxious to secure for a guide,—and we were by no means alone in this,—was Kit Carson, whose connection with Col. Fremont's explorations had given him such wide celebrity. Carson, however, could not be found, and we afterwards learned that he had not left his home in Toas, New Mexico. But among frontier people, especially those in the neighborhood of Independence, we learned of one even more highly regarded, and as better fitted for an adventure such as we were about to undertake. This was Jim Stewart, who by some good fortune, we afterwards ascertained was to be our near neighbor, connected with Capt. Pye's mess. Had it been our intention to hunt buffalo, trap beavers, or fight Indians, Carson, so we were told, would perhaps be entitled to the preference; but to be in charge of an emigrant train, to order each day's march, to say where to encamp, and how to take care of mules, it was declared that Stewart had no equal. This was the universal testimony of those who knew what was required, from their own personal acquaintance with prairie life; and this, in the light of subsequent experience, became our verdict, and that of thousands who crossed the plains in '49, and learned what this intrepid leader had been able to do. For years Stewart had been in charge of the trains of traders going back and forth between Independence and Santa Fe and Chihuahua, and such being his reputation, Col. Doniphan, in command of a detachment of the renowned "Army of the West" during the Mexican War, had selected him as wagon master. He had, moreover, experience in fighting Indians, and was reputed also to be an expert buffalo hunter. At the battle of Sacramento, although owing to his position he was neither expected or required to enter into the engagement, he was conspicuously prominent in the charge that was made, and was close at the side of Col. Owens when that gallant officer fell in that memorable fight.

His chief value to us was his knowledge of mules, the attention they required, their powers of endurance, and of the amount of food, water and rest necessary in maintaining them. Our neighbors, moreover, who were to be our companions on the plains, were in general Missourians, most of whom had led the same life as Stewart, and had been with him through the Mexican campaign. They understood mules as though they were blood relations, and we afterwards found them ready for any emergency. Stewart was their beau ideal of a teamster. He was by birth a Scot, about forty years of age, of medium height, hair red and curly, ruddy complexion, wiry, herculean in strength, and quick as lightning in thought and action. He cared more for mules than for men, and considered it his first duty to look out for them; the men, he always said, could take care of themselves. He seemed too, as one born to command; his word was law, and once uttered, was never questioned. Experience had ripened his judgment as to make it acknowledged by those who knew what was meant by experience. Autocrat that he was, he ever maintained the regard and confidence of all. In the national gallery at Edinborough is a grand picture, by Drummond, of Montrose mounted on a cart on his road to execution. In the windows of Moray House, on one side of the street through which the procession is passing, are posted his enemies, Argyle, Lorne, Loudon and others, as if to be witnesses of his supposed humiliation. Proudly erect and never deigning to notice their presence, a hero in figure and in every lineament of his countenance, as though fresh from victory and crowned with laurels, the noble Scot rides on undaunted. When first I saw that great picture, instantly the figure of Jim Stewart was recalled to my view, so much did he resemble his far-famed countryman in person and in manners.

Our driver, Joe Bagby, joined us to-night. This day has been the warmest we have yet had, and the temperature seems to have the effect of increasing the tide of emigration, which in a continuous stream has poured past us all day long.

SUNDAY, April 22d. — A large company of Mexican traders from Santa Fe went by. Some of their wagons were drawn by as many as ten mules.

MONDAY, April 23d. — A hard rain began falling in the night, continuing through most of the day, much to my discomfort while acting as cook. We feel under much obligation to Mr. Irwin, from whom we have purchased mules, and to Mr. White, a storekeeper in Independence, for many acts of kindness. Each has offered to give us credit for such length of time as we might require for anything needed, and the former even tendered the loan of money should we find ourselves wanting. Such marks of confidence on the part of strangers are truly flattering, while they do not fail to excite our gratitude. Our purses are growing slim, but we have no thought of availing ourselves of such offers on the part of these kind friends.

About a year after the time of which we now write, Mr. White concluded to remove his business to Santa Fe, and started thither with a stock of goods accompanied by his wife. When within a short distance of their destination, they were met by a band of Apache Indians. Mr. White was murdered and his wife taken prisoner. Kit Carson and a party from Toas, learning of this, went at once in pursuit of the savages, but just as they came in sight of them they killed Mrs. White and fled. When Carson and his party came up to where the Indians had been, the body of the murdered woman was yet warm. No time was lost in following the miscreants and in dealing out severe punishment, several of them being killed within a few hours. But how small such compensation for the valuable lives destroyed!

Tuesday, April 24th.—Among the tide of emigrants to-day was a large company from Cincinnati, well equipped. They wore uniforms similar to those of Uncle Sam's soldiers. Their wagon beds were made of iron, light and portable, and it is claimed for them that they will be found specially suited for crossing rivers, not requiring caulking to make them water-tight.

A letter from ex-Governor Boggs, of Missouri, now a resident of California, caused much stir in Independence to-day. It speaks of his poverty when he reached the Pacific, and of his present wealth, and advises certain of his relatives to drop everything and start for the land of gold. Three more mules, a recent purchase, were brought to camp this evening.

We are completely surrounded by camps of emigrants, and to-night another large party from Steubenville has been added.

Thursday, April 26th.—Edwin Bryant's company with one hundred and fifty pack-mules went past us this morning, all looking in fine trim.

This evening we drew lots for the choice of riding animals. Mr. Washington was fortunate in getting the first pick, and chose a large, fine, bay stallion. Following all others, by getting the last choice I had left to me a Mexican horse, not prepossessing in appearance, and of doubtful parts. The others got mules, some of them admirable for toughness; all of the low-built Spanish stock. Besides these, we have ten other Spanish mules for the wagons; all very superior animals.

FRIDAY, April 27th.—We spent several hours shelling corn in Mr. Rice's barn; a laborious operation. The mode was this: the edge of a shovel was so placed as to rest upon, and project over the side of a wooden box, while the sheller, sitting astride the handle, drew the ear of corn athwart the shovel's edge; the loosened grains falling into the box.

When this job was finished we harnessed the mules and made a trial trip. The animals were refractory, and not at all pleased with the restraint put upon them. Every one seemed to be suddenly possessed of a dozen legs, and each of these so set as to be able to strike simultaneously in all directions. They turned themselves constantly to all points of the compass, and had their inner and outer sides been reversed, I scarce think such changes would have excited surprise. Occasionally getting astride the traces, they kicked until we thought nothing would be left. Whilst some pulled, others backed. At times, poising on their back feet was a favorite attitude; and this they varied by resting on those in front, while their hindermost heels gyrated in the air. A few miles down the road, and then back to camp, was sufficient exercise for the day; and we were by no means sure that the stubborn animals were brought into the least subjection. The one thing only of which we were positive was, that they accomplished every feat possible for mules to attempt. After this trial trip, some of the animals which had not been previously branded were put through this interesting operation. The unpleasant news reached us to-day, that a band of Indians had stampeded the mules of an emigrant party in the neighborhood of the Kansas River.

Our march will begin to-morrow. To-day ends the sixth week of camp life, attended much of the time with great discomfort, on account of inclement weather, incident to a spring having many of the characteristics of winter. We have lived on rough fare, and undergone many hardships, but all the while have enjoyed health beyond any experience in our past lives. All have gained in flesh; my own increase has been fifteen pounds; Mr. Scully has outgrown his clothes, and been compelled to trade portions of his wardrobe as best he could. I am happy to record that our spirits are in keeping with our bodies. We feel too, after this protracted encampment, as though Missouri had become our adopted State; and, indeed, its beautiful hills and valleys often remind us of our own loved Pennsylvania.

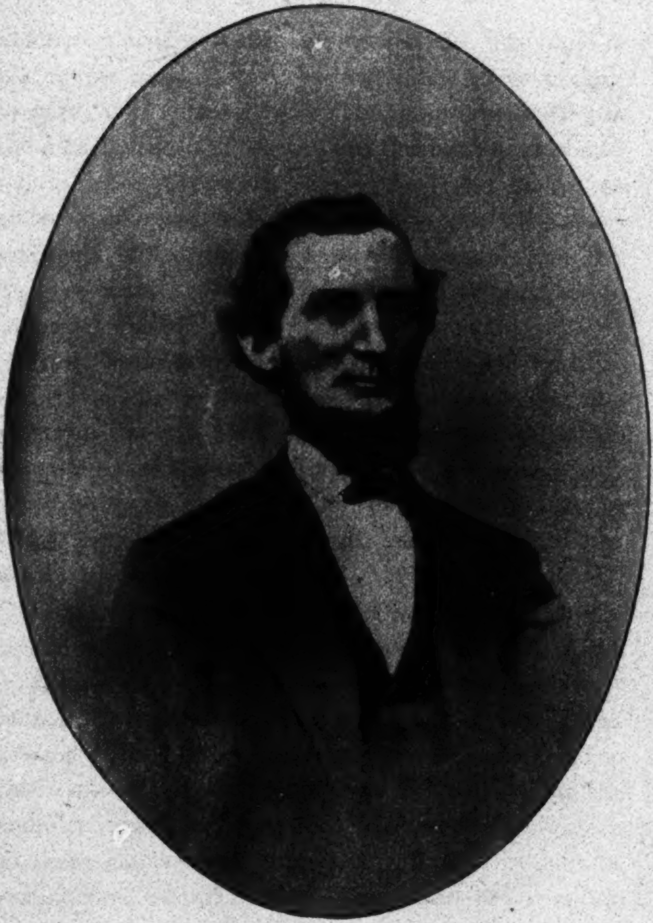
As the shadows of evening gather, while I sit in the tent door and watch the declining sun hovering above the horizon, bathed in a sea of its own effulgence, it seems to beckon us onward, beyond the vast prairies, beyond the rugged mountains, to what we are prone to imagine its resting place, the yet far off mighty West!

CHAPTER IV.

THE OVERLAND MARCH. FROM THE MISSOURI CAMP TO THE KANSAS RIVER.

SATURDAY, April 28th.—The greeting of a bright sun this morning seemed to augur well for the commencement of our march; and throughout it continued a lovely day. Of course, there was unusual bustle in camp. The corn shelled yesterday had to be put into sacks, weighed, and placed in the wagons. Then the harnessing began, with experiences about similar to those of yesterday. Next we struck our tent, and wrapping the canvas around the poles, flung all into the wagon; then strapping the mess chest to the tail-board, and hanging the camp kettle below, we finally cracked whips and started.

The two wagons of Captain Pye's mess took the lead, getting off at ten o'clock. We got started about an hour later. Our mules bothered us greatly. When only a few rods from camp, they came to a dead halt in an insignificant ravine. Neither mild persuasion nor severe drubbing for a while had the effect of making them pull together. But when our patience had fairly oozed out, when our strength was about gone, and it seemed as if no more exertion could be put forth, they started off themselves, and walked



WM. B. McBRIDE.

From Photograph, 1867.

quietly on as if nothing had happened. The mule is a singular animal; every spring it has to be broken to work, as if it never before had known what it was to be harnessed. It works hard through summer and fall, endures privations, both of food and water, as perhaps no other animal can, unless it be the camel, and will surmount any obstacle possible for its master—man. For travel on the plains it is naturally well adapted, while the horse is not.

Fresh troubles, constantly occurring, gave us little chance to observe the beauties of nature. But one flower in the vast plain did not fail to attract notice. Upon an eight-by-ten shanty on the roadside, which some enterprising individual had erected, and in letters large as the house itself, was chalked the one word: "WHISKY!"

At three o'clock we reached Blue River, a stream about ten yards wide, and three feet deep at the crossing. Its current was swift, with a gravelly bottom. On either side of it was a belt of timber, and quite a large number of emigrants were encamped in these woods. Mr. McBride, who has an eye for the beautiful, said that he noticed some handsome women in these camps; but long deprivation, it should be remembered, would have the effect of making anything in petticoats look charming. We had much difficulty in crossing Blue River, for its banks were deep and precipitous. Our mules at first refused to enter the water, and when they did so, were unwilling to leave it; so that we were obliged to borrow from the neighboring camp a yoke of oxen, which pulled the wagons high up on dry land with wonderful ease. While fastening a chain from the ox-yoke to the axletree of our wagon, I became thoroughly drenched and chilled to the innermost bones.

At six o'clock we reached the frontier line of Missouri, which marks the separation between civilized and uncivilized life. Beyond were the vast plains as yet seldom visited and but little known to the white man,—the home of the Indian,—the land of the buffalo. Here alongside the farm of a Mr. Lipscomb we encamped, and by permission used an enclosure near his barn for confining our animals; the last opportunity of this kind it would be possible to enjoy.

It was arranged that one-half of the company should be on guard duty each night, and rest on the alternate night; that there should be four watches, of two hours each: the first beginning at eight o'clock, the next at ten, the third at midnight, and the last at two, ending at four o'clock, when commonly the march should be resumed. Those called for any particular watch, when next resuming guard duty, were to be advanced two hours later. Mr. Washington and myself volunteered for the last watch of this night, and consequently two nights later ours will become the first watch. Distance traveled to-day, twelve miles. Total from Independence, twenty miles.

SUNDAY, April 29th.—At two o'clock with Mr. Washington I mounted guard. The stars, keeping vigil over the camp, struggled with the darkness, and the morning air was chilly, so that I was glad to hug the dying embers of the camp fire, as directed by my companion, whilst he started off to see if the mules in their enclosure were all right. He had not been gone long until, in a direction about opposite that towards which he started, I discovered by the dim lights hung up in the heavens a curious figure approaching where I stood, with what seemed like a tail eight or ten feet in length dragging behind it. Whether it were some wild beast, man or devil, I could not divine, all these were the suggestions of the moment. I had my musket beside me, but realized how utterly useless it was, being unloaded. Rushing to our wagon, I took down an axe, and with this hastened to meet the enemy; and when within slinging distance, raised this new weapon above my head, and by signs made known my desire that it should disclose its intentions. No answer was returned, so that I was sore bewildered, and it became painfully manifest that hesitation in the midst of this embarrassment might bring me into serious danger. Though I had not time to utter them I seemed to catch a hint from the words of Hamlet in the presence of his father's ghost.

> "Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
> Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
> Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee."

Once more twirling my battle-axe mid-air, I cried, "Speak;" when a faint voice said, "Colonel!" At once I knew it was Mr. Washington, and going towards him saw that he was dragging a great fence rail, to replenish the fire. He explained that he was so overcome by fear, lest I should fling the axe at him, that at first he was unable to utter a word. The adventure caused considerable merriment in the morning when it became known through the camp.

At four o'clock the day began to break, and having prepared a pot of coffee for our mess, we called it first. Then arousing Stewart, he gave orders to begin the day's march.

We were soon in motion, continuing over the hard and smooth Santa Fe road. A heavy rain storm coming up, we were compelled for a time to halt; for it came in such gusts, that neither men nor animals could face it; the former took shelter on the lee side of the wagons, and the mules turned their tails to the severe elements. After the rain, the air became very chilly; and riding in wet clothing we were, of course, quite uncomfortable. This, however, was but the beginning of an experience to which in time we would become inured.

In the course of the morning, whilst riding beside Mr. Scully, we stopped to water our animals at a wayside pool. My horse, not satisfied to stand on the brink, walked into the water, and forthwith began to sink in mire. In my endeavor to extricate the animal I found it necessary to dismount, and in doing this, by some mischance, leaped into the midst of the pond. Scrambling out, I had considerable difficulty in getting the horse to follow; and when he did so, discovered that he had lamed himself in his left thigh so that I could use him but little afterwards. This occurrence eventually led to the use of my own legs in crossing the continent, instead of those I had calculated upon, and I thus became an expert pedestrian ever after. My fellow travelers, however, were often glad to place their animals at my disposal, when wearied by long riding they sought relief in walking.

A solitary tree in the vast prairies, a well known landmark,—and with a name, too, "the lone elm,"—in the absence of everything else to relieve the weary monotony, was an object of considerable interest; and near to it, about noon, we halted for a short rest.

In the course of the day we passed numerous trains of emigrants, in many of which we observed females.

At five o'clock, having reached the farm of a civilized Shawnee Indian, named Rodgers, on a small stream called Bull Creek, we camped for the night. Mr. Rodgers and his three sons, young men, came out and greeted us in good English. Their dress was that of people in the settlements, and they were living in apparent comfort in a small, neat frame house with a vegetable garden about it.

Finding our wagon too heavily laden we concluded to unpack, and lighten it as much as possible. In so doing we were able to present the Indian family with a considerable amount of clothing, a fair sized library, two bushels of beans, two pigs of lead, half a keg of nails, implements of husbandry (a plow among the number), and a lot of mechanical tools. We were joined this evening, according to a previous arrangement, by a party consisting of five men from Ohio, and one from the city of Boston. They had a wagon drawn by six mules, beside three riding animals. It was midnight when our repacking ended; and the night being clear, we slept in the open air. Distance, twenty-two miles.

MONDAY, April 30th.—It was six o'clock before we got started, although the camp had been roused two hours earlier.

Being detained somewhat after the train moved off, and not having watched its course, I missed the way after having started, and did not discover my mistake until I had gone fully two miles in a wrong direction. The road I had taken led into a wood, and eventually dwindled to a bridle path. Retracing my steps to Mr. Rodgers' house, he pointed out the right way. Reaching the main trail, no signs were noticeable of wagons having passed over it; but I persevered, feeling every assurance that I was going in the proper direction. The road being hard and in general smooth, the only marks observable were some ruts made during rain in the previous autumn. At length a trail, newly made, diverging from the main road, was seen. Dismounting and making close inspection I saw signs which convinced me that this trail was the proper one to follow, and in a little time came in sight of the wagons. On coming up to our party I found a discussion in progress as to whether in leaving the Santa Fe road, as had been done for the purpose of entering the Oregon trail, they had made a proper divergence. Satisfied at length that they were going right, we continued to move onward. Thus it often happens when the trail is but poorly defined in consequence of emigrant parties pursuing different courses, while yet following in one general direction, that the traveler is frequently at a loss to know whether or not he is going aright. In general, there is a well beaten trail, but in places it may be overgrown with grass, and only by searching for and finding wheel tracks made in the present or former years, is there any indication of a course.

In my wanderings this morning an India rubber coat, strapped to my saddle, was lost. Leggings of the same material I had given away on the previous evening; thus my cares were gradually being reduced.

The beautiful undulations of the plains are like waves of the ocean, and while there is much monotony, there is nevertheless constant variety; for no two of the billows, whether of land or water, are precisely alike.

Some small streams with muddy banks gave us trouble, but we doctored them by cutting down bushes to cover the mire, and thus afforded the mules a foothold.

A keen, cutting wind to which we were exposed throughout the day, was quite disagreeable.

Towards evening we reached Wakarusa Creek, a stream with precipitous banks, in width about thirty feet, and in depth three feet. In descending to the stream as many men as could be serviceable checked the motion of the wheels, holding them back, and it was thus that each wagon made a safe descent. But the main difficulty was in reaching the top of the bank opposite. By doubling teams, yelling at and whipping the mules, while many shoulders pushed at the wheels, the first wagon got across in safety. But an easier method was found for those that followed. On either bank of the stream were settlements of Shawnee Indians, living in small frame houses, and having an air of comfort about them. Their adjacent farms, too, were in good condition. One of the Indians, seeing our difficulty, came to our aid with a pair of fine oxen. At first we thought even these sturdy animals would not prove serviceable, for after getting a wagon half way up the bank it was found rolling back again, and but for timely scotching would have again been in the stream. Taking time to breathe for a fresh start, however, they went at it again, and in the next effort succeeded. Thus each wagon in turn was taken safely across.

Some Kaw Indians watched our operations at the ford, evidently with much interest. One of their number was an old chieftain, Kachinga, who spoke English fairly well. And I noticed also among them some of the party who a short time since paid us a visit while we lay encamped in

Missouri. They wore buckskin pants and moccasins, and had blankets closely drawn about them, and each carried a rusty rifle. Their hair was shaven close to their scalps, excepting a small tuft that was left about the crown of the head. Their faces were coated with vermilion, streaked with yellow and black paint, hideously savage and terrifying to behold, did we not know it was all moonshine, for they were harmless, beyond a natural disposition to pilfer whenever opportunity offered. They staid about our camp until near sundown, when we compelled them to take up their line of march.

We cast our nets into the Wakarusa, but caught no fish. After supper I bathed in the stream, and though exceedingly cold, I felt greatly refreshed after the day of toil and trouble.

Our camp was beautifully located in a little clearing in the woods, and we were girt about by the creek, which in its windings brought us within the radius of an almost complete circle. My horse was worse than useless to-day, for being quite lame, I was obliged to lead him.

This evening two gentlemen, Lieutenant Blakey and Mr. Samuel Handy (or "Handy Andy," as we afterwards called him,) rode into camp and passed the night with us. Their companions with two wagons are at some distance behind, but are expecting to be up with us in a few days, when by a previous arrangement they are to become part of our company.

One of our wagon wheel boxes having given trouble, we put it in order; then, having greased the axles, there was little delay in seeking for the night's rest. But before that luxury could be granted me two hours of guard duty had to be performed, lasting until ten o'clock. Distance, fourteen miles.

TUESDAY, May 1st.—At seven o'clock our march was resumed, and through a mistaken expectation that we would next encamp on the open plains we carried with us supplies of wood and water. The road was well beaten, but dusty. We passed eight wagons drawn by oxen, and one by mules. At three o'clock, reaching a small stream we encamped beside it. Wood for fuel was found at about four hundred yards distant. Cold winds prevailed through the day, and we were visited by a severe rain storm shortly after encamping. Distance, twenty-one miles.

WEDNESDAY, May 2d.—Starting shortly after six, an hour later a thunder storm with rain visited us, after which the sun came out bright and warm.

Our road continued over a plain destitute of trees, except occasionally an isolated clump distant from the trail. At noon we crossed a small stream; the banks, as usual, being steep and miry, there was no little difficulty in getting over it. Our wagon in particular, last in reaching the ford, had special trouble. Our driver, besides being young, proved to be provokingly reckless. Stewart was careful to direct him how to proceed, but he gave little heed to the orders and went down the declivity whistling away as if on a dead level. When in the middle of the stream he suffered his team to halt, instead of pressing it on, and thus lost the force of the momentum gained, making the ascent of the opposite bank exceedingly difficult. Our mules having become somewhat manageable, this new balk was highly discouraging, and was wholly owing to Bagby's carelessness. Mr. Ray, or "Shorty Ray," as he is usually called—being low in stature, though uncommonly stout—in charge of one of Captain Pye's teams, and who as a driver in Doniphan's regiment is old in experience, came to our assistance, as he did on many occasions afterward. With Stewart on one side of the team and Ray on the other, and both up to their waists in water, lashing away with their great leathern whips and cursing as wagoners only can—a great necessity in times of difficulties, as they seem to think—and our own mess also in the stream with their shoulders to the wheels and yelling like madmen, the wheels began to move and presently the top of the bank was gained.

We met two wagons laden with furs from some trading post *en route* for the States.

When within a couple of miles of the Kansas River a half-breed Kaw Indian rode up and advised that we take the lower ferry crossing. Soon after another came with the advice that we take the upper ferry, adding that the last messenger was only a runner employed by the owner of the ferry he represented. Aware that it was of little consequence which should be chosen—while Kaw number two must have thought that we placed him in the same category in which he had put his brother Indian—we drove to the lower ferry. Another of these half-breeds drove up; like the others met he spoke in English, and dressed also in civilized garments. He rode a fine dun colored horse, for which I proposed a trade, and we made a temporary exchange for trial, agreeing to talk more about it in the morning.

Shortly after one o'clock we reached the ferry and encamped, concluding to remain there until morning. The Cincinnati company so handsomely equipped, of which I made previous mention, was in the act of crossing. Its members present a fine appearance in their blue uniforms, but only a few seem inclined to work. Their twelve wagons, built of iron, and expressly for the ferriage of rivers we were told, did not, from some cause, answer the purpose.

The Kansas at this point was over two hundred feet wide, with a swift current. A narrow belt of timber—oak, hickory and cotton-wood—skirts the stream on either side. We cast a net for fish, but caught only some useless gars. Some of our party bathed in the river, and found it quite enjoyable, as a stream so large afforded opportunities for swimming.

In the course of the day's march we observed, to the left of the road, a number of mound like formations, possibly the work of a pre-historic race.

A mess of six men from New York, having a wagon drawn by six mules, united with us this evening. Our company now consists of twenty-four persons, and with others expected to join us, we will have in the neighborhood of forty.

Thus far the corn, upon which our mules have been fed, has been carried in a wagon brought for this purpose. What remains of this supply we distributed among our several wagons, as it is the intention of the teamster who brought it thus far, to return with his wagon to Westport, Mo.,* in the morning; and he will also carry with him letters which we have written to friends in the States. The grass crop is yet too scant to be of service; and although we have quite an amount of corn left, it must be fed sparingly. We slept in the open air, and but seldom after this pitched our tents. When it was wet, one or two usually found shelter in the wagon while the remainder huddled together as best they could sleep underneath. I was on guard to-night from twelve until two o'clock. It is a matter of frequent discussion, without definite conclusions being reached, as to which of the several watches is the most trying. At the close of a long march, when, weary and worn, the mules having been picketed, supper over, and all are ready for rest in whatever spot it can be found, it is a painful thought to contemplate on the part of those who have yet to expend two more hours on guard duty. And yet to have one's sleep curtailed two hours at the latter part of the night to serve on the morning watch, is also very trying. But what shall we say of the intermediate watches—a few hours rest, then to be called up, and feeling that the remaining hours of sleep are by no means a compensation for being thus annoyed? The whole occasion for guard duty is the fear of trouble on the part of Indians, principally that of having the animals stolen. To be bereft of these we should be bereft indeed: it would be an unspeakable calamity—how would it be possible either to go forward or to return without them? None of the Indians thus far met would give us trouble perhaps; but the skulking devils who keep out of sight are those really to be afraid of. We have been traveling, and will for a time yet travel, through the country which the Pawnees inhabit, and we have them in dread. From information obtained, we learn that they are off on the war path against some tribe hostile to theirs; but still the utmost vigilance must be exercised for fear of their sudden return, and swooping down on us as so many vultures upon their natural prey. Distance, twenty miles. Total from Independence, ninety-seven miles.

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* From this then small village has grown Kansas City.

CHAPTER V.

FROM KANSAS RIVER TO PLATTE RIVER.

THURSDAY, May 3d.—About eight o'clock the operation of ferrying the Kansas began. By means of a rope, one end of which was coiled about a tree, the wagons were let down the steep banks of the river, and placed in the boat. Two wagons and twelve mules were taken over at a time, the boat being propelled by poles. A Frenchman and his two sons, who are half-breed Kaws, own and work the ferry. Their charge is two dollars for each wagon, twenty-five cents for a mule, and ten cents for each man. Double teams were required to haul the wagons up the northern bank, and through the deep sand extending a quarter of a mile back from the river. It was noon before we finished crossing, and were in readiness to continue our march. The Indian with whom I had opened negotiations for a horse trade, declined to exchange his dun horse for my nag; but produced a fine looking, but small bay pony, and induced me to give him five dollars "to boot." I had not long to rue my bargain, for the animal was much too light for service.

On account of the corn which had to be carried, each man who had hitherto ridden, was obliged to walk, while packs were placed on their riding animals to aid in transporting the goods.

We had intended to encamp three miles from our starting point, on Soldier Creek, but the wagoners in advance, observing some trees which did not seem far off, and might be near water, thought best not to halt, but to push forward. Much of the road was through deep sand, the wagons often sinking to their hubs, while for men and animals alike the march was excessively toilsome. My new horse annoyed me greatly; we apparently did not understand each other. Accustomed to Indian manners, he was unwilling to accommodate himself to a change of circumstances. Restive under the load packed on his back, he succeeded several times in throwing it to one side; and I was kept constantly restoring it to its proper position. It was impossible to lead him, for he would not follow me, and if I attempted to drive him from behind, he at once left the road. Tying him behind a wagon, I discovered he would not move his legs, but suffered himself to be dragged along, so that he was in danger of being strangled or otherwise injured. I ascertained at length that when I walked at his side, he went forward as well as I could desire. In this way he had been taught to go by his late master; this was Indian fashion.

The sun was fiercely hot, we had no water, and from heat and thirst all suffered greatly.

At five o'clock we came to a small tributary of the Kansas, and encamped. The trees which we had been attempting to reach, were apparently as far off as when first seen; there were none near our camp, but we found some drift-wood on the side of the little stream, which answered for fuel. We were obliged to carry water in buckets for the mules, as the banks of the stream were so precipitous they could not be driven into it. This labor was excessively toilsome. Just after camping a band of Pottawatomie Indians on horseback came in sight, driving a herd of horses. Seeing their intention was to make a dash through our animals, and cause a stampede, we took measures to prevent this. A number of our men were sent out beyond the picket lines, and as the besiegers came up, their loose stock was sent flying in every conceivable direction over the plains. The Indians having now sufficient work in collecting their own affrighted animals, they gave us no further annoyance. We passed by a number of small houses to-day, inhabited by half-breeds; and along the road met several drunken Indians.

While taking our evening meal a score of Pottawatomies passed near us, but none stopped or showed signs of hostility.

Great flocks of pelicans flew above the river this evening, and Stewart shot one which he gave to a teamster, who made of the skin of it a soft seat for his saddle, keeping the feathered side out. Rain began to fall after dark, continuing through the night. Grass showed signs of improvement. Distance, thirteen miles.

FRIDAY, May 4th.—A cold, pitiless rain continuing to fall, we remained encamped until shortly after one o'clock, when our march was resumed. For a few miles the road was miry, fatiguing to man and beast, when we reached another stream, the crossing of which gave us no little trouble. On account of its steep banks great care had to be taken in descending. But a chief difficulty was in ascending the opposite bank, which was very miry, and ropes had to be used to pull the wagons to the top. One wagon became so completely mired down that its load had to be taken out and carried across. While assisting at this work I slipped and fell with what I was carrying, spraining an arm so severely that besides suffering great pain I was unfitted for further work. The stream beside which we encamped is variously called Deer and Deep Creek.

A fist fight, the first encounter of a disgraceful character, came off this evening between two members of Captain Karkuff's mess; one named Miller, a plain but manly Ohioan, the other named Clapp, an impertinent Yankee. The latter provoked the quarrel and was rewarded with rings around his eyes bearing a strong resemblance to ebony goggles.

An attempt to catch fish with a seine proved unsuccessful. An enterprising reporter, representing *The St. Louis Union* and *The Independence*

Expositor, was stationed at this point to make lists of the names of emigrants. Distance, four miles.

SATURDAY, May 5th.—We waited until after ten o'clock this morning for Lieutenant Blakey's company, consisting of ten men with two wagons and twenty-five mules to catch up to us. Upon their arrival it was concluded to effect a formal organization, when Stewart was unanimously elected Captain; and though this was from the outset a settled matter, he was very reluctant to accept the position. Lieutenant Blakey was chosen Captain of the Guard, and a committee consisting of Captains Pye, Karkuff and Washington were named to prepare articles for our government. They, however, never found time to act, and in fact there was no need of formulated rules.

About noon we assisted a little company, which became part of ourselves, in crossing the stream and climbing the steep bank. Those composing it were Captain Sweigler, Doctor Nelson, General Kane and a lad, brother of the doctor, all from St. Louis. They have one wagon and eight mules. Sweigler and Nelson served in the famous Doniphan regiment. By these accretions, as will have been observed, we have been gradually forming a reunion of many who belonged to an arm of the service which acquired unusual distinction during the late war. The march resumed, our way led over a low, flat, marshy ground, and twice we were obliged to use spades in extricating wagons stalled in the road. We also encountered some small streams the crossing of which gave us trouble, at times making the use of ropes necessary.

A Catholic mission established among the Pottawatomies was passed, the houses belonging to it presenting appearances of comfort and neatness. Around one, a long, low structure used as a school house, a number of Indian lads were playing, much after the manner of our white boys in the States.

A sawmill was passed which had probably been erected for sawing the lumber used in the mission houses. Near the mill were a number of huts constructed of the boughs of trees and covered with bark. Most of them appeared to be deserted, but in some were seen males and females of the Pottawatomie tribe.

An Indian of fine appearance, well dressed and covered with a profusion of trinkets, bells and beads, rode with us for a few miles. His horse, of which he was exceedingly proud, was a fine looking animal, and he gave us frequent examples of its speed and of his own excellent horsemanship, by racing across the plains. At my proffer for a trade of steeds he was much amused, and shook his head quite knowingly.

Reaching a small stream about six o'clock, we encamped beside it, and as its banks were precipitous we used our spades vigorously toward their improvement, to facilitate crossing in the morning, About dark we had a shower of rain.

I was on guard from ten o'clock until midnight. The night was intensely dark, the sky being clouded, and nothing was visible, even at a few paces distant. I went the dull rounds with a hand fixed upon a revolver, expecting an encounter which, in days to come, I might relate to my grandchildren, but no such good fortune favored me. Distance, fifteen miles.

Sunday, May 6th. — "Catch up," the usual signal given preparatory to starting, was sounded by the morning watch at five o'clock, and each man on leaving his tent took it up until the air rang with the sound.

Striking tents, folding and tying up blankets and robes, and heaving these and the mess chest into the wagons occupied a portion of each mess, while others gathered in the picketed mules, harnessed and hitched them to the wagons, when on we moved.

An hour was consumed in crossing the little branch, and ropes were brought into use to aid the mules as they clambered up the miry banks.

Early in our march a cold rain began to fall, continuing for two hours and making the already muddy roads much worse.

After nine o'clock we reached Hurricane Creek, a swift-running stream about eight yards wide, but with banks so graded as to present but few difficulties. It was skirted with a large and plentiful growth of timber, mostly oaks, and the acorns lying about them were enormously large, and except that they burned out quickly, answered fairly well for the bowls of tobacco pipes. Mistaking this stream for the Little Vermilion we filled our casks with water, as the guide book stated that none was to be had between that stream and the Big Blue River. As we proceeded we found there was no scarcity of springs or rivulets. About a mile beyond Hurricane Creek we encountered an extensive marshy plain and were obliged to double teams, taking over a few wagons at a time. In the course of the afternoon we passed the Cincinnati company, last seen at the Kansas River, At six o'clock we encamped near a fine spring surrounded by a clump of small trees. A gorgeous sunset greeted us this evening; perhaps nowhere else more frequently than on the plains can such exhibitions of nature's wondrous tinting be witnessed. Distance, sixteen miles.

MONDAY, May 7th.—Our march began at five o'clock over a rolling prairie barren of trees, except an occasional clump in some ravine or beside a water course. We crossed two small streams narrowly fringed with timber. While jogging along an antelope, within rifle range, bounded over the plains. Some of our hunters gave chase, but the nimble animal, without sign of discomposure, glided out of sight.

At nine o'clock, reaching Little Vermilion Creek, we crossed and halted for our morning meal.

This stream surpasses in beauty any thus far seen; its banks are skirted with timber of large growth, extending back from either side possibly one hundred yards. An undergrowth of bushes of various kinds in the woodlands, and numerous wild flowers, peeping up from the green sod, add to the charms of the landscape.

On resuming our march, we left behind a man from each mess to assist our New York friends in making repairs to their wagon, necessitated by an accident met with in crossing a small stream.

The grass along the route to-day was poorer than any seen for some days; Indians, or perhaps mischievous emigrants, having recently burned it off by setting fire to the old, dry, crisp grass, which burns readily, while the young tender crop is also licked up by the flames. The large caravans preceding us have also cropped it close, especially in the neighborhood of places suitable for camping; so that our animals fared poorly on the scanty pastures remaining. In passing through a marsh, our wagon stalled completely, and we were obliged to unpack most of the load, and carry it across; our backs and those of the mules performing the labor. This frequent portaging, it need scarce be said, is toilsome in the extreme. At seven we encamped near to a small sluggish stream. A few dead trees near the water furnished us with fuel.

Just before camping, a wolf, on rising ground in advance of us, surveyed us composedly, and then gave an exhibition of its skill in departing.

Mr. Harper, of Independence, a member of Stewart's mess, by previous arrangement, reached camp this evening; not having been able to join us earlier. It was from him we learned the name of the creek where we camped at noon; he having obtained his information from the well known voyageur, Sublette,* whom he had met in the course of the day, and who is thoroughly conversant with the geography of the entire region west of civilization;—whose name, too, is attached to a "cut off" in the Rocky Mountains, which he discovered, and which we ought not to forget while memory lasts; as will hereafter be seen. The mistake which we had fallen into yesterday, supposing Hurricane Creek to be the Little Vermilion, had led us to consider the latter stream as the "Big Blue." Day warm. Night pleasant. A beautiful moon kept its silent vigils over us as we slept under the wide, blue canopy. Distance, twenty miles.

TUESDAY, May 8th.—From four o'clock until eleven our march was over a treeless prairie, when at the latter hour we struck Vermilion Creek, a stream forty feet in width, with pebbly bottom, beautifully clear, and skirted with timber.

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*Captain Bonneville, in the account which he gives of his adventures in the Rocky Mountains, so far back as 1832, makes mention of Sublette as prominent then among the pioneers of the fur trade, and noted for many extraordinary exploits.

Its banks at the fording place were fearfully steep, and from twenty to thirty feet in depth. Each wagon had to be lowered with ropes, and with these and the mules combined dragged to the opposite bank. A short distance beyond we encamped one hour for our morning meal, turning the mules loose to graze at will on some good pasturage near by. While on herd guard a few Indians on an elevation were seen watching us, but on finding they were observed, stole away. In the Vermilion, as in two or three other of the larger streams of late, we cast our net for fish; and it seems curious that in these virgin waters we uniformly meet with no success. A bath in the Vermilion, during our rest, was enjoyed by many of the company. While encamped, four men from Michigan, with a wagon, two mules and four Canadian horses, came up and arranged to travel with us. Just before resuming our march, the wagons which had been disabled caught up, and we were in condition to move with our full train. Climbing the hills bordering the valley of the Vermilion, we were once more on the wide extended plains: a vast expanse of green beneath, measureless as the blue canopy overhead. On the brow of the hill was a lonely grave—intensely lonely; as much so as a grave in mid-ocean. A simple wooden cross on which was painted,—"JOHN MARSHALL, ST. LOUIS,"—marked the spot where was laid one who perhaps had been bright in hopes as any of us when he began this journey. It's a cruel place to die; where no tender hand is nigh to smooth the dying man's pillow, or to place even a wild rose on his grave; and where perhaps is no kindred eye to moisten the sod above it with a tear.

Our driver, Joe Bagby, complained of sickness; and having with us a chest of medicines, we diagnosed his case, and as the doctors do, gave him a dose, which may make him better—or worse. Near the place where in the evening we took our second meal, were some conical sand hills. In a country so void of varying features, even a few sand hills seem worthy of note; and it can scarcely be conceived how greatly such objects, which under other circumstances would scarce attract observation, are here invested with so much interest.

After supper we pursued our way over some elevated ridges in darkness, for the sky was clouded, and we did not, as expected, have moonlight to aid and enliven our march. One portion of the company rode in advance, the remainder guarding the rear of the train. These last whiled away the tedium of the darkened hours by singing songs. Our program was as follows:

"Rockaway"	Old Smith.
"Because 'tis in the papers"	Gilbert.
"I cannot dance to-night"	Harper.
"The Ould Irish Gintleman"	Scully.
"Ben Bolt"	By the Journalist.
"Dearest Mae"	By the same.
Chorus	By the company.

That "music hath charms" was manifest from the fact that before the concert was well under way, every man in the vanguard, including Jim Stewart, who also forsook his vigilance, came to the rear, leaving the forward wagons to the mercy of any Indians who might be prowling about. Possibly they thought there was no danger, if the poet in his estimate of the power of music was correct, as set forth in the continuance of the quotation alluded to,—"to soothe the savage breast." Some Indians, indeed, were observed at a distance of a few miles, dancing about a fire kindled in the grass, which lighted up a broad expanse of the prairie. Great numbers of camps of emigrants were passed, where all in perfect quiet were resting for the night; and we rolled past unobserved, except by the guards on picket. Shortly after nine we encamped by a small stream, having a dense wood bordering it. Distance, twenty-five miles.

WEDNESDAY, May 9th.—A short way from camp this morning, we came to a wooden tombstone marking the grave of "Mrs. Sarah Keyes, aged 70, who died May 29th, 1846." Mr. Bryant mentions the death and burial of this lady in his work; and the little headstone served to determine our locality; for by it we knew we were nigh the Big Blue River. We found here also one of the kind of postoffices peculiar to the plains, —a stick driven into the ground, in the upper end of which, in a notch, communications are placed, intended for parties following. A letter in this postoffice was found addressed to Captain Pye. It was from Captain Paul, giving information that at this place his driver, John Fuller, had accidentally shot and killed himself whilst removing a gun from a wagon. The mode was the usual one—never yet patented, and open to all—the muzzle was towards him, and went off of itself.

A short march from camp brought us to the Big Blue River, a stream about fifty yards wide and three feet in depth, having a rapid current, and belted with fine timber. Its banks at the crossing being low, we got over without difficulty, and soon again reached the open plains. At the edge of the woods I discovered the camp of our friends, Stewart and Maury, who would have detained me to breakfast with them; a luxury seldom enjoyed by us. I was, however, obliged to move on, as our train runs too fast for laggards; although appetite and good company conspired against my decision. Upon a board nailed to a tree, we had the information that Paul, in the lead of the emigration, left here April 30th, and that Colonel Russell was here May 5th. From this it will be seen that Paul, although starting fourteen days in advance of us, was when here but nine days ahead. We, too, have been traveling leisurely; only in the past two days having begun to strike out seriously.

Rising from the valley of the Big Blue, our line of march was over high table lands, across which there was an extensive range for the eye. Far to our left we could see timber, but not even a stick could be found near the road. We gathered some small dried-up bushes here and there for fuel; had we been more provident, we might have brought from the Big Blue a plentiful supply. At ten o'clock we halted for our morning meal and a rest of two hours. Again in motion, we soon reached a point where the road, leading from St. Joseph, Missouri, joins the Oregon trail which we have been pursuing. From an elevation at the point of intersection we had an extensive view, and in looking behind over the road just traveled, or back over the St. Joseph road, or forward over that to be taken; for an indefinite number of miles, there seemed to be an unending stream of emigrant trains, whilst in the still farther distance along these lines could be seen great clouds of dust, indicating that yet others of these immense caravans were on the move. It was a sight which once seen can never be forgotten; it seemed as if the whole family of man had set its face westward. Our daily task for a time to come will be to get past those in advance of us, and to so travel that no trains shall overtake us; for in this way only can we hope properly to maintain our animals. The locusts of

Egypt could scarce be a greater scourge than these great caravans, as grass and whatever else is green must disappear before them.

We passed some men digging a grave to bury a comrade who had died of a fever. We meet frequently evidences of such sad scenes. Graves, sometimes marked with boards, rudely inscribed; sometimes by the skull of a buffalo, on which with red chalk, or other transitory substance, is made a simple inscription; often a mere stick performs a similar service, but more frequently only the turf elevated slightly above the vast surrounding plain is the evidence that there, taking its final rest, is the body of one like ourselves, and painfully reminding us, too, that it may be our lot to be laid in a similar grave, and that some passer by may remark,

> "No useless coffin encompassed his breast."

Our driver being still unwell, Mr. Kincaid was in charge of the team. At dusk we made our night camp on a tributary of the Big Blue. Rain began falling soon after, continuing through the night. While on guard duty in the middle of the night I perceived great restlessness on the part of the mules. At times, suddenly starting or jumping, they loosened their picket pins which had to be staked again. A timid Yankee who thinks of nothing but Indians by day and dreams of them at night, became greatly excited, and at each disturbance made by the mules yelled loudly, "Ho! Guard," "Ho! Guard." We ran each time without delay to save him from the deadly tomahawk, but only to learn what we already knew, of the uneasiness of the mules. His chief alarm seemed to be occasioned by the peculiar cocking of their ears, which always denotes the presence or approach of either Indians or wild animals. Travelers on the plains are familiar with this instinct on the part of these sagacious animals, and it has on many occasions been observed by us, and often long before coming in sight of either Indian, buffalo, or other animal, that the erected ears of the mules gave warning of what was likely to be in prospect. A coyote, or prairie wolf, was discovered to be the cause of the trouble on this occasion. One of the guard was about to fire his gun at the intruder, when Shorty Ray coming up, by his timely intervention prevented the camp from being thus uselessly aroused by the report. We succeeded in driving the little stranger away, but some guards following us were annoyed again, and no doubt by the same animal. The coyote is not dangerous except as a thief; in this respect its reputation is bad. A piece of bacon or a pair of old boots are temptations beyond the power of its resistance. Distance, twenty-six miles.

Thursday, May 10th.—Two small streams were crossed early this morning, and no more were seen through the day, but far distant in advance of us, for most of the time, we could see the timber line that skirts Little Blue River. In the earlier hours of the day we passed many camps where no signs of stirring were yet visible, and no doubt morning naps were being enjoyed.

On a tree beside one of the streams crossed was a bulletin board, giving the names of many emigrants and the dates at which they had been at that ford.

An antelope came in sight, but our hunters were unable to get within shooting range of it.

We herded our mules from nine till noon on the open plains, at some distance from the trail, where good grass was found, and our morning meal was also taken during this interval. Water was obtained from a pool. These pools, we find, have often to be resorted to as the only means of supply. At times they are brackish on account of decayed vegetable matter. Often there is no choice but to take them as we find them, but in general the water is sweet and palatable; less so, however, when, as is sometimes the case, a dead mule or ox is found beside them.

Guide books of the plains, while serviceable, are of little value in regard to water, grass and wood, and often as to distances. The conditions of one season vary from those of another, and, as in other economies, supply and demand must be considered. Other years are no criterion for the present, for never before has there been so large an emigration. When we read that in a certain locality grass will be found excellent, the best of reasons make it apparent that it will not be so found, too many having been informed of the fact.

Our New York friends had fresh trouble with their wagon and were compelled to again lie by to make repairs.

Shortly after four we encamped. A quarter of a mile distant was an excellent spring of clear, cold water, surrounded by a clump of trees, but in a deep ravine, and difficult of access. Being "hewer of wood and drawer of water," I found my task well nigh overpowering. After to-day there are to be some changes in the official positions in our mess, Mr. McBride, who has so gracefully swayed the baton of authority in culinary matters, lays it down and I am to take it up, while Mr. Scully takes my present position. Distance, twenty miles.

Friday, May 11th.—The morning watch, on which I served, and whose hours expired at half-past two, called up the camp at that time. A half hour later, and quite a while before the gray streaks which precede the rising sun had begun to be painted above the eastern horizon, we were hurrying on. Just as we were setting out, Mr. Harper met with a painful accident which deprived him of the use of a hand during the remainder of the journey. In putting his pistols into their holsters, through some careless handling one discharged its contents through the palm of his left hand. We dressed the wound as best we could until more skillful surgical attention can be secured.

In the course of the morning we crossed a small stream, and having the expectation of making our morning camp on the open plains, we carried from it a supply of wood and water.

The species of cactus called prickly pear is abundant along the line of our march, and the bleaching bones of buffalo are very plentiful. We seldom see a buffalo skull without finding it scribbled over with writing, and news in this way is frequently contributed by emigrants in advance to those following. The antlers of elks are likewise numerous and often of such height, the tips being stuck in the ground, that persons of ordinary stature can walk beneath them while in erect positions.

The sorrel horse obtained in a trade with an Indian eight days since, has been of little service to me, being too light. Moreover, as already explained, it cannot be led or driven, and I am compelled to walk at its side. I tied him behind the wagon to-day, when he endeavored to check its movements, but without success. Our driver, finding this impediment, cracked his whip and got his team into a trot, so that the horse soon discovered that the more he pulled, the less his efforts availed. At times bracing his legs he was pulled along without moving a joint. Once having withdrawn attention from him, when I again looked I observed him being dragged with one side to the ground and all legs dangling about at will. I ran at once to his assistance, cut the lariat which held him, and hastily removing the saddle and bridle, which I threw into the wagon, gave him freedom to roam at pleasure. From that time forward I walked a greater part of the eighteen hundred miles which had to be traveled before reaching the Sacramento River.

Among many companies passed this day was one having thirty wagons drawn by oxen. About seven in the evening we struck the Little Blue River and encamped. I heard wolves howling hideously and concluded that my sorrel's death knell was being sounded, but this was a mistake for he was picked up and cared for by some one in the big ox train passed, and was taken to California.

The Little Blue is a beautiful stream twenty yards wide at this point, running swiftly over a gravelly bottom, its banks lined with timber. Distance, thirty-three miles.

Saturday, May 12th.—The incidents of this day were in general a repetition of those of yesterday. A similar early start, along the route many camps, buffalo skulls numerous and covered with bulletins, and great patches of cacti many acres in extent.

Our route was along the Little Blue River which was in sight most of the day, and beside it our evening camp was made. Our usual mid-day rest of about three hours was on a high prairie fully half a mile from wood and water, which had to be carried that distance. Buffalo grass was plentiful. This is a kind which grows short and dense, and is accounted very nutritious. The mule, ox and bison are alike fond of it.

Great clouds of blinding, stifling dust filled the air, covering with a thick coat wagons, mules and men. Day pleasantly warm; night cold. Distance, twenty-five miles.

SUNDAY, May 13th.—A mantle of white frost covering the prairie, and thick coatings of ice in our water buckets were among the early observations of the morning.

Beginning our march at eight o'clock we traveled until seven in the evening, taking the usual noon-day rest. We passed many companies encamped for the day, and to me it was a constantly recurring regret that we too did not rest on the Sabbath. There were others who thought as I did, but it was felt to be entirely useless to attempt to change matters, and the way did not seem clear to act out the conviction that "it is better to obey God than man."

Among companies passed was one from Evansville, Indiana, and, singularly enough, connected with it was a former acquaintance with whom in younger days I had sat in Sunday school, where we had been taught, "Remember the Sabbath day," etc. Here was a divergence—one ignoring, the other practicing these early teachings. My friend, who dropped in as we were breakfasting, had come via St. Joseph, and had later home news than we. From him I learned the death of a friend, Captain O. V. Israel, whom I had last seen on the morning we left Pittsburgh standing on the upper deck of the steamer Crittenden, which he commanded, as it passed us on the Ohio River. A recent graduate of West Point, in the full vigor of manhood, a life of usefulness seemed just opening to him which was thus suddenly terminated.

From our noon camp, where we left the valley of the Little Blue to strike directly for the Platte—over thirty miles distant—we carried a supply of both wood and water. Two antelopes, swifter than the wind, came near our train as if in defiance, and hurried from sight before any one could get within range of them. After encamping, high winds began to blow, the sky became clouded, and a storm of unusual violence commenced. The thunder was deafening, sounding like the discharge of many cannon, and accompanied by almost continuous flashes of lightning. In consequence of the great gusts of wind we had much difficulty in preparing our evening meal, and it was but a narrow escape we made of going supperless to bed.

The strife of the elements, including a deluging rain, formed the lullaby which soothed the camp into quiet slumbers. Distance, thirty miles.

MONDAY, May 14th. — So rarely has it happened, that any one in our train has enjoyed a morning meal before beginning a day's march, and seldom too, earlier than nine or ten o'clock; that the thought came to me on awaking this morning, to give an agreeable surprise to the members of my mess, by preparing for them an early breakfast. I soon discovered, however, that I had chosen an inauspicious morning for the purpose: for the wood which I thought had been properly cared for, was soaked by the night's rain; and it was at the expense of many matches, several wads of cotton from my coat, and burnt fingers besides, that my philanthropic intentions were carried out.

A word as to our meals: all are alike, or at least there is scarce any variety; and, as may have been observed, we rarely have above two in each day. The dishes comprise oatmeal mush, bacon-sides with pilot-bread fried in the fat, and coffee; these repeated *ad infinitum.* We had for a brief time sugar and molasses; but these were luxuries of which but a limited supply could be carried, and we soon ran out. Once, and sometimes twice a week, we have had bean soup. Each dish named, is by every one highly relished, indeed eagerly so; and if towards any one in particular there is shown partiality, that one is bean soup. This would be more frequently served, but for the time required to boil it. On this account it has to be cooked by installments; one or more camp fires contributing towards the great end in view, as we travel. Meanwhile the kettle containing it is hung at the rear of the wagon, where of course it gets well peppered with dust. When this savory dish graces the bill of fare, none other is needed, and it alone is served. Verily, it must have been bean soup for which Esau sold his birthright; at least it would not be difficult to convince "our boys" that such was Jacob's mess of pottage.

The cold, damp, disagreeable morning did not suggest haste, and it was not until seven that we started. That peculiar phenomenon, the mirage, familiar to travelers on the plains, was seen by us this morning. The illusion was perfect: we saw, or rather thought we saw, a body of water resembling a lake, with trees about it. Its location was in the direction, and at a distance from us where it would have been quite agreeable to have made our midday camp. But as we advanced the attractive landscape faded from sight and our two hours' rest was taken on the open prairie. From this camp a view was had denoting what is to be an important diverging point in the trail—the great valley of the Platte River.

Antelopes were again seen frolicking as if in defiance of a chase, and no attempt was made to pursue them by any of our nimrods. Late in the afternoon we struck the great, wide river at a point opposite Grand Island which was distant probably two hundred yards from the shore nearest us. The Platte was running high, quite muddy, and its current was swift. The banks confining it, composed of sandy loam, are constantly falling in, being washed away by the resistless current, and the stream is thus ever widening. The bottom lands, low and flat, showed signs of frequent inundations. Along the northern banks, and on Grand Island were trees of large growth, cottonwood, but none were growing on the southern side, along which lay our route.

Our evening camp was near some pools a half mile from the river. The water of these is clear and drinkable, while that of the river is totally unfit for use.

From the Missouri frontier to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of nearly seven hundred miles, there is a gradual but imperceptible climbing until an altitude of about six thousand feet above the level of the sea is obtained. About half of this distance we have already come, the remaining part lies entirely within this Platte valley. What has yet to be passed is, if possible, more monotonous than that traveled in the last sixteen days, a few prominent landmarks only in all this vast territory affording relief to the eye. Distance, sixteen miles; from Independence, three hundred and forty miles.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM GRAND ISLAND, ON PLATTE RIVER, TO FORT LARAMIE.

TUESDAY, May 15th. — Daybreak found us in motion. Within the next two hours we passed a number of camps where as yet no sign of stirring was visible. One company engaged in the preparation of breakfast had a name familiar to us, although most of its members were from Ohio. Its title was the "Iron City Rangers." A very live mess which seemed to take the lead in most matters, doubtless imposed the name. This was composed of our friends mentioned heretofore, Messrs. McKibben,* Myers, Mitchell, and the Kennedys, one of the latter being in command. Upon invitation I took breakfast with them, then bade them farewell, assured that we should not again meet until our marching days were over.

When opposite the head of Grand Island we came to a recently established military post called Fort Kearney, its commandant being Captain Bonneville, whose adventures in the Rocky Mountains nearly a score of years since, as written by Washington Irving, have given him a wide celebrity. The fort buildings consisted of ten cabins built of adobes, (sun-dried bricks) comprising the barracks for men and officers, besides three large pounds in which were gathered the cavalry horses and cattle. The sutler's store was well stocked with goods. We laid in certain needed supplies, among other things some syrup, not absolutely necessary but toothsome; and a tin coffee pot, as the one in use had developed sieve-like qualities. A number of our men tarried to write letters, as there are occasional opportunities for forwarding them to the States. Some also obtained a meal which gave them much satisfaction, and these provoked considerable envy by telling of a young maid who waited on them, such sights being rare of late.

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*Hon. Joseph C. McKibben, among the earliest of the members of Congress from California.

Whilst at the fort we learned that the Pawnees who inhabit this region, are at present settling some old scores with the Sioux and Cheyennes at some point to the northwest, and because of this circumstance we may escape the civilities or incivilities which otherwise they might bestow on us while passing through their territory. It may not be thought quite civil on our part, while being as it were at the very home of the Pawnees, and presumably accepting their hospitalities, to speak disrespectfully of our supposed hosts,* but we cannot refrain the utterance that they have acquired the reputation honestly—the only thing perhaps ever obtained by them in that mode—of being a cunning, cut-throat race of villains, with an endless propensity for stealing. We feel, moreover, that in the *quasi* possession as allies of the tribes which have for the time drawn them aside, we may esteem ourselves fortunate.

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* Ward McAllister might think differently.

The river opposite the line of our march was about two miles in width. Since yesterday its current has much abated, the stream having quickly run out and become quite shallow, so that there would be little difficulty, we think, in crossing it, were it not for the shifting sands of its bed. Numerous islands, well wooded, were in sight through the day. At our noon camp, willows, found at intervals along the river banks, were used for fuel, but in the evening a better substitute was furnished in "buffalo chips," as they are commonly called—the dry excrement of the bison, which at certain points along the Platte is found in abundance. These kindle readily and make a fire of intense heat with but little smoke.

Three antelopes bounded across the trail, as we lay in camp at noon; coming near enough to be seen plainly, but not lingering to be shot at. As we proceed, getting more and more in advance of emigrant trains, we find better pasturage for the mules. During the mid-day rest and at each evening camp, prior to the hour of setting guard (eight o'clock), when the mules are usually picketed, we herd them, *i. e.* let them run at will, stationing pickets at outlying points, to prevent them from wandering to too great a distance.

High winds this evening were followed by rain. Distance, twenty-five miles.

WEDNESDAY, May 16th.—A drizzling rain, which began in the night, commenced again soon after we had started, but by nine o'clock it began to fall heavily, and orders were given to encamp for the day; not because of discomfort suffered by the men, but on account of the injury the mules might sustain in a constant pull over miry roads. Stewart's concern is always for the mules—he wastes no thought on the men. Because of the hard, driving rain, we were unable to build fires in the usual way to cook breakfast, and for the first and only time set up in our tent a small sheet-iron stove, having a pipe which projected through the opening in front. This, however, was not a success, for the draught was hindered by the blasts of winds without; and whilst we had little heat, there was an overpowering amount of smoke, and all were well nigh suffocated before the coffee pot began to boil. Accustomed to eating uncooked bacon, during the usual morning marches made prior to breakfasting, we felt no great disappointment that on this occasion we could not wait to fry pork; as with slices of the raw article and hard biscuit, aided by generous appetites, we made a hearty meal.

In visiting from tent to tent, in social intercourse, and in smoking our pipes, the long, rainy day was passed. Just before camping, a company of men, with a wagon and a drove of California horses, some of them carrying packs, met us. They had with them mails from California and Salt Lake, having left the Mormon settlement on April 17th. In crossing the Utah mountains, they had to cut their way through snow, in places fifteen feet deep. Their accounts in reference to gold discoveries in California, were very extravagant.

A company of traders and trappers, recently from Fort Laramie, *en route* for Missouri, encamped near us. Their wagons were heavily laden with buffalo robes. Some of our party, visiting them, were hospitably entertained, being treated to buffalo meat and venison. It was still raining when we retired for the night. Distance, ten miles.

THURSDAY, May 17th.—Our road was miry through the greater part of the day, and crossed by frequent gullies in which small streams, formed by the recent rain, found their way to the river. Our course, in general, lay along the sand bluffs which hem in the valley; the Platte being about two miles off. Rain continued to fall at intervals, and at our morning camp we were nearly deluged while preparing breakfast. While thus engaged, two men approached who were pursuing their journey to California, alone and on foot. Their tent was an umbrella; and in packs borne on their backs, they carried provisions to last them about thirty days, expecting to get fresh supplies at forts on the way. They started from some point on the Missouri River, and thus far have passed all trains they came in sight of. We permitted them to fry bacon at our fire, and furnished them coffee to drink, for which they were very thankful.

We passed a prairie dog village, consisting of hundreds of conical shaped mounds, about two feet high. No dogs were visible; inclement weather probably kept them within doors.

To-day, for the first time, we came in sight of buffalo. A herd of immense size was seen on the northern side of the Platte. We watched some men belonging to an emigrant train, who attempted to ford the river in pursuit of this large game. All, however, were forced to return, for the animals they rode were unable to keep their feet in the uncertain sands forming the bed of the stream. An hour or so later, while riding in advance of the train, some of our hunters gave chase to three buffalo, but were unable to overtake them.

A large company, having the name "St. Louis Telegraph Co." painted on their wagon covers, passed us whilst nooning, but we encamped beyond them at night. Distance, twenty-five miles.

Fʀɪᴅᴀʏ, May 18th. — Buffalo in astonishingly vast numbers yet inhabit this region, but the destruction in constant practice, by hunters who kill them almost exclusively for their skins, must before many years make them very scarce. Each day we see evidences of this shameful waste in the great quantities of bleaching bones which mark this valley.

Occasionally a few birds are seen, but we do not wonder at their scarcity in the absence of trees. To-day we passed some small clumps of trees in dry ravines; the first met with on this side of the river. And a conspicuous feature in the landscape consisted of some sand hills on our left, worn into many fantastic shapes; a moderate imagination only was needed to trace resemblances to castles, temples and towers.

A party of traders and trappers, with four wagons laden with furs, passed us, *en route* to the States. Numbers of emigrant parties were passed in the course of the day, mostly small; one, however, had about twenty wagons drawn by oxen. The St. Louis company, mentioned yesterday, went past us at noon, but we again left it behind at night.

Rain fell again in the night. Distance, twenty-five miles.

Saturday, May 19th.—Three hours of heavy rain, accompanied by thunder, was an incident of the morning march; and a similar storm, but of less duration, greeted us in the afternoon. Our mid-day halt was opposite the junction of the North and South Platte Rivers.

The observations of the day included great patches of cacti, numerous prairie dog villages, several emigrant trains which were passed, and a few fleet-footed antelopes that came in sight. Mr. Clarke, of Blakey's mess, had the good fortune to be the first to shoot an antelope, which he divided around; our mess sharing in one of the hind quarters. This was a treat greatly enjoyed, after the long continued use of bacon. Ours was the only camp fire at night; we having picked up sundry sticks along the road which served for fuel, while others, trusting to chance, were unable to find anything near camp which could be made to answer. It was amusing to see the men gather about the fire, each with a slice of vension on the end of a stick, waiting his turn to toast it in the blaze or to cook it in the warm ashes. No jelly was required to make the savory meat palatable, prepared in this rude but unapproachable style of cuisine. High winds blew through the night. Distance, twenty-five miles.

SUNDAY, May 20th.—We encountered much mud in our march this morning, but in the afternoon a discomfort of different character met us, when clouds of sand, driven by a strong wind, assailed us.

I found an Indian scalp to-day, a Sioux treasure perhaps, as we are within their territory; my difficulty is to know what to do with such a prize; and if found in possession of it, my dilemma might be greater.

Colonel Russell's train, ahead of us, was in sight; and a number of our friends, belonging to it, tarried behind to have a talk with us. Among emigrants passed were two families—men, women and children—who had belonged to Russell's company. They complained that he charged them five dollars a head as *guide*, and had abandoned them for not being able to keep up with his train; but without returning the money they had given. His assumption of ability to act as a guide was based, it is said, on the experience of a single previous journey, without any special qualifications for the position so far as could be ascertained.

Night cold. Distance, twenty-five miles.

MONDAY, May 21st.—Through a misapprehension of facts, we were allowed the unusual privilege of breakfasting before beginning the day's labors. Supposing that we were near the ford of the South Platte, where a crossing is made in order to reach the North branch, which thenceforward is followed; and with a view to allow Russell's train in advance to get over before we reached it, was the occasion of our delay. We were, however, further from the ford than had been thought, and before reaching it, a considerable journey awaited us. The road was in many places miry, occasioning much trouble and delay. Of late we have encountered many large tracts covered with a white efflorescence as of saleratus, which, when stirred by winds, as was the case to-day, occasions much painfulness in the regions of the eyes and nostrils. The waters of pools in the neighborhood of these tracts are found to be strongly alkaline.

Among emigrant trains passed was one, some members of which were anxious to unite with us. Our train, however, was already sufficiently large; and experience has taught us that accidents are not infrequent, and when one occurs to a wagon, it often occasions the detention of all.

A cold rain, but fortunately of brief duration, fell on us after leaving the noon camp. While riding along the bank of the river, a singular burying place was observed. Deposited in the topmost branches of a tree on an island, wrapped in blankets, and fastened to a piece of bark, was the body of a defunct Indian. As trees are scarce in this country, it must not be supposed that they form the only *grave yards* of the red men; it is rather to be conjectured that renowned warriors only are thus hung up to dry. And could there be a *higher* token of regard for departed worth, in allotting such rare cemeteries for the last resting place of the brave! It is thus, too, that many benevolent whites would elevate the entire Indian race. *Requiescat in pace.*

Some squaws, belonging to the Sioux tribe, rode towards us, and saluted us with "How do? how do?" I was riding Mr. Scully's mule, a fat, hearty beast, and not fond of fast trotting. When the squaws came up, I traded some tin trumpets with them for moccasins; after which the ladies desired me to run a race; and one at either side of my mule, switched him until we were off on quite a brisk run. For a mile or so we kept this up, to the great amusement of our company; but my mule was no match for their ponies in speed, and they tired of the race. At four o'clock we reached the ford of the South Platte; and around it were gathered some two or three hundred Sioux Indians—old men, women and children—the young warriors, as we had learned at Fort Kearney, being off on the war path after the Pawnees. They have two villages not far distant; having been attracted hither by the emigrants, whom they expected to find at the crossing.

On arriving at the ford, Colonel Russell, who was engaged in getting his company across, waited upon Stewart, and suggested that he postpone fording until the following morning; promising to lend him the assistance of a French guide, who would lead him safely over the hills to the fork of the North Platte. He mentioned the advantage we would have in using the graded cuts in the banks on either side of the river, then being used by his train. Russell, moreover, warned him of the danger, as it was late, of getting part of his company over, and leaving the rest to the mercy of the Indians; or, in case the fording was continued after night-fall, it might be attended with serious consequences. He did not forget to add that he was an old, experienced pioneer, and had been across the plains before! Stewart thanked him, especially for the proffer of the "French guide," (?) but recklessly and resolutely began preparations for fording forthwith, setting a number of men at work to cut a new descending passage down the steep banks of the stream.

The river, fortunately, was not too high for easy fording, or to necessitate the calking of wagons for ferrying across; but, on account of its deep, shifting sands, pulling heavily laden wagons over would be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. We accordingly emptied large portions of the load of each wagon, to be packed across on the backs of mules; meanwhile setting a watch over the stuff while the fording was in process. The river at this point was about three-fourths of a mile in width, and the forward teamsters found it difficult to get their mules to enter the water; neither whipping, coaxing, nor cursing, all freely employed, seemed of avail. At length a horse was ridden across in plain view of the mules, and when it reached the opposite bank, and stood on solid ground, the force of so good an example was entirely satisfactory, and the teams moved forward without further delay. Some mules were hard to manage, on account of the uncertain footing in the bed of the river, and they plunged wildly about, breaking their harness under circumstances where repair was next to impossible; but in general they behaved well; and it was a grand sight to watch the long caravan of wagons with their white canvas coverings, and the mules up to their bellies moving across the wide expanse of water. The river bed was very irregular, and at times the wagons sank in deep holes, and again rose almost to the surface of the water on sand bars.

In addition to viewing the interesting operation of fording, and watching the goods scattered over the banks, it fell to my lot to have other matters to engage my attention. The Indians were quite inquisitive; at first they crowded about the wagons, lifting the covers, and peeping into the interior; and afterwards showed inclinations to inspect the contents of bags, boxes and barrels lying about. We frowned, shook our fists, and showed other signs of displeasure, but took care not to excite hostility by too much of an exhibition of anger. To manifest our kind regard for them, as they pressed about us, we shook hands with the entire crowd, men, women and children. Our mess had a bag filled with tin horns, beads, mirrors, jews-harps, harmonicums and trinkets innumerable, which we desired to use on proper occasions, should such arise. It occurred to me that now was the auspicious moment, so I opened the bag, and at first gave instruction in instrumental music, which occasioned a measure of delight I have rarely seen equaled. I hope I may be pardoned when

I state that there was as much real pleasure excited in the breasts of these savages, as is commonly experienced in fashionable audiences when applauding scientific music, neither understood nor appreciated; and let me add, the joy on this occasion had but one parallel, the genuine rapture of the same audiences to which I have referred, when "Home, Sweet Home" is sung by a Jenny Lind, or "'Way Down upon the Swanee River" is warbled by a Christine Nilsson. After instruction by example, in tooting on the horns, and moving the other musical toys about my lips, I held them to the mouths of several of the old chiefs, who gathered close about me, and their enthusiasm was unbounded when they saw that they too, could occasion such exquisite harmonies to float on the air. They danced about in great glee, and in knots of ten or a dozen here and there, leaped as though skilled in terpsichorean art. Discovering that I was anxious to procure some moccasins, they showered them at my feet as fast as I could pick them up, and to stimulate them in this good work, I distributed the horns and other tooting instruments among them, and very soon the whole tribe was in a perfect uproar: while the blast of the larger trumpets and the squeak of the smaller ones, almost made me repent of my folly. One old chap, who had no moccasins to give, snatched some from the apron of a squaw, and threw them to me: and I only kept peace in the family, by giving her a necklace of beads and some other gewgaws; for the savage female has instincts similar to some of the more favored of her sex. But what shall I say of the musical enthusiasm of the old chief, who was ripe for such sacrifices; not unwilling that all of his wife's people should go barefooted, if by any means it were possible that he be allowed full scope to gratify his æsthetic taste, one marked with evidences of high refinement. Can enthusiasm in art go farther, or where is a higher appreciation of it to be found?

A rather pleasing looking squaw, not much, if any, beyond her twentieth year, begged for something, which I soon discovered was coffee. Our supply was ample, yet to be economised, but I could not deny her what she could hold in the pleading palms of her outstretched hands. Still I wondered what she could know of this beverage, or of the art of preparing it; but that was none of my concern when something akin to beauty was the suitor.

I observed a number of papooses riding about in baskets made of willows, to which long poles for shafts were attached, and in which dogs were harnessed to drag them about. These dogs were large, black and woolly, resembling those of New Foundland.

The Sioux do not appear to be slaves of fashion; *i. e.*, they are not confined to any particular style of dress; indeed, there is much independence, and variety without limit; so that a description of their costume would be difficult to attempt. Buckskin is used largely by both sexes; and shawls of cotton and wool, of bright colors, are alike worn by men and women. The better dressed of the men use buckskins only, from head to foot; trimmed with beads and fringes. Nearly all have headgear of feathers, dyed with fantastic colors; while their faces are smeared or streaked with black, red and yellow paint. The women are usually worse clad than the men, and I suspect they use the cast-off clothing of their lords. And if there is a difference, they are less cleanly than the men. As is customary elsewhere, all drudgery is performed by them; in fact, the men devolve all labor upon the women. When the tribe travels, the men ride, the females are allowed the privilege of walking; and when a halt is made, they are so far indulged as to have committed to them the exclusive care of the horses. They are not esteemed in these parts as the "better half of creation," though, doubtless, their "protectors" rate them as useful appendages. Many of the men had guns, few of which were fit for use, and they had no ammunition. Most of them, however, had bows and arrows which they could handle with skill. Their arrows were frequently carried in quivers made of skins, handsomely worked with beads.

Before sunset our wagons were all across, and many of the mules were brought back to carry over the goods piled upon the river bank. I happened to be among the last to leave, and started with a load strapped to my shoulders, and leading a mule heavily packed. Some of Russell's men were yet behind. I found the water cold, and at times a sickening sensation thrilled through me, especially when, as occurred twice or thrice, I sank almost to my armpits in some of the holes. At times the sand sank quickly under my feet, and I was seriously bothered to keep erect. Thus was the Red Sea of our exodus crossed, and in safety we encamped a short distance from the river.

After putting on dry clothes, I prepared the evening meal, using for fuel *bois de vache*, which was abundant. Mr. Washington traded a horse he had been riding, for a mule belonging to an Indian.

During the night there was a heavy fall of rain. Distance, fifteen miles.

Tuesday, May 22d. — While Colonel Russell and his "French guide" were enjoying their morning nap, perhaps not dreaming of our temerity in crossing over to the North Platte unaided, we were moving briskly on. The ascent of the hills between the two streams was difficult, on account of the grade and also of the sand through which we had to pass, and after crossing the ridge the descent was found sufficiently steep to be perilous. The journey, however, was accomplished without accident.

While on the top of the ridge, resting and looking below toward the South Platte valley, we saw a number of buffalo quietly grazing, at a distance of probably ten or a dozen miles.

At the foot of the declivity toward the North branch is Ash Hollow, and within it is a forest of large trees. Here we were almost overpowered by swarms of gnats. The heat, too, was oppressive, for the ravine was so shut in as to exclude the free circulation of air to be found outside. Tying handkerchiefs over our heads to protect ourselves from the merciless insects, we were well nigh suffocated for want of air. We suffered too from thirst, but found relief on coming to a stream of deliciously cool water, thus far an exceeding rarity.

Emerging from Ash Hollow our route lay along the North Platte. The features of the country surrounding were similar and equally monotonous to those on the branch from which we came.

We again met one of the pedestrians mentioned a few days since. The partnership had been dissolved, the other member having attached himself to some train. This one, named Fink, is determined to proceed alone.

At our evening camp we were visited by a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, followed by a deluging rain which continued through the night. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

Wednesday, May 23d.—Air, earth and sky seemed against us. It was cold; black, angry clouds were over us; rain fell through most of the day and hail in the earlier hours. The road at times was sandy, at others miry, so that our progress was slow.

A great herd of buffalo was in sight on the north side of the river.

Stewart shot a black-tailed deer and distributed the meat among the several messes. Distance, fifteen miles.

THURSDAY, May 24th.—A cold, drenching rain again poured upon us through the greater part of the day, so that we made short hours and little progress, starting at six and camping at three, with the usual halt at mid-day.

Mud, sand, and in places gravel, were the main difficulties encountered, and there was fear that the mules would become chafed by the rubbing of wet harness.

The rude elements were sufficiently indulgent to allow us, whilst moving, to enjoy some of the good things of life—chief among them bean soup! Preparations had been in progress for a day or two past, and the culminating point was nearly reached when the camp kettle was hung over the fire for the final boil of the beans. This was more than an ordinary occasion, for parts of the deer shot by Stewart were to be cooked in the soup. It is curious how such an event becomes heralded through camp where no gong or bell is rung. But when it does happen it has uniformly been the case that just as the pot is being lifted and the cook looks about to see where to place it, he sees coming towards him, armed with tin cups and spoons, Jim Stewart, Shorty Ray, Sweigler, Webb and others I might mention—all self-invited, but none the less welcome—duly prepared to join us in partaking of what is universally regarded as the one grand entertainment of camp life—bean soup!

Dinner over, and our little stock of wood exhausted, when we again started we kept a sharp lookout for a new supply, but none was found. It was a dreary prospect when, in the middle of the afternoon we encamped with rain falling again and rapidly, with no fires to cook a meal or to warm ourselves. Some trees were observed at a distance, greater than was calculated, for in the strait in which we were we started for them, only to ascertain after a long tramp that they were much too far away. In a ravine, however, which after melting snows in the spring-time becomes the bed of a stream, we found some logs, to all appearances so water soaked that it seemed impossible they could burn. In our need, however, we concluded to make a trial of these, in the hope that we might not be compelled to go supperless and shivering with cold to bed. Accordingly we mounted them on our shoulders and

HERD OF BUFFALO—PLATTE RIVER.

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started to return. When nearing camp our driver, Bagby, who is ever fond of self-saving methods, was seen approaching with a similar log, not on his shoulders, but tied to the tail of a mule, which it dragged, as it seemed, with ease. On chopping the logs and setting fire to them, it was a surprise for which we were grateful, to find not only that they burned, but in a way we had seldom seen equaled. There was a sharp cracking and the flying of sparks in all directions, by which we were soon made acquainted with the fact that the fuel was pitch pine.

On the north side of the river to-day we again saw an immense herd of buffalo, numbering perhaps a thousand or more. Knowing the emigrants' trail, doubtless as well as we, their instinct had taught them to avoid it; for we meet none southward of the river, and this is an indication that if we leave them alone, they will leave us alone.

"Old" Smith and Mr. Scully, who were off scouring among the sand hills all day in quest of game, brought to camp this evening a deer shot by the former; an event giving promise of continued feastings on good things.

Rain ceased before night-fall, and the opportunity was generally embraced of drying wet clothing before retiring for the night. Distance, twelve miles.

Friday, May 25th.—Soon after leaving camp, Court-house rock was in sight, at a distance of about thirty miles, and from our noon camp at a similar distance, another notable landmark, Chimney rock, was seen.

We met a man named Palliday, traveling with a one-horse, rudely constructed wagon. He lives at Scott's bluffs, about sixty miles further up the valley, where besides his own are two other cabins inhabited by men of similarly retired habits. It seems hard to conceive of any one from choice living so far remote from civilization. Even the Indian is driven hither by the encroachment of the whites; but his nature, taste and mode of life make this a fitting abode for him, as it is also for the buffalo or deer. Palliday is *en route* for the South Platte, for some trading operation with the Indians.

Rain again fell in the afternoon, but fortunately did not continue long. Towards evening, when about opposite Court-house rock, a number of us, with a view of getting near to it for close inspection, rode in that direction for a half hour or so. Finding that it was still ten or a dozen miles, and perhaps further off, we abandoned the attempt, contenting ourselves with that play of imagination by no means difficult, which makes it seem like some great architectural structure — a palace peradventure, dwelt in of old by the Incas who, possibly long before the red man, held sway over these illimitable plains.

A painful accident, and one which greatly alarmed us, befell Mr. McBride to-day. He had been riding in the wagon, and while it was in motion, had attempted to get down from it, when the tail of an army coat, which he wore, caught in the wheel, dragging him under while it passed over his left leg, near the knee. But for his presence of mind in rolling aside, he might have been crushed to death under the hind wheels. Doctor Cook, belonging to our train, examined the bruise, and relieved us greatly when he announced that no bones were broken. It will, however, be several weeks before he can leave the wagon, which is to be his hospital.

Messrs. Washington and Clarke had an animated chase after an antelope, in full sight of the train. A shot from the rifle of the latter at length secured the prize, which was borne in triumph to camp. Our mess on all such occasions fares sumptuously, usually being favored with the choicer parts of any game killed. Indeed, on all occasions we are the constant recipients of much kindness; and if ever we get in a tight place by reason of any accident, there are scores of friends ready to lend us a helping hand. Youth and inexperience may have won for us this sympathy; but whatever the cause, we have awakened a chord in the breasts of the old pioneers about us that never ceases to vibrate. A return we feel able to make, seems to be highly appreciated. Always having good camp fires, when it is possible to have them, others less active in this way, gather around ours to indulge in a chat, or join in a song. On the part of no one is there backwardness in helping himself freely from our ample pot of steaming coffee; while our bag of cut and dry tobacco is ever esteemed as public property. In fact, it seems to be generally considered that "the latch string is out."

After dark, the phenomenon Will of the Wisp was observed; it might readily be mistaken for a lantern bobbing about. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

SATURDAY, May 26th.—A heavy frost lay on the ground this morning. The night had been cold, and in spite of warm wraps we were uncomfortable.

Chimney rock, since we first saw it, has loomed up steadily, reminding us of pictures often seen of the great Egyptian obelisks, towering high above the vast deserts which surround them. A number of us, riding in advance of the train, sought to get a near view of it; but as all prominent objects on the plains are vastly more distant than they at first seem, we were longer reaching it than we had expected to be. The shaft itself, to the foot of which we climbed, springs from a great isolated mass of ill-shaped sand rocks, of which it also is composed, and stood perhaps sixty feet above us. Its total elevation above the surrounding plains was in the neighborhood of two hundred feet.

The winds and rains of centuries are the sculptors which have hewn this great column; and Titans of nature though they be, in the selection of a material for showing their skill in art, they have been immeasurably behind Tothmes or Rameses, whose blocks of granite well nigh mark the beginnings of time, and may yet endure through ages to come, when amid the shifting sands along the Platte nothing shall remain to mark the site of Chimney rock.

It has been stated by some travelers, that within their recollection Chimney rock was twice the height it now is, and by others that it has been double its present breadth. If ere long we should hear that it had suddenly toppled from its base, we should not feel like questioning either statement, particularly the latter; for we noticed signs that strongly indicated rapid disintegration; a multitude of names having been carved upon its several sides by those who in this way seek for immortality.

Scott's bluffs, the third and last of the prominent landmarks to be seen on the Platte, were in sight to-day, about twenty miles in advance of us.

Much of our road lay through deep sands, making travel difficult; the wagon wheels often sinking to the hubs.

The sand hills on our left for several miles, were worn into grotesque shapes, and there were many crevices hollowed out by birds, in which they built their nests.

A prairie dog village was passed, and a number of owls were on guard beside the mounds where the dogs burrow, but none of the latter were seen. Nor did we see rattlesnakes, said to be also embraced in the combination constituting the triple tenantry of these under-ground habitations.

A number of emigrant trains were passed, among them one called the Platte City Company, commanded by Colonel Ransom; from whom we learned of a hailstorm of considerable violence, encountered on Tuesday last, ten or twelve miles west of Ash Hollow. Their wagon covers and tents had been riddled by hailstones, some of which were of extraordinary size, weighing as much as eight and nine ounces each. The cattle of some emigrant parties were so badly frightened that they ran in various directions for many miles from their owners. When passing the locality where this occurred, we had noticed the ground torn up, and in places forming large cavities, but were unable to conjecture the cause until learning these facts. We are also able to account for the cold weather which followed. The storm we had experienced in the evening referred to, had not been accompanied by hail.

"Old" Smith was off on a hunt to-day, and as trophies of the chase brought to camp two antelopes. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

Sunday, May 27th.—In order to get well in advance of the numerous companies in our neighborhood, that we might secure pasturage not to be shared among so many animals, our camp was called up at half past three, and soon after we were moving forward.

When the sun was well up, we were opposite the picturesque sand cliffs, Scott's bluffs, which closely hem in the river, but our trail was two or three miles distant from them.

A small spring of cool water which we passed afforded us a refreshing draught, the more so, as in these arid wastes we seldom have opportunity for such enjoyment.

Near to our noon camp was a blacksmith shop, kept by a man named Bordeau, who to supplement the income from the smithy, sold whiskey, at the rate of one dollar per pint.

From the summit of a ridge crossed, we caught a first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains:—Laramie's peak and others, distant a hundred or more miles, were distinctly in sight. Mr. Bryant, in his work, states that from this point he "thought he could see the Wind River Mountains, about four hundred miles distant."(!) There can be no doubt whatever as to this; for he also mentions the cold spring, near the summit, of which I have spoken; and in this rarefied region, where the atmosphere is so remarkably pure; after a pull or two at his flask, refilled possibly at the smith's shop—to take off the cold effects of the spring water, it might be quite possible to imagine mountains in sight, even at a distance more remote: and especially as "their summits appeared like small clouds resting upon the horizon." "How very like a whale," said old Polonius, when somewhat fuddled. It was nigh three hundred miles further on that our own first glimpse of the mountains in question was obtained, agreeing too with the record of Fremont; but neither the explorer, nor ourselves perhaps, enjoyed the help to vision mentioned.

Our night camp was at Horse Creek, an affluent of the Platte. Distance, twenty-four miles.

MONDAY, May 28th.—On leaving our tents we found the earth robed in a vesture of frost, and when the sun arose we trod upon a carpet glistening as with myriads of diamonds.

Crossing Horse Creek, a stream about fifty feet wide and three in depth, was attended with some difficulty, on account of its steep banks and miry bed. One wagon stalled completely, and nearly an hour's time was lost in consequence.

As we proceeded up the Platte the soil of the bottom lands became more sterile than we had found it lower down, and increased dreariness is therefore a noticeable feature. Grass grows sparsely, and is more and more giving way to wild sage, cactus and mustard plants. It is no contradiction to say the soil is sterile where such vegetation luxuriates, for the very presence of these plants is proof of sterility. Their growth denotes barrenness and desolation.

Some trees passed on the banks of the river bore marks of the axes of emigrants, many being stripped of their boughs and branches. The Platte, as we approached the mountains, narrowed rapidly, not exceeding perhaps a hundred yards in width. On its numerous islands we observed many trees felled for removal to Fort Laramie, about twenty-five miles ahead.

While the morning was wintry cold we suffered from intense heat in the afternoon—a wide contrast in temperature.

For the past two days some emigrant companies seem determined to keep pace with us; passing us at our noon camps, only, however, to be left behind at night. Ransom's is one of these to-day; yesterday the Platte City company was in the chase.

Our evening camp was beside a beautiful mountain stream, flowing hurriedly over a gravelly bed, with willows lining its banks. At a short distance from camp were the ruins of a small trading post, formerly known, I believe, as Fort Bernard. Distance, thirty miles; total from Independence, six hundred and fifty-four miles.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM CAMP NEAR FORT LARAMIE TO CAMP NEAR SWEETWATER RIVER.

TUESDAY, May 29th.—Fearing that Laramie River, at its crossing about ten miles distant, might be too deep to ford, Stewart had directed the morning watch to arouse the camp at two o'clock, so that if the stream had to be ferried we would have the start of companies encamped in our neighborhood. The corporal of the guard, however, imagining that the morning was too dark for so early a start, undertook to disobey orders. Our driver, Bagby, fortunately a sort of night owl, happening in the still of the morning to hear some rustling sounds in one of the camps—trace chains clanking, whips cracking, and the like—hurriedly left his bed and called up the camp. It was, however, too late to prevent Ransom's company from passing us. With the intent that our slumbers might not be disturbed, our neighbors very considerately made a wide circuit. It was half past three when we got under way, and at seven o'clock we struck Laramie River. It fortunately was low enough to ford, being scarcely three feet in depth. Its width was about forty or fifty yards; its current strong.

Our noon camp was near the junction of the Laramie and Platte Rivers. Fort Laramie, which we visited, was but a short way up the Laramie fork, and near to its banks, on ground elevated about thirty feet above the river. In form quadrangular, it was built of adobes, having a court of about four hundred feet square. On three sides the walls were about fifteen feet high, enclosing shops, offices and dwellings, each having a door and window toward the court. The front part of the fort was two stories in height, a wooden staircase from the court leading to the upper floor. Besides a private entrance, there was a large one with a gate which faced toward the angles of the rivers. Over the entrance was a tower with loopholes, and at two of the angles, diagonally opposite each other, were bastions, also perforated with loopholes, through which all sides of the fort could be defended. Two brass swivels were mounted at the entrance, each bearing the inscription, "Made by John Gallagher, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1829." Fort Laramie is the principal trading post of the American Fur Company, and many Indian tribes assemble here at certain seasons of the year to exchange buffalo robes and buckskins for tobacco, whiskey, powder and lead, blankets, beads and notions. It is soon, however, to pass into possession of the United States, having been purchased for a military post, and a regiment of mounted riflemen is now on its way from Fort Leavenworth to occupy it, under command of Colonel Hoffman, whom we regard as a Pittsburgher—at least his good wife would not deny the claim. The site of the fort is quite picturesque, the Black Hills being in the near background, and the Laramie peaks looming up grandly back of these.

It was here that Fremont, when on his first expedition, seven years ago, obtained information of the hostile intentions of some Indians collected in the mountain passes towards which he was moving. A Frenchman named Bissonnette, connected with a trading post near the fort, was his informant, and became his interpreter and guide through the region where danger was apprehended. Fremont showed a wonderful degree of pluck on this occasion, and if he had not it is more than probable his expedition would have terminated without any satisfactory results. Although his men were, in general, trappers accustomed to this mode of life, and to encounters with Indians, most of them became panic stricken and seemed on the point of deserting him or of compelling his return. Advising him to delay, he became more determined to push onward. Kit Carson, who perhaps never knew fear, made his will, and this added to the alarm of the men. The whole trouble was occasioned by a skirmish which had taken place some months previous between a party of whites and bands of Sioux and Cheyennes, in which a number on both sides were killed, including the leader of the white men and several of the Indian chiefs.

On the wide plains which extend to the foot of the Black Hills no trees are found, and on account of the antipathy of Indians to appearances of civilization, neither grain nor vegetables are raised by the occupants of the fort.

It seems to be a custom of emigrants on arriving here to lighten up, and Fort Laramie is made a dumping place for all that can be spared. It were wise not to bring goods this great distance only to be obliged to part with them. Be this as it may, it is not wise to proceed further with anything that can be dispensed with. A few companies only are in advance of us, and these have left a considerable stock of groceries and clothing here. We passed over five hundred wagons on the Platte, besides large numbers before we came to that stream. By the time these and the thousands following have contributed their quota to what has been already left here, there will be an outfit sufficient for any trading post.

Lieutenant Blakey's mess, having two wagons, determined to leave one here, and a number of our messes made voluntary contributions to the stores of the fort. We found that we had more bacon than was necessary, and made a proposition to the superintendent to trade for dried buffalo meat. He declined peremptorily, but said he would permit us to leave whatever bacon we desired, provided we piled it up very carefully in a store room which he pointed out, and as for the buffalo meat, we were at liberty to take as much as we wanted. Availing ourselves of this offer, we added to a pile of bacon about the dimensions of a hay stack, a considerable quantity, and stowed away in its place in the wagon a goodly amount of the jerked meat.

A number of our party wrote letters at the fort to persons in the States, as there are occasional opportunities of forwarding them.

We observed quite a number of Indian women, the wives of traders and trappers, and their children, lounging about the fort or sitting in the doorways of the dwellings. We could not escape the conviction that soap and water were scarce, or if not so, greatly neglected. And an occasional combing of the great masses of black, matted hair might have improved the comfort of the wearers, whatever lives might have been thereby endangered. The floors of some dwellings needed scraping more than sweeping.

On resuming our march we shortly began climbing the Black Hills, the Platte on our right and Laramie fork on our left, but we were soon out of sight of both. Each man, as we journeyed, wrestled with a piece of jerked buffalo, making little headway, however, for who shall describe its toughness! Our appetites were whetted for almost anything, but buffalo meat, jerked, was more than a match for them. Being a change of diet, and we anxious for any change, tugged at it with a will. Imagination can scarce conjure up a comparison. One man declared that part of the robe was still clinging to the piece he contended with. For some days there was every attempt made to consider it a luxury. Our friends gathered about us and we shared liberally with them. Some made an honest endeavor to be very fond of jerked buffalo meat, but at length had to confess that sole leather soaked in fat would have been preferable.

Our evening camp was nearly a mile beyond the Warm Springs, the water of which we used in cooking. The name properly indicates their temperature, not being hot, but simply warm. Our camp fires wore a cheerful appearance, for about us an abundance of pines grew. The high peaks of mountains were in sight all day.

I saw along the road specimens of the soap plant, the bulbs of which in Mexico and probably elsewhere, are used as a substitute for the useful article which seemed so scarce at the Indians' quarters in the fort.

An emigrant train from Iowa, having wagons drawn by oxen, was passed.

High, cold winds, which began early in the morning increased to a gale at noon, and did not cease until dusk, when rain began falling, continuing through the night. Distance, twenty-two miles.

Wednesday, May 30th.—As the rain did not cease until eight, we delayed starting till then, and embraced the opportunity of taking breakfast in advance. The scenery of the mountains was enjoyable, and it was pleasing to see the pines and cottonwood trees covering their sloping sides. The most prominent of the peaks—Laramie's—had in one of its gorges a considerable amount of snow.

Bitter Creek, along which our route lay, was crossed a number of times. A different name might suit it better, inasmuch as its waters were deliciously sweet, pure and cool. Patches of good grass were passed, but where our evening camp was made it was poor.

Day cool. Night pleasant; moonlight. Distance, twenty-two miles.

Thursday, May 31st.—Our route led over some elevated ridges, in places much broken, being covered with great masses of granite. A pack train from Salt Lake passed us whilst nooning. It left the Mormon settlement on the 4th instant, bound for the States. A gentleman of the party gave the comforting assurance that we had gotten over the best of the road, and of that which we yet had to travel, we could form little conception until its difficulties were encountered. His account of the California gold diggings was extravagant as any that had hitherto reached us.

About two o'clock a buffalo came toward us from an elevation on our right, with a precipitation that threatened to overturn wagons, mules, or whatever else lay in its track. The train came to a halt instantly, while each man ran to the wagons to unstrap his rifle and get ready for a chase. The bison, seeing he was likely to get into a scrape, when within a short distance of the train wheeled about and ran in an opposite direction, with about twenty pursuers on his track. After a brief ride four shots were fired, one of which struck the monstrous beast, but only to infuriate him and increase his speed. I had mounted a mule and joined in the race for an hour, but the animal I rode was too perverse to attain the speed of which he was capable and obeyed neither whip nor spur, so that I was left far behind. From an elevated ridge, however, I saw much of the chase. Away they went, pell mell, over hills and into ravines, peppering away with their rifles, the sound of which in echoing reverberations were brought to my ears. At times the whole party seemed close on the bull, and twice it was brought to its knees, but quickly recovering, bounded off with redoubled exertion. On the level plain or among the broken masses of rocks it showed equal agility. Any one who has never witnessed such a sight might suppose that word *agility* misplaced, but the awkward looking buffalo is not the clumsy animal it might easily be supposed to be, when seen quietly grazing.

In nimbleness and speed it is well nigh a match for its fleet-footed fellow occupant of the plains—the antelope. Intervening hills at length shut from my view both pursuers and their game, and turning about in search of the trail I soon found it, and caught up to the train about six o'clock, just as it halted to encamp.

The scenery was grand along the line of march; the mountain chain with its succession of peaks was very picturesque, but barrenness and desolation were striking characteristics. On my way to camp I saw two other buffalo, but at a considerable distance off. Our camp was on La Bonte River, a small mountain stream.

An hour later the hunters returned, each bearing trophies of the chase. The buffalo had fallen after having received fifteen bullets! The first and the last were one-ounce balls from Jim White's long rifle. They had butchered the animal on the spot and brought away the choicer parts only. What a glorious meal was ours! Never before, many thought, had they eaten such luscious meat, so juicy, tender and sweet. The long continued use of bacon had possibly much to do with forming these opinions, but there can be no doubt that buffalo meat, under proper circumstances, will rank among the choicest of animal foods.

Each man was his own cook to-night. Some used skillets, others gridirons, and toasting forks improvised for the occasion, while others again cooked their portions in the hot wood ashes. The regular cooks were only required to boil coffee, their duties being lightened to this minimum.

One of our mules running in a herd composed of the extra stock of the several messes, strayed off, and we greatly feared it might not be recovered. The day was pleasantly warm, and at night a cloudless sky studded with stars and a bright, shining moon, formed our canopy. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

FRIDAY, June 1st.—In a short time this morning we crossed the La Bonte twice, a clear, swift stream with gravelly bed and banks well timbered. Upon a board nailed to a tree we saw this inscription: "Mess No. 33, Pittsburgh Company, May 28th." This was the first intimation we had that any of our townsmen were in advance of us, and from the date we see that it will probably be a week before these can be passed.

Our route in the afternoon lay over barren hills, and our altitude increased rapidly. The soil was composed of a red clay, and the prevailing vegetation was that of artemisia, or wild sage, which filled the air with an odor of camphor and turpentine. Four buffalo came in sight, were chased, but those pursuing could not get within proper range to fire at them.

We encamped about five o'clock near a dry bed of what at times is a running stream. The only fuel to be found was that of some logs partly buried in sand, which only with great difficulty could be got to burn. Being the periodical cook, I received voluntary aid from Mr. Washington, and together we puffed and blowed to make the indifferent fuel do its duty. I had on a partially cooked pot of soup, the first boiling of which had been at our camp last night. Around us lay our fellow messmen, out of humor at what we knew was no fault of ours, and their constant raillery, we felt, did not help the pot to boil. After a day's march all are fatigued, and too often fretful. Impatient of delay, hungering for something to eat, and anxious to have the meal over to lie down to rest, they too often act unreasonably. Some men are naturally faultfinders, and others acquire the fashion too easily, as they might small-pox, by proximity to it. The cook on the present occasion was only human. He, too, was weary and footsore, and smelling the pot did not appease his hunger. It was vexatious to be asked, "Why don't you get wood that will burn?" or to have the evening meal referred to as "that breakfast." Making all allowance for the fact that we were crossing the plains, men, we thought, should be men, and put proper restraint upon their tempers.

At length the pot was sufficiently boiled to be taken off. Mr. Washington had gone to the mess chest to bring salt and pepper, and I had just turned about for something needed when the pot upset—the fire became instantly extinguished, and a cloud of white ashes filled the air! I need not depict the explosion that took place—the flashes as of lightning followed by a blackness more intense than before. It may be taken for granted, that men in the mood described had some remarks to offer suitable to the occasion. Had these been after-dinner speeches, it is easy to conjecture they would have borne a happier tone. As for myself, I had never previously experienced such a spirit of resignation as just then. Instantly I threw up, both literally and figuratively, the insignia of office—the dish towel—and from that moment was no longer cook. Thenceforward, or until other arrangements could be effected, each man in turn had to perform this necessary and important service.

In keeping with the scene described, the camp in general bore marks of desolation. The mules were to be pitied even more than the mess, which had to be satisfied with a late supper; for the grass was wretchedly poor, being wiry and containing but little sustenance. If bold scenery, truly grand, could compensate for these discomforts, this was not wanting. Distance, eighteen miles.

SATURDAY, June 2d.—Our march began before four o'clock, and while it was yet dark. The morning air was quite cold. In a few hours we crossed a pretty stream, "A la Perle," skirted with fine timber. I noticed a number of wild flowers upon the banks, but away from the stream sterility prevailed, the artemisia alone thriving. The road was excellent as any turnpike. We made our morning camp on La Fourche Boisee Creek, where we found excellent grass, but rather well cropped by the animals of trains ahead. Good timber also lined the banks. While encamped, a small company with pack mules rode past us. Five miles further we again reached the Platte River, and continuing up it for almost eight miles came to the mouth of Deer Creek, another small tributary. Here an abundance of fine grass was found, and on this account, although it was but three o'clock, orders were given to encamp for the day. Our camp was in a grove of great cottonwood trees, hence delightful. An attempt to seine the stream for fish almost resulted in the loss of the net, so rapid was the current. Less fortunate was an effort which I made to perform some laundry work. Placing the garments in the stream, I secured them with care by putting on top some boulders of goodly size and then went up to the camp for soap.

On my return I discovered what might be thought to be a hole in the wash tub, for a considerable part of the clothes was gone. It was a loss not easily to be borne, but there remained, nevertheless, some consolation; disliking laundry work, I had less of it to perform.

Mountain streams rise and fall with great suddenness. Watch them for a little time and it will be seen how they change character; now flowing smoothly with scarce a ripple, and almost silently:

presto! off they rush, dashing, foaming, and voicing their impetuosity, as in the mad rush go shirts, pants, etc., confidently entrusted to their care.

Along the Platte to-day I noticed a number of Indian brush forts. Being now within range of territory inhabited by the Crows, we are obliged to keep strict watch, night and day. We still give the mules much freedom, seldom picketing them, but restricting them to certain bounds. During day camp, a herd guard is always kept on the lookout.

The Crows, I imagine, notwithstanding the taciturnity of the Indian character, of which they probably have their due share, relish a joke, and they are fond, too, of a horse trade, when the advantages are wholly on their side; and however much they like to steal horses, they at times exhibit some degree of humanity, even to their natural foe the white man, rather than leave him wholly desolate, without some means of locomotion. I have a case in point. Recently a band of Crows captured an emigrant whom I happened to know, as he was one of a party who for a time traveled with us. Wandering too far from camp resulted in this misfortune. He rode a fine animal from which they made him dismount. They then relieved him of various incumbrances, including the clothes he wore, watch, pocketbook, gun, etc., and setting him upon an old, worn out, limping nag, with a wild whoop which he mistook for his death knell, they sent him back to his friends, who received him with shouts of laughter scarce more relished than the cry of the savages which still rang in his ears.

Mr. Washington sprained an ankle yesterday, and has volunteered to do the cooking for a time. It was my misfortune to sprain an arm, twice before disabled in the same manner, but it will have to grow much worse before I can be induced to do kitchen work, rather than the general duties of camp. Our mules having been well cared for are in better condition than when we left Independence. Distance, twenty-one miles.

SUNDAY, June 3d. — After crossing Deer Creek our route continued up the North Platte until we reached what is styled the "upper crossing," where we encamped.

At this point the Mormons had established a blacksmith shop and ferry, more for the accommodation of those of their own faith, and expected additions to their settlement at Salt Lake, than for filthy lucre to be obtained from Gentiles. Contrary to expectation, based upon the common reputation of these Latter-Day Saints, we found those in charge of the ferry men of respectable appearance, well informed, polite, and in every way agreeable. They showed us specimens of California gold, the first we had seen, and their accounts as to the Eldorado were as extravagant as any we have had. We sold them a quantity of shawls, beads, trinkets, powder and lead, with which they will purchase buffalo and deer meat from the Indians.

Two of our men, who to-day started in search of the mule which strayed off on Thursday last, were fortunate in finding it with one of the trains following in our wake. From those with whom it was found they learned of a notice which had been posted on the road, giving an account of an attack which had been made upon our company by the Crows, in which two of our number had been killed and nine mules stolen. This worse than senseless rumor, set afloat, it is thought, by some one belonging to our train, meets the scorn and contempt it deserves, and its author, if detected, might encounter something worse. If intended to alarm emigrants, or whatever its design, it betrays a spirit of recklessness highly reprehensible.

My pedestrianism in moccasins has culminated in a blistered foot, and to this adding a sprained arm, I find myself in a sorry plight, and may even be reduced to the necessity of acting assistant cook. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

MONDAY, June 4th.—The operation of crossing the Platte began at half after four o'clock. The ferry-boat, constructed of logs covered with slabs of wood, was propelled with long poles. It was only of sufficient size to accommodate one wagon at a time, with as many men as it was thought safe to carry in addition. The mules and horses swam across.

The stream was possibly two hundred feet in width, and had a rapid current. In places it was ten feet in depth, as shown by the propelling poles. The wagons were lowered to the rafts by man power, and by means of ropes drawn up the banks of the opposite side. Nearly four hours were consumed in the ferriage. We paid three dollars per wagon for the service, which was conducted without accident.

The journey resumed was through deep sand, which made the march toilsome. At noon we again rested beside the river, if being beset by mosquitoes and buffalo gnats may be considered resting. At this point we took our farewell of the Platte, leaving it to pass over to the Sweetwater.

In the afternoon we saw what are known as the Red Buttes, distinguishing landmarks composed of great piles of red sandstone. A slight, but refreshing rain shower fell about dusk, when we encamped near some sulphur springs. We had filled our casks with water on leaving the Platte, aware of the character of the water we expected to find here, while for fuel we also brought with us wood from the river. Distance, twenty miles.

TUESDAY, June 5th.—Wild sage, two or three feet in height, covered the entire face of the country over which lay our morning's march. Reaching a salt spring we endeavored to water our mules, which had drank nothing since leaving the Platte yesterday. Many refused to drink from the briny spring, but in a short time a soda spring was reached, at which they satisfied their thirst.

On the roadside to-day I observed signs of volcanic eruptions. Large, loose rocks were piled up, and in some places there was an appearance as of regular masonry work. Our noon camp was at the Willow Springs, the waters of which were delightfully cool and refreshing, while around we found excellent grass for the animals. Wood was wanting, but as a substitute we used wild sage, the dead limbs of which afford an admirable fuel, burning briskly. A drawback to their use is that they send forth great volumes of blinding smoke, particularly damaging to the eyes of the cook.

From a ridge near the spring we had a view of the Sweetwater Mountains, about thirty miles distant, their bold pinnacles piercing the clouds. Several herds of buffalo were in sight, but too distant for pursuit.

Mr. Clarke, of Blakey's mess, caught a fawn in the valley. It was so overcome with fear that it lay down, making no effort to escape. Its piteous cries, however, secured its liberty, and when placed on the ground it scampered off briskly. Our road was good, but in many places saleratus overspread the ground, which, when stirred up by wind, is hurtful to the eyes. Distance, twenty-five miles. Total from Independence, eight hundred and thirty-eight miles.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM CAMP NEAR SWEETWATER RIVER TO GREEN RIVER.

WEDNESDAY, June 6th.—"Catch up, Catch up," rang through the camp at two o'clock, and in a short time we were in motion. The sky was clouded, but in a little while became clear, and a bright moon lighted up our trail. In about four hours we reached the Sweetwater River, and made our morning camp. The stream at this point was fifty feet in width, and had a tolerably rapid current. No wood was to be had except by swimming to the opposite bank, which was done by a number of our party; but wild sage being abundant, we gave it the preference.

Several antelopes were in sight this morning on the plain south of the river. About a mile from where we camped we came to one of the most notable landmarks found on this journey, Independence Rock, an isolated granite boulder, rounded on its upper side, vertical on that next the river, and so nearly so on its other sides as to render ascent difficult. Its height is about fifty feet, and its length nearly two thousand feet. For about a dozen feet from the ground, wherever a smooth place could be found, were written the names of thousands of travelers and of distinguished men. Even on projections fifty and sixty feet high, which could be reached only with much difficulty, and at extreme peril, were painted such names as Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas H. Benton, etc. With several others I climbed to its top, but on account of its smooth surface we were obliged to go barefooted, and in places to crawl on our hands and knees. The view obtained was compensating. The plain through which the Sweetwater coursed was quite level, extending on either side to mountain walls rising to a height of from one to two thousand feet. The valley was perhaps four or five miles wide. Excepting some struggling pines here and there the mountains were bare, but picturesque, having innumerable crags and pinnacles. The stream is tortuous, its general course eastward, but in its windings every point of the compass is aimed at.

Five miles further up the stream, after crossing it three times, we came to another prominent object, the Devil's Gate. The river here forces its way through the point of a ridge of the mountain for a distance of nearly one thousand feet. The width of the canon varies from fifty to one hundred feet, and its vertical walls rise to a height of three or four hundred feet. The river thus confined, and considerably gorged by masses of broken rocks which have fallen from above, frets and foams in fury as it dashes forward to regain the freedom of the plain, where it broadens out, and moves more placidly.

I made an attempt to pass up through the "Gate," but finding it laborious climbing over loose rocks, was forced to desist. Some of our party climbed to the top of the wall on the south side and reported having found there the bones of three Indians and those of a buffalo. Now the query is, which of these was the survivor? Did the buffalo make a meal of the three red men, and then lie down in pleasant dreams; or did the three black Crows gorge themselves on the flesh of the wild beast, and then in perfect contentment spread themselves out to bleach on the top of this isolated monument.

In the ravines of the mountains we observed considerable beds of snow. Chilling showers of rain and hail fell at intervals during the afternoon, and cold winds blew through the night. Wild sage again was our fuel. Distance, thirty miles.

Thursday, June 7th.—Our course continued up the valley of the Sweetwater. Cold winds blew steadily, and there were frequent showers of icy cold rain, and whilst these were falling we saw the mountain tops whitening with snow. On a rock which we passed was painted a cross, marking the grave of some poor emigrant. From a note by the roadside, written yesterday by a member of the Delaware Mining Company, we learned that at this place four men traveling with pack mules had been attacked by the Crows, who stole two of their mules and a pack.

In the afternoon we came to a canon through which the Sweetwater cuts its way, and there our trail diverged through a narrow gap in the granite range, thus avoiding crossing the stream twice. At the mouth of this gap we had our first glimpse of the Wind River Mountains, the great divide between the waters of the East and West; for there within a comparatively short distance, four of the great rivers of the Continent find their head—the Missouri and the Platte on the east, and the Columbia and Colorado on the west.

The distance of these mountains from us was about seventy miles; their tops and sides were covered with snow. The road was sandy, and the wastes were covered with sage and grease wood, the stalks of which were frequently five or six feet high, and four or five inches thick.

Passing some pine trees, many of them stunted, but others of large growth, we made sure of a good supply of fuel. Our evening camp was two miles from the river, but we had brought water in our casks from the last camp. Distance, twenty miles.

FRIDAY, June 8th.—Jack Frost was out last night, and the morning air had a wintry feel. We caught up to the Delaware Mining Company, and to some men with pack mules, the same who a week since passed us as we lay at La Fourche Boisee, and who since had suffered the attack from Indians mentioned yesterday. We gained from them the further information that twelve Crows approached them whilst they were nooning, and making the usual sign of peace—throwing down their little hatchets and folding their arms—they allowed them to come near. Presently twenty others rode in, and now completely overpowered, the robbery took place as coolly as possible, for against such a force resistance was impossible. One man, an Irishman, did kick one of the plunderers as he turned to leave; but it is likely he was careful not to kick too hard. Among the Crows was a white man who appeared to be their leader; doubtless some outlaw, who, having escaped the clutches of law, finds exercise for his talents and congenial companionship among these thievish savages. The party robbed are from Canada; formerly they had been part of the Delaware company, whom they now rejoined, abandoning their packs.

The Wind River Mountains are again in sight to-day. Fremont, in 1842, when he caught his first view of them at the point at which our glimpse was obtained yesterday, was greatly disappointed. From the overdrawn pictures of former travelers he had been expecting to see something akin to Alpine grandeur—pinnacles piercing the sky, eternal glaciers, etc., instead of which he beheld only "a low and dark mountainous ridge."

Our morning camp was made about half a mile distant from the Sweetwater, which we had crossed and recrossed a number of times within a few hours. In general the road was sandy, but later in the day we encountered a wide extended marsh, to pull through which was a great struggle.

It was a noble sight to see those small, tough, earnest, honest Spanish mules, every nerve strained to the utmost, examples of obedience, and of duty performed under trying circumstances. And it was a mortifying circumstance that at our evening camp the grass upon which they had to feed was so poor, so illy requiting such labor. Buffalo chips constituted our fuel to-day, of which there was an abundance.

The usual quiet of our camp was disturbed this evening by a quarrel between two men from Michigan. One whom we only knew by the name Uncle Ben, which all called him, had refused to go for a bucket of water when asked by his partner, Buchanan, whereupon the latter sought to enforce his request at the point of a long knife, which he brought almost within scalping distance of Uncle's head. Ben deftly warded off the blow and sought refuge in flight, whereupon Buchanan sagely allowed his temper to cool and went for the water himself. The occurrence caused great excitement in camp, and was on all sides referred to as shameful, brutal and unprovoked. Uncle Ben was about fifty, and his companion scarce thirty years old, and this fact further weighed against the younger man. Some talked of expelling Buchanan immediately from the company, but he had one friend, and it seemed but one only, and he, against the universal and indignant cry of the multitude, stood up manfully in his defense. His defender was Mr. Washington, and in the end it was found that Buck, as he was familiarly called, was not so great a sinner, that Uncle Ben was not so deserving of sympathy, and that Mr. Washington's courage had a firm basis of right. The plain truth at length became known; Ben was a very lazy old dog, and had constantly imposed on his young partner by shirking all work whenever he could. Buchanan's patience having been so often tried, his temper, unfortunately, for the once had gotten the better of him. Subsequently both of these men left our company. Uncle Ben joined a pack train, and it was said of him that he was in a chronic state of unhappiness because of the cruelties and indignities heaped upon him by his associates, who required of him that he should do his own work. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

SATURDAY, June 9th.—Following up the Sweetwater, hemmed in by walls of granite, which as we advanced narrowed the valley more and more, we came at length to a canon through which we could not pass, and here the trail led up over a high, rocky ridge. Great granite blocks lay in our path, at times almost forbidding further progress. Upon an elevated plateau we came to great beds of snow, in some of which were immense caverns hollowed out by the melting process in constant progress. Descending again to the Sweetwater, our evening camp lay near it. We saw today the remains of an Indian village camp, the fires still smoldering. From appearances the place must have been occupied for a considerable time. Willows growing along the stream had been bent to form lodges in addition to the movable ones used when on the march. Along the trail, too, we saw the tracks of lodge poles, which, tied to their horses, they drag along as they travel. The party is a numerous one, and not far in advance of us.

On the brow of a hill, but at a considerable distance, we saw two elks quietly grazing. Buffalo chips served for fuel at the noon camp, and some Indian lodge poles, picked up on the way, answered admirably for this purpose in the evening. Distance, seventeen miles.

Sunday, June 10th.—Much snow lay along the banks of a number of small streams crossed this morning; in some places it was five and six feet in depth. Our morning halt was made about seven o'clock, and near to the camp was a temporary trading post, established within a week past by Mr. Vasquez, one of the proprietors of Fort Bridger. He was accompanied by a considerable party of trappers, most of whom had with them their Indian wives and children. They occupied lodges made of skins sewed together and stretched over poles about fifteen feet in height, a small opening being left at the top for the escape of smoke, as in all there were fires. There was something weird about the appearance of many of the trappers, the hair of their heads and eyebrows being white from exposure, while their skin resembled parchment in color and texture. Their women were engaged in making fabrics of buckskin; coats, leggins, moccasins, etc., while their children, all small, fat and hearty, toddled about, excepting some who were being nourished at maternal founts. Most of the trappers were French Canadians. The same untidiness as to housekeeping and personal toilet was noticeable as that observed at Fort Laramie among the natives. Mr. Vasquez was a fine, portly looking gentleman of medium height, about fifty years of age, and made an impression of being intelligent and shrewd. The object of the temporary post was for purposes of trade with emigrants, and the goods on sale consisted of buffalo robes, deer skins and the buckskin goods in process of making, besides horses and mules, of which a number were on the road from the main trading post. Our mess traded some bacon, and a lot of beads, trinkets, etc., and a mule for a horse which we are to select from the stock approaching, or from that at Fort Bridger, we being furnished with an order to that effect.

Mr. Hudspeth, of Independence, a noted voyageur of the plains, about the time of our leaving Missouri had waited on Stewart purposely to advise him by all means to follow the trail via Sublette's cut-off through the mountains leading to Fort Hall, after leaving the South Pass. Mr. Vasquez, on the contrary, said that to do so would be a grave mistake, as a desert of considerable extent, destitute of water and fuel, had to be crossed, while a more desirable route was via Fort Bridger and Salt Lake, which was free from such difficulties. Taking paper and pencil, he sketched the two routes, and at the same time piled argument upon argument to persuade Stewart, who seemed greatly perplexed. Hudspeth had spoken of the desert, and of the way to get across it with the least difficulty, by carrying water, etc., and especially of the great advantage of the "cut-off" in shortening the journey. Though having every confidence in Hudspeth, the latter advice prevailed.*

We learned from Mr. Vasquez that the tracks of lodge poles noticed yesterday were made by a large village of Snake Indians who were on a buffalo hunt. The Snakes, he said, were not unfriendly to the whites, but give much annoyance by begging; that to prevent this nuisance he had given out the report that the small-pox, which they dread, was

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NOTE.—In the sequel it will be seen who was right. We may here add that an object in establishing this temporary post, besides what has been already stated, was to divert the tide of emigration in the direction of Fort Bridger, where further opportunities for trading would be given.

prevailing among the emigrants, and we might rely on it that they would keep out of our way. It is still equally probable, that to remove competition in horse trading the Snakes had been scared off.

Our march resumed, for the last time we crossed and left behind us the Sweetwater, and soon after a small tributary spanned by a considerable arch of snow, under which could be heard the foaming torrent as it dashed onward. For inclemency this day exceeded any since our journey began. From early dawn the sky had been frowning with black clouds, and a thick mist pervaded the atmosphere. Chilling showers of rain and sleet followed, driven furiously by piercing winds, so that in spite of a superabundance of heavy clothing we were nearly frozen. In the afternoon it was even worse, for every man was clad in an armor of ice; the mules, too, were harnessed in ice, and each wagon cover had ice for an outer coating. Such was the condition when at three o'clock we reached the summit of the SOUTH PASS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. At that time I was driving a wagon belonging to Stewart's mess; for the regular driver was so benumbed by the fierce storm that he could no longer hold the reins. Being on foot, I was prepared to assist in such emergencies, and thus it was, and the thought came to me then—without reckoning differences of meridian—that while the good people far away, living in Christian homes and enjoying Christian privileges, were engaged in their afternoon worship, I, in utter disregard of the holy day, was driving a six-horse team over the backbone of the continent. While the sleet was descending upon our backs, a severe storm also prevailed in the still higher altitudes of the mountains (Wind River), and their lofty peaks were receiving a fresh baptism of snow.

The approach to this elevation is so gradual that its culminating point would not be observed by the ordinary traveler, had not the great "pathfinder" who preceded him with barometer and quadrant carefully noted all the surroundings. Speaking of this pass, Fremont says: "It will be seen that it in no way resembles the places to which it is commonly applied; nothing of the gorge-like character and winding ascents of the Allegheny passes in America; nothing of the great St. Bernard and Simplon passes in Europe. Approaching it from the mouth of the Sweetwater, a sandy plain, one hundred and twenty miles long, conducts by a gradual and regular ascent to the summit, about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the traveler, without being reminded of any change by toilsome ascents, suddenly finds himself on the waters which flow into the Pacific Ocean."

Watching closely for the "two low hills rising on either side fifty or sixty feet," as mentioned by the great explorer, I was instantly apprized of our presence in the pass when it was reached, and turning about in my saddle, took a farewell look in the direction from which we came, conscious of having reached the dividing line between the East and the West, the meridian between the rising and the setting sun, a mighty landmark midway between our far off homes from which we set out, and the yet distant land towards which our steps are bent.

Almost two miles further on, we came to the Pacific Spring, the first water on our way that empties into the Pacific, and a short way beyond we made our camp for the night.

Quite a number of our men were sick, some with what is termed "Mountain Fever," while others have colds and divers troubles. In one wagon are three invalids. Our mess preserves its equilibrium, all being in good condition.

Along the trail to-day, we noticed boards set up to mark each mile. It is said that the Mormons placed them along the entire route from St. Joseph to Salt Lake, but that emigrant parties had used them for fuel. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

MONDAY, June 11th.—The water used last evening, and again at our noon camp to-day, we brought with us in casks from the Pacific Spring. We met the drove of animals from Fort Bridger, which Mr. Vasques had spoken of, and selected a horse from the number, giving Mr. Millett, who was in charge, the order which we held.

Several times to-day we were deceived by mirages, mirroring on what seemed as placid lakes, the mimic forests surrounding them. About four o'clock, after fording the Little Sandy, an affluent of Green River, forty feet in width and nearly three in depth, having a sandy bottom and swift current, we camped near to it.

Late in the night our mules stampeded, running several miles away. The neighing of some horses in a distant emigrant camp, it was thought, was the occasion of the stampede.

The hours of the watch to which I belonged, were wholly occupied in pursuing the straying animals, and in recovering the greater part of them, and after day-break the remainder were brought in. Rain fell during the latter part of my watch, and till morning. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

Tuesday, June 12th.—About three hours from camp, we forded another tributary of Green River, called the Big Sandy—apparently not bigger than the one called "Little." Our route continued along the valley of this stream, and our evening camp was beside it. The trail led over a sandy plain, with little vegetation beside the ever prevailing sage and grease wood, which together form our almost constant fuel.

Saleratus in many places disputed with sand for predominance, and mirages were again frequent. The scenery of this entire region is strikingly grand; descriptions on paper fall far short of the reality. Few pens indeed can do justice to the sublimity and grandeur of the everlasting mountains, and mine will not attempt a task so far beyond its scope.

In the afternoon, Stewart taking with him a man from each mess, left the train and went in advance to Green River, to prepare a raft for crossing that stream.

Not far from where we camped on the Big Sandy is the point where the trail forks, one branch going northwest via Sublette's cut-off, and the other to Fort Bridger and Salt Lake, and from thence northwest until it strikes the trail leading westward from Fort Hall. Distance, thirty miles.

WEDNESDAY, June 13th.—A march of two and a half hours brought us to Green River, the name by which the head waters of the great Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California, is known. We found it at full flood, a noble stream, with a mighty rushing current; from ten to twenty feet deep, and from three to four hundred feet wide. It is by far the most formidable stream to be met with on this entire journey, especially when swollen as now. Wide belts of great cottonwood trees were found growing on either bank. Stewart's party had constructed a raft, but on making a trial trip, found it altogether unmanageable, on account of the rapidity of the current.

On reaching the middle of the river, and seeing how far they had drifted down stream, they began to fear they might not be able to land, and abandoning the raft, swam ashore. It was then determined to calk a wagon bed, and use it as a boat. All of the other wagons were also taken apart, and with their contents put on board this *boat* and paddled across. It was of course slow, tedious work, and I am unable to say, what a great number of times of going over and back was required to get all across. The entire day was thus consumed, and when night came there was yet much to be taken over, while a guard had to be left on the eastern bank in charge of the stuff. The mules and horses were driven into the river and swam over; but as on some previous occasions, they could not be got to enter the water until a horse had first been taken across, and placed in full view upon the opposite bank. They struggled hard to land where their model had been posted, but the current swept many to a landing far below. Two stout men propelled the boat with paddles, and they were compelled to use them with dexterity, in order to reach a point selected, a quarter of a mile below on the west shore. "Old" Smith and Sweigler did most of this paddling, for they are Titans of all work.

A company under one Captain Winters was about through with the labor of crossing when we began, but at a point further down the stream. Some of our party made inquiry as to their mode of getting across, but the noble Winters forbade the person questioned to impart any information. We were not long in leaving this man, with all his secrated wisdom, far in our rear.

It is a pleasing thought, that however frequent are the instances of such petty selfishness in the world at large, such types of the genus hominum are rare in these parts.

We learned that our friend, Captain Paul, spent three days in crossing Green River, and lost two loads of stuff by his boat upsetting. The Delaware company reached the river about noon. Of their forty-nine men, eighteen are sick.

Our sick folks are all improving, rejoicing too, in a beautiful day, the weather having moderated and become pleasant. We had rain about dusk, but only for a brief time.

Among the notable incidents of the day, is one in reference to our old friend, Dr. Miller. This gentleman, who with his son Jonas, and two German servants, joined our company a few weeks since, was so unfortunate as to lose an axletree from the boat while crossing, thus rendering his wagon totally useless, a circumstance which claims for him our greatest sympathy. The lost piece might have been recovered by swimming after it, as "Old" Smith was about doing, had not the Doctor, with perhaps too much paternal regard for his son, a strapping youth of twenty, called out, "Don't risk your life, Jonas; (a thing Jonas had no thought of doing) let some of the men go in." The amount of effort to save the axletree after this speech may be imagined. The old gentleman became greatly enraged at his loss, and the more so as he now saw that it might have been averted, and he demanded the instant delivery of his wagon bed, which happened to be the one we were using as a boat. There was, however, an utter refusal to comply with this demand until we should be entirely through with its use, especially as it could be no longer serviceable to him, and he was thus given time to cool off. The Doctor purchased Buchanan's wagon and joined another company, the fourth with which he has been connected since leaving Missouri. Many were sorry when this parting took place, for we had little enough to enliven us, and the Doctor had hitherto proved a constant source of diversion. Being of the size and proportions in general of Pickwick, there were other points of resemblance to the character made famous by Dickens. Irritable, however, and easily excited, it was but natural that on such a journey as this he should find frequent opportunities to fret and get his blood up. In spite of his proportions he was both active and energetic, drove his own wagon in person, and in general contrived to take the lead in the train. His German servants usually walked alongside the team to attend commands which he gave from time to time; as to hitch a loose trace chain, lock a wheel, or to lead the forward mules through a bog. Such service, he seemed to think, was all they were fitted for. For a trifling sum he had engaged them to drive and cook, and to work for him one year in California, but so thick-headed had he found them that he despaired of teaching them anything useful.

A sketch of the Doctor crossing a stream would have been a good subject for the pencil of a Cruikshank. If the lead mules showed indisposition to enter the water, George would be called on to take hold of a bridle and lead the way, and during the entire time of crossing the old man would be excited to the liveliest pitch, shouting "Gee, George! Gee, George!" with all his might, and between calls puffing and blowing like a porpoise, his red face and distended cheeks betokening the furious flames that raged within; and all the while the stream, perhaps, would be scarce above the knees of the mules. The onlookers on such occasions enjoyed the scene amazingly, and without the least danger of being discovered while indulging in laughter, so intent was the Doctor in the serious business he had in hand. The deadheads from Fatherland—so it was said—were obliged to be up long before the camp was stirring each morning, and to have the mules harnessed and in readiness for the first call to move, and it was even slanderously reported that the Doctor did not permit them to sleep.

Taking advantage of the abundance of timber about us, we had a great, roaring fire, one that had been started by an Indian camp, which, to all appearances, had occupied this spot for several days, as the number of lodge poles, worn out moccasins, and other debris of camp life which lay around denoted. The entire company gathered about this fire, as the huge, blazing logs were sufficient for all. Being cook for the day, I regaled our mess and a host of invited and uninvited guests with bean soup. Seated on logs around the fire, there was music in the crackling timbers, heaped upon it from time to time to freshen it, such as had not saluted our ears for many a day.

While upon guard in the night our mules again stampeded, running to the camp of the Delaware company, and we were obliged to leave them there until morning. The Utah Mountains were in sight all day.

Distance, seven miles; total from Independence, one thousand and twenty-four miles.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM GREEN RIVER TO SALT LAKE.

THURSDAY, June 14th.—We are now within the lines of the vast territory ceded only eighteen months prior to this by Mexico to the United States by treaty, a sequence of the late war, and of eighteen and a half millions of dollars paid to the vanquished nation; the latter fact one highly creditable to our government, since it is too often the practice for victors to help themselves free of cost. And what a magnificent acquisition alone is embraced within the limits of California—already thought to be inestimable in its treasures; and what boundless stores of wealth, too, may be hidden in these mountains through which we journey, although rocks and wild sage as yet are the only surface indications, while the territory, moreover, is sufficient for the seat of a mighty empire, with rocky fastnesses so capable for defense—these towering heights on the east, the Sierras and coast range on the west, while the Pacific ocean itself, an insuperable barrier, is at the same time a highway for commerce as well.

The possession of this territory is a result of the annexation of Texas, accomplished during the administration of the slimy, slippery, snake-like John Tyler, the intention being to enlarge the area of slave territory. In the war which followed I was anxious to participate, and became a volunteer, not from any standpoint of principle, but doubtless like many others, simply to follow the flag and take part in the fight, but the government could not accommodate all who would make proof of their patriotic ardor, and I was among the excess. Looking down the stream of time we see how the slaveholders were circumvented in their efforts to carve out States for the propagation of their idea. How while demagogues like Stephen A. Douglas were attempting to make political capital by such arts as "popular sovereignty," and Buchanan and his cabinet—a nest of traitorous vipers—sought to hand over to the rebels almost one-half of the States included in the Union, the grand army of the North, under the lead of Lincoln, Grant and Sherman, settled more questions than ever were designed at the outset, not only rescuing this territory from slavery forever, but wiping out slavery itself.

Green River is not the exact line between what was our own and Mexican territory, but it is close to it, the line proper being a few miles to the east of it. And I recall, too, the fact that that line was the western boundary of the vast territory called Louisiana ceded to our government by France in 1803, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico northwestwardly to the Pacific ocean, including much which on our maps is marked "unexplored desert." Whilst no admirer of Thomas Jefferson, I cannot but admit that to two acts in his political career he is deserving of grateful remembrance on the part of his countrymen, but it seems questionable which of these entitle him most to a place in the temple of fame—the part which he took in the preparation of the Declaration of Independence, or that in securing by purchase the Louisiana territory; in giving birth to the land of liberty, or in prolonging its life. Were the Mississippi to-day in possession of a foreign power, how uncertain would be the tenure of our national life. And, gentle reader, did you ever think of it, how far America is responsible for the overturning of Europe by Napoleon, since she poured into the coffers of France sixty millions of francs for this territory of Louisiana. This, whilst but a drop in the bucket, for the purpose to which it was applied, and a sum altogether insignificant when contrasted with the superabundant wealth of to-day, or the vastness of the territory we obtained, was, nevertheless, at the time esteemed serviceable in securing what the great soldier considered essential in obtaining the favor of Providence—the most men and the biggest cannon.

But to turn to matters more immediately connected with the adventures I am relating. By noon we finished ferrying, and by three o'clock, having put our wagons together and reloaded them, we moved onward. Again had a heavy frost overspread the ground in the early morning, and the air was biting cold. Our road led over a broken, barren prairie, covered with sand and gravel, and at some distance from the river, to which we again returned about dusk, making our camp beside it. Distance, eight miles.

FRIDAY, June 15th.—A journey of six hours brought us at ten o'clock to Black's fork, a tributary of Green River, where we made our morning halt. This stream is about forty yards wide and three feet deep, with a rapid current. Dense thickets of willows lining its banks afforded us fuel, but the smoke which arose was of the blinding sort, and brought many tears to the tender eyes of the cook. Our route from Green River lay over a barren ridge, having sand bluffs on either hand worn into grotesque shapes. In crossing a ravine Stewart's mess broke the tongue of their wagon; temporary repairs being made they were enabled to proceed.

Continuing down Black's fork, in a few miles we struck one of its tributaries, Ham's fork. By measurement we ascertained that to ford it without damaging the goods in our wagons, it was necessary to elevate their beds a few inches; and further to aid in crossing we were obliged to use ropes, these being fastened to the forward axles, and carried to the opposite shore; while with others tied to the mules in the lead they were kept from being borne down stream by the rapid current. In all this we succeeded admirably, although at the outset we feared that we should be necessitated to ferry across as at Green River.

Stewart and a number of others were unwell from overwork at Green River. In every wagon, excepting ours, there are invalids stretched out. Mr. McBride is recovering, and more rapidly than had been expected, from the injury received in being run over. Though still on crutches, he can ride his horse, and assist in camp and other labors.

Our evening camp was near the ford. Mosquitoes and gnats gave much annoyance. Distance, twenty-five miles.

Saturday, June 16th. — Two of our mess, being on the last watch of the night, cooked for us a kettle of dried buffalo meat soup, and a pot of coffee for breakfast. The coffee was excellent, but what adjective shall describe the soup! The brimstone pot of Dotheboy's Hall, of which we are told Oliver Twist "cried for more," must have been in a greater degree appetizing. It had a flavor as of assafœtida, which possibly is used in curing the beef, and was quite unctuous. As to masticating the meat when boiled, an attempt upon gutta percha would have the promise of greater success.

In crossing a small tributary of Black's fork, called Muddy Creek, ropes had again to be used in lowering the wagon down the precipitous banks, in helping to guide the mules, and in pulling to the level of the opposite side. From this stream water was carried for our evening camp. High winds prevailed through the day, raising clouds of dust and sand; night cold. Distance, twenty-five miles.

SUNDAY, June 17th.—An hour or so before noon we came to Fort Bridger, situated on Black's fork, at the foot of the Utah Mountains, which loom up grandly above the beautiful fertile valley surrounding this trading post, one of the most attractive spots thus far seen. Jogging on in advance of the train, by the time the wagons came up I had made an inspection of the fort besides taking a rest. There are several log buildings, surrounded by a high picket fence, and having a heavy wooden entrance gate. The owners of the fort are Major James Bridger, an old mountaineer, who for the past thirty years has been engaged in trading with Indians about the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia Rivers, and Colonel Vasquez, whom we met beyond the South Pass, as already related. In company with Mr. Scully I visited several of the apartments of the fort, among others the rooms occupied by the families of the proprietors, through which we were conducted by Mrs. Vasquez, who entertained us in an agreeable and hospitable manner, notably by inviting us to *sit upon chairs*, a situation somewhat novel, one to which for some time past we had been unaccustomed.

Opening upon a court were the rooms occupied by the Bridger family. Mr. Bridger, with a taste differing from that of his partner, who has a white wife from the States, made his selection from among the ladies of the wilderness, a stolid, fleshy, round-headed woman, not oppressed with the lines of beauty. Her hair was intensely black and straight, and so cut that it hung in a thick mass upon her broad shoulders. In a corner of Mrs. Bridger's room was a churn filled with butter milk, and dipping from it with a ladle formed from a gourd, Mrs. Vasquez filled and refilled our cups, which we drank until completely satisfied.

It chanced that we were enabled to repay the kindness shown by this lady without the least sacrifice on our part, a fact to be regretted. In the course of conversation, when speaking of comforts of which she was deprived, in living so far from the haunts of civilization, Mrs. Bridger mentioned the loss of a skillet lid, and her inability thus far to replace it. It was curious that it should be so, but such was the fact, we were the owners of the identical article coveted. Our skillet had been fractured and thrown away, but with that peculiar inclination which many possess, of clinging to articles that have become wholly useless, we had treasured up the skillet lid, and now in the briefest time imaginable, even before it was possible to say "Jack Robinson," it was transferred from our wagon to Mrs. Bridger's kitchen. Fifty skillet lids would not have been worth the smile which greeted us when making our presentation speech; and it was plain that it was altogether useless to attempt to get out of debt. As we turned to leave, a still further burden was laid on us, when we were given a roll of freshly churned butter, of a rich golden yellow, and glistening, as it were, with drops of dew.

In a store room of the fort was a considerable stock of buffalo robes, one of which I purchased for the sum of five dollars. It was an exceedingly fine large robe, with long silky hair, and its equal I have rarely seen. It was moreover greatly needed, as I had suffered much from exposure, when sleeping on cold, and often wet ground. Other store rooms were nearly bare of goods. In one was a keg of whiskey, a jar of tobacco, a box of clay pipes, and but little else. I should mention, however, some large pipes made of a red stone called "St. Peter's Rock," said to have been brought from the upper Mississippi, and highly esteemed by Indians. The price at which they are sold too—five dollars each—would indicate that they are accounted valuable, while Mr. Bridger informed me that there is a very ready sale for them. They are not even bored out, but simply shaped as pipe bowls are, and thus sold.

The mule on which I had ridden to the fort would not suffer me to approach it with the buffalo robe, but jumped about frantically, and at length broke the lariat with which I had fastened it, and ran off. A friend having a sensible horse came to my rescue, and carried the robe to camp.

Our company, from a common fund, purchased a steer from Mr. Bridger, paying for it twenty dollars. Shooting it forthwith, it was butchered and divided among the several messes. All seemed to think that the meat was more tender, juicy and sweeter than beef which they had been accustomed to eat; circumstances however, might give color to imagination, particularly long deprivation from the use of fresh meat. Its flavor assuredly was somewhat wild, as that peculiar to animals of the plains, and except that it was less coarse in grain, resembled buffalo meat.

We learned at the fort that Captain Paul, who is in the lead of all emigrant parties, is but thirty-six hours in advance of us. He did not take the route via Sublette's cut-off, but coming hither by the old and more familiar way, followed from this point the Oregon trail, going northward via Fort Hall.

Our route in the afternoon led over some minor elevations or foot hills of mountains, and it was pleasant to be passing in sight of pines and cedars, and having in prospect what is foremost among the joys of the emigrant—good camp fires.

We met several Mormons *en route* for Green River, where they intend establishing a ferry. About six o'clock we encamped beside a small mountain stream.

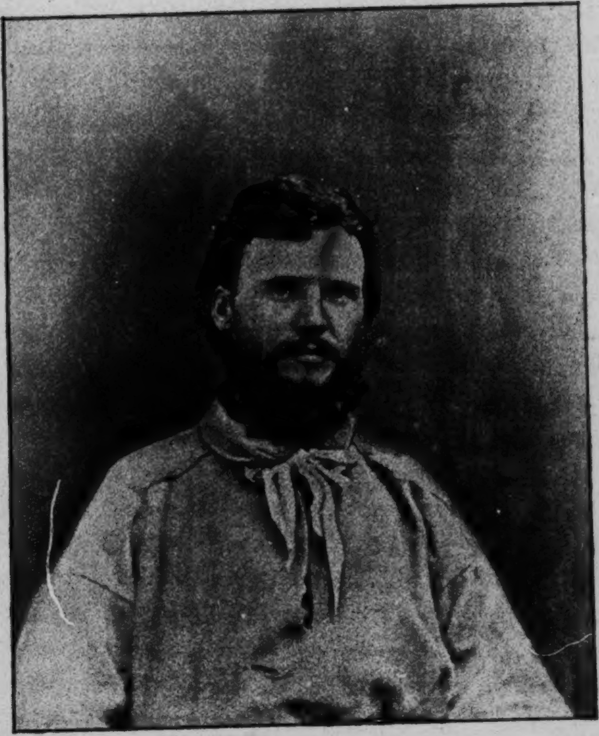
Mr. Washington informed me this evening of his intention to leave our mess on account of differences which he had with some members of it. I was greatly distressed on learning this and could scarce refrain feelings of bitterness towards those who occasioned this separation.

Rain fell through a greater part of the night, and while pacing the weary rounds of a midnight watch, I experienced its chilling effects, by no means lessened by the intense blackness that lay about us. Distance, twenty-three miles.

MONDAY, June 18th.—In the narrative of his first exploring expedition, Fremont makes the observation, "from the mouth of the Kansas to the Green River Valley, west of the Rocky Mountains, there is no such thing as mountainous roads on the line of communication." And we began to realize to-day, in the elevations which lay in our path, that the limitation mentioned in the statement quoted had been reached, and what might be styled "mountainous roads," were at length reached. Night found us at Bear River, a stream forty yards in width, with a strong current, which flows into the Great Basin, and eventually empties into Salt Lake.

An emigrant train engaged in crossing Bear River at the time we reached it, lost a mule which became entangled in its harness. Cold showers of rain fell during the afternoon, and again in the evening.

Whilst taking our evening meal, Mr. Washington, who had arranged to join another mess, announced his intention of making this change, after which his words, like hot shot from a well directed battery, fell fast and heavily upon those whom he charged with making this change necessary. At the same time he made use of many kind expressions towards others of our mess from whom he was about to separate. On all sides, after he was gone, there was subdued silence, some thinking, perhaps, and on the part of certain others of us, much sadness. As in the course of this narrative I shall not again have occasion to speak of Mr. Washington, I cannot refrain here from adding a few words more. We met for the last time a few months later in Sacramento City; then years flew by in which I did not hear of him. When Grant had girdled Vicksburg, and that stronghold of the rebellion was just within his iron grasp on the landward side, and for the first time it was determined to make a simultaneous assault with the three corps of his army, at as many different points, upon the defenses of the enemy, the Fifteenth Corps, that of General Sherman, occupied the right, and in the lead of it was the battalion of the Thir-



CRAWFORD WASHINGTON.

From Daguerreotype, 1853.

teenth United States Regulars, upon whom the honor of what might be termed a forlorn hope fell. It was a desperate undertaking—no previous attempt had been made to feel the strength of the position; indeed, this was the initial siege of the investment, that of May 19th, 1863, and in the dead of night. The battalion crossed the ditch protecting the breastworks beyond, and moved steadily up the heights towards the parapet, behind which bristled the bayoneted muskets of the rebel host, when suddenly a deadly fire poured into their ranks, checking their further progress. Of the 250 composing the battalion 77 fell, and foremost in the fray was their gallant commander, who was mortally wounded and died soon after within the rebel fortifications—Captain Crawford Washington! I know, as if at his side, how quick he would have been to respond to such a call of duty; whatever danger confronted him, with steady step would he have moved forward—first of all conscious that he was right. Of the hundreds of thousands who fell in the war for the Union, in none was there a braver, nobler heart than that of Crawford Washington.

Distance, twenty-four miles.

Tuesday, June 19th.—Whatever suggestion might be derived from the calendar as to being within the influence of a summer's sun, the presence of an abundance of frost and ice about our camp gave evidence of a wintry morning. During the night Bear

River had fallen several inches, so that by a slight propping of the bolsters of each wagon it was found possible to ford the stream with no danger of wetting any goods, and all were taken across without special difficulty, although loose boulders caused the mules to stumble considerably. Some distance beyond the river an extensive marsh lay in our way, which gave us an infinite amount of trouble, and the goods of one wagon which stalled completely, had to be carried across.

Our noon camp was at Yellow Creek, on one side of which was a vertical wall of sandstone, rising several hundred feet, surmounted by numerous rocky pinnacles, which at first were mistaken for pine trees, but on a nearer approach, realizing what they were, the grandeur of the scene was greatly enhanced. The fording of Yellow Creek was attended with great difficulties, as its bed and banks were miry, and in many instances the drivers were precipitated into the stream by the wheel mules stumbling. Watching these performances gave the bystanders amusement, more, it may be imagined, than to the parties immediately concerned. Each teamster, as he drew towards the treacherous bank, seemed confident of being able to avoid the difficulties which beset those preceding him, but it was often that this confidence was misplaced. Our driver, however, in not being unseated, caused more merriment than all the rest. This may have been due to the mule, a wise creature, as I have before remarked, perhaps even wise enough to relish a joke. Having seen what had befallen so many other teamsters, Bagby stripped himself bare; and verily I believe the cunning mule took in the situation, for when he leaped into the saddle and cracked his whip, it moved forward with a firmness and steadiness of tread which no mule that ever existed could have exceeded, never showing the slightest disposition to stumble. Every man, including of course those who had been drenched in taking these involuntary baths, was convulsed with laughter, and the very mountains seemed to shake, as catching the loud peals they prolonged them in repeated echoes.

Late in the day, descending from a considerable elevation to the valley of Echo Creek, we encamped nigh that stream. Here we were hemmed in by great mountain walls, grand and picturesque. High up in ravines, and in the crevices of rocks, cedars were growing, but they were difficult to reach, as we found when scaling the precipitous walls in search of fuel. Far above us, among the cliffs where they had their nests, hawks or eagles were flying about, and like ourselves, probably making preparations for the night. On a prominent peak, some distance up the valley, we saw trees burning, fired by Indians, and perhaps for no other reason than to witness the effect of the illumination. After night-fall, as we watched the flames shooting upward, it was to us as well, a weird and startling spectacle. Early in the morning we had rain; through the day cold winds blew, but the evening was calm and pleasant. Distance, twenty miles.

WEDNESDAY, June 20th.—Echo Creek valley, in general not over a hundred yards wide, but in places not much wider than the stream coursing through it, which seldom measured more than a dozen feet, with a depth scarce reaching two feet, winds about in every direction. Its mountain walls rising precipitously a thousand feet or more, are bare from base to summit, excepting when in some occasional crevice a gnarled cedar or stunted pine juts forth; while at its feet here and there in confused masses lie vast heaps of great rocks which have been hurled from the crags in dizzy heights above. Scenes as these, combining what in nature are esteemed grandest and most sublime, fail to inspire the traveler with a proper degree of appreciation, whose path is so constantly beset with difficulties as are here found. Twenty-eight times in the course of the day the stream had to be crossed, and it would be wearisome to relate a tithe of the troubles encountered. We had, too, a constant struggle with marshes. The creek was fringed densely with willows, bushes of wild currants, and wild roses, the latter in bloom, beside other pleasing shrubbery; and to improve the road where most needed, we kept a party of pioneers in advance cutting brush to throw in the way, so that our pathway was literally one of roses, and figuratively as well, one also of thorns.

In passing a wagon stalled in mire, the owner of which, a "down easter," lay inside, I heard him call to the driver, "Put the string to Lousy." Now I knew that by "Lousy" was meant a mule, which, it was reported, could scratch its ears with the hoofs of its hinder legs, but who, outside the land of wooden nutmegs, could have guessed that by "string" was meant the whip?

In the latter part of the day we came to the mouth of a canon, through which Echo Creek finds its way to Weber River, into which it discharges. As there was no room in the narrow passage for the road, it followed up over a high ridge, then down into Weber Valley and at length to the ford of that stream. Like mountain streams in general, we found Weber River in haste to get to some point lower down, where it might enjoy itself in leisure. It was from thirty to forty yards in width, and approaching three feet in depth. By a slight elevation of the wagon beds as at Bear River, we ascertained that the wagons could be got over without damage to their contents, and the crossing was begun at once. To prevent both teams and wagons being borne down stream by the rapid current, ropes had to be used from the opposite shore. Carrying an end of this rope to be again used, after each wagon had gotten across, was attended with considerable peril, as I ascertained by experience, for as in the form of a bow it lay on the surface of the stream, its great resistance to the current almost dragged me from my saddle. Had I been pulled into the stream my only hope of escape from drowning would have been in clinging to the rope until drawn ashore. Two hours were consumed in crossing, when, passing through a wide belt of cottonwood trees, we encamped about dusk.

An emigrant train, Lafferty's, to which we caught up at the ford of Bear River, we left behind at Echo Creek this morning. Distance, thirty miles.

THURSDAY, June 21st. — The real troubles of mountain climbing began with this day. From Weber River the road led over a succession of elevations, and our morning camp was made on a small, shallow stream, Canon Creek, which we crossed ten times, but with no particular difficulty. For the remainder of the day our struggles were without cessation. The trail led up a ravine, quite narrow and precipitous, down which coursed a stream of no great proportions, but altogether sufficient to occasion difficulties which at times seemed impossible to overcome. The mire in places was of ascertained depth, in others it appeared fathomless. Occasionally the rivulet was confined to a narrow space, and again it overspread the entire pass, and it had washed out and left bare rocks and boulders which clogged our way, through and over which mules and wagon wheels had to be pulled or lifted constantly. Thus in labors inconceivable, and altogether indescribable, we toiled up the well nigh inaccessible heights of the Wahsatch, or Utah range, while the day wore on, and night found both men and beasts weary and worn. Our night camp was in the ravine, and never before had the men, mules and wagons been so closely huddled together, for on either side we were hemmed in by precipitous walls. Up these walls, while the evening meal was in course of preparation, all of the men not thus engaged scrambled to points on the mountain side, where with common case knives, hunting knives, or whatever else in the cutlery line could be had, they cut grass and carried it to the mules below. The mountains were well timbered with pine and fir trees, so that each camp fire blazed with unusual brilliance.

A further misfortune befell my already much depleted wardrobe this evening. Before going on guard, I put on a complete suit of dry clothing, and placed those taken off by the fire, as they had become soaked with water while wading in the pass. Returning at the end of my watch, I was at once saluted by the odor of singed wool and burnt leather. A pair of corduroy pants were scorched, but only sufficient to affect their appearance, a little browner about the knees—a matter of no consequence. A pair of socks had some unnecessary additional openings, but with the judicious use of strings such rents were easily healed. A real loss, however, was that of a pair of boots, burned to a crisp. These had been made specially for this journey, and had been worn but a few times, and although not shoeless, I had none for change when change ought to be made. This new mishap revives the recollections of my sad experience in laundry work at Deer Creek; but it is not best to dwell on the petty annoyances of life, when it has its better and brighter phases, which let sunlight down into the soul, or can at least drive off dull care. Let us turn to one of these, fresh at hand. While returning from guard duty I met Mr. Harper, belonging to the succeeding watch, and, being aware that as corporal I carried a time piece, he requested the loan of it. Having, however, borrowed it, I of course was unable to comply with his wish, and telling him so, at the same time inquired why he should desire it when Mr. Washington and not himself was corporal of the squad. "O, don't you know," he replied, "that Washington carries no watch, and says he can keep time by the stars, but"—and here he made use of a certain expletive consisting of two d's with a dash between them, "if I stand any starlight watches, and he ain't going to experiment in astronomical chronometry at my expense, so I'll go to bed"—and to bed he went. Distance, twenty miles.

Friday, June 22d.—The difficulties of this morning's journey were similar to those of yesterday. In three hours we reached the summit, crowned with noble firs, straight and lofty, and from it obtained a glimpse of the great Salt Lake, about forty miles distant. In making the descent of the western slope of the mountain we experienced many difficulties, though of entirely different character from those of the ascent. Holding back took the place of pulling and pushing. Man power, even more than mule power, was called into exercise. The road was a narrow passage cut through the forests, and wound about considerably to overcome the declivity. In places ropes were used to great advantage; fastened to the rear axles of the wagons, and then coiled about trees on the wayside, the descent of the heavy vehicles was in this way checked and controlled.

The tongue of the wagon belonging to our mess struck against a stone or stump, and was badly shivered. Repairing the damage by binding the fractured parts with ropes detained us so long, that when we reached camp no time could be allowed us to cook our morning meal, beyond making a pot of coffee. This fact, however, gave us no particular uneasiness, for long habit in going without breakfast until after a march of several hours had been accomplished, had taught us to keep in check the cravings of empty stomachs by eating uncooked victuals. Nor had we been long in learning that a slice of raw bacon laid upon "hard tack," (pilot-bread,) did more than satisfy hunger, it was something which all greatly relished. In the afternoon we renewed our experience of unpacking a wagon stalled in deep mire, and in carrying the load over the marsh on our backs. It was a wagon of Stewart's mess that met with this mishap, and he was not a little angry that all of his associates had ridden on in advance of the train, so that the labor referred to had to be performed by those not immediately concerned. Now it happened that in a corner of the wagon which stalled there was a small cask containing some rye whiskey, greatly prized by the owners as being the only surviving spirits in the entire train. To encourage those who came to his assistance, and, it may be, to punish his derelict friends, Stewart first of all ordered this keg to be taken out, tapped, and its contents distributed. I have previously remarked how implicitly his orders are obeyed; the present occasion was no exception, and the empty, hollow sound which in a brief time proceeded from the cask was proof that the job was complete, and that any future tapping would be barren of results. The supernatural power of alcoholic stimulants is a matter well understood, but I doubt if ever there was a more remarkable manifestation of it than on this occasion. Had old Atlas revealed his presence beside that wagon while it was being unloaded, more than one pair of arms would have been uplifted to remove the globe from off his shoulders, and it would have been thought a small matter to have supplanted him in toting it about.

Towards evening, from an elevation where we made our camp for the night, we saw at the distance of a few miles the Mormon settlement, and still further off, perhaps twenty miles, having the resemblance of a sea of molten silver, and reflecting from its bosom the rays of the setting sun, we beheld the American Dead Sea—Salt Lake.

Distance, twenty miles.

SATURDAY, June 23d.—Shortly after sunrise, descending to the plain where lay the Mormon settlement, Salt Lake City, we made our camp about a mile to the north of it.

Distance, four miles; total from Independence, one thousand two hundred and twenty-four miles.

CHAPTER X.

RESTING AT SALT LAKE.—THE MORMONS.

SATURDAY, June 23d, continued.—We had anxiously looked forward to reaching this place, where in addition to having much needed repairs done to the wagons, both men and animals could enjoy relaxation from severe toils, and recruit strength for others yet in store. Two days, it was thought, would be sufficient for these ends.

We were not long in discovering that the good people of the town made our coming the occasion for a holiday. Scarcely were our tents pitched and the mules let loose on the plains to look out for themselves, than a goodly company of men, women and children gathered about us, and salutations of welcome were extended. The accounts previously received concerning Mormons, especially while we had been in Missouri, had not led to the formation of favorable opinions in our minds, and an opportunity now seemed opening up to us by which, to some extent, we might be able either to confirm or revise these reports. If it were at all possible to base a correct opinion upon the intercourse had with many of them during our brief stay, it would only be just to say that we found ample reason to doubt the truth of much that has been said against them. That their leaders are bad, unprincipled men there can be no question, but the masses, their victims, are rather to be pitied than denounced. That polygamy exists among them, and to a considerable extent, it is to be feared, cannot be successfully denied—there being too many proofs to render a verdict of acquittal. On the other hand their carefully cultivated farms and gardens spoke well for them. The neatness of their cottages, the excellent fences surrounding them, the numerous channels cut from the mountains, and down through the streets of the town, for supplying a plentiful, convenient and healthful supply of pure water to every house, as well, too, for the irrigation of their lands; these, and many other things that might be mentioned, bore evidence alike of their industry and thrift, and might it not be also added, of their good conduct, for such are not the ordinary tokens of an idle, depraved, ill-doing people. And it should further be borne in mind that this was but the second year of their sojourn in this valley, scarce two years having passed since they sought refuge here from persecution.*

So far as our observation extended, they were destitute of many of the ordinary comforts found among even the poorer classes in the States. Beyond question there were more groceries in any wagon of our train than could be found in the entire settlement, excepting doubtless the harems of Brigham Young, and those of the other church dignitaries.

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* The date of their arrival is July 24, 1847.

What we learned as to their cultivation of the soil seemed marvelous, and greatly to their credit. But while their farms had yielded well, they yet lacked much to meet their ordinary wants. They had given considerable attention to raising cattle, but as yet had no beef to eat. Of but a single article could it be said there was an abundance—cheese, and this and butter were all they had to offer did any one desire to barter with them. The prospect as to crops, they claimed, was excellent, but they greatly feared a drain which would be occasioned by a large emigration then expected from England, which for a time might seriously affect them.

One lady begged a handful of coffee, saying that in two years she had not tasted that beverage. Another asked for as much as would make a cupful for a sick friend. She of Syro-Phœnicia, we thought, was scarce more modest or humble in her asking. Many other requests showed less of modesty, but those asking least usually fared best. So far as we felt able we distributed groceries among them, but, of course, this could only be done to a very limited extent, while painfully regretting our inability to do more. The things which they possessed in abundance, butter, cheese, milk and buttermilk, were excellent, and to us, of course, great dainties, upon which we luxuriated, putting no restraint upon eager appetites, and as a consequence there were some cases of sickness, which, for want of a better name, we set down as Mormon fever.

Among the numerous callers were women who sought to do laundry work for us. These hit the nail fairly on the head, for we had each a tubful, and every angel of them, for as such we regarded them, got a job. In due season the garments were returned carefully washed and ironed, and all done up neatly in handkerchiefs pinned at the four corners, nice as could be—nice as women only could! After paying his score to a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked damsel who brought him his clothes, one of the boys was so captivated that he declared himself almost ready to embrace——the Mormon faith.

Among the earliest of our visitors was one named Sly, who, during the Mexican war, had served in the Mormon battalion in General Kearney's "Army of the West" from the date of its leaving Fort Leavenworth until peace was declared, at which time this battalion was stationed in Upper California. He had assisted in the erection of the famous sawmill at Coloma, for Captain Sutter, when Marshall, with whom he was acquainted, made the famous discovery of gold. Mr. Sly, moreover, had dug gold himself, and it was quite a novelty, especially as he was the first example of a California gold digger our eyes had beheld, to hear a man talk who had seen the shining dust and had actually handled it! He was on this account, to many of us therefore, much above ordinary mortals; while in other respects, especially in possessing a varied stock of information, he was found to be exceedingly companionable. A still further interest was felt in Mr. Sly from his statement that on leaving California and coming to this valley, he and his companions had taken a different route across the Sierra Nevada than the one usually traveled, and found it shorter and better. On learning this he was invited to accompany us. After some parleying, Mr. Sly, who had already intentions of returning to California, agreed to accept the invitation upon condition that we would also take with us his father-in-law. So modest a request as this we could not but accede to. Had he proposed instead that we take with us his mother-in-law we might have hesitated, for according to prevailing rumors every male Mormon has from a half dozen to a score of wives, and there is a possibility that with each there may be a mother-in-law. In respect to this matter of a plurality of wives, Mr. Sly, as do Mormons in general, denies it with much earnestness, charging this as a base slander upon the saints.

Stewart agreed to take Sly in his mess, and his father-in-law was quartered on the train at large, the several messes agreeing to accommodate him in turn.

Two messes, Blakey's and Webster's, concluded to abandon their wagons, and to proceed from this point with pack-mules. The wagon of the latter was unfit to go farther, whilst Lieutenant Blakey had given heed to stories afloat that wagons had never as yet crossed the Sierras, and that to do so was an impossibility!

The temperature of this day, thought to be 90 degrees or more, was higher than that experienced at any time previous on this journey, and although there was less exertion than usual, the suffering from heat was greater. We digged a well for water, as there was none within convenient distance. It was found at a depth of less than three feet, but so strongly alkaline as to be scarce fit for use.

Part of the day was devoted to personal adornment. Beards which for a long season had been strangers to razors, were shorn, while hair cutting was among the fine arts practiced. White linen took the place of blue checks, and fustian and corduroy, for the time being, gave way to broadcloth and cassimere. Nor were pedal extremities neglected, for although blacking could not be indulged in, wheel grease was used as a substitute. Thus rigged out there was readiness for attendance at church on the morrow, and there might be suspicion that among the things in contemplation was the capture of the hearts of some of the fairer portion of Mormondom.

SUNDAY, June 24th.—This morning, for the purpose of bathing, a number of us visited a warm spring, one of the principal attractions of the valley, and a possession of great value to the settlement. The rock basin into which the spring empties had been hollowed out to a size sufficient to allow a dozen or more persons to bathe at one time. Close to the fissure from whence the stream issued the water was so hot that only for a few seconds were we able to hold our hands in it, but at a short distance off it was of an agreeable temperature for bathing. A cloud of vapor hung continually over the pool, and for some rods follows the little stream formed by the outflow. Whilst there we met several men and children bathing, and learned that they visited it with great frequency. The Mormons, we were told, have great faith in the efficacy of the spring for healing, and as a panacea for diseases in general. By a regulation of the church, which governs matters secular as well as spiritual, on Tuesdays and Fridays women only are allowed to bathe here, and the men on the other days of the week. I remained about fifteen minutes in the water, and for about an hour after coming out felt a sickening sensation, not an unusual effect, I was told, but one which can be avoided by bathing before sunrise or after sunset.

It was near ten o'clock when we left the spring and started for the town, to be present at the church service. On our way a deep-toned bell began to ring, calling the worshipers together. About the center of the village, in an open lot, we found a large congregation sitting on rough benches, and altogether unprotected from the intense heat of the sun. Tying our mules to posts, we made our way into the midst, finding seats near the front. Devotional feelings, it may as well be confessed, were not the first to take possession of us; for how could this be, when almost famished for a sight of bonnets and calicoes, we found ourselves afloat, as it were, in a very sea of them. On the bench where we sat, and just at my side, was a young woman with remarkably fine features; but while considering whether it was just proper to permit our admiration to be exercised, a squeaking noise came from a bench immediately behind, and the voice of a man was heard saying: "Here, Maria Jane, Josey Smith won't keep quiet," and with this he reached over and placed in the lap of the lady under consideration a long gowned, bald-pated, snub-nosed, slobber-mouthed, wriggling, crying baby. For relief I turned at once and looked solemnly in an opposite direction. Satan, it is said, always finds work for idle hands to do, and this may be true as well of idle eyes; for only a moment after changing position they rested upon another maiden, the owner of the softest blue eyes imaginable! Upon snowiest shoulders, beautifully moulded too, rested clusters of as lustrous golden hair as ever adorned the head of woman! And there was wondrous fascination in the rounding of the chin and modeling of the ear, while magical sweetness played about her slightly parted lips; nor could any rose that ever bloomed boast of hues so bewitchingly delicate as those mantling her cheeks! Her hand, too, perfection—fingers tapering exquisitely, and blushing at their enameled tips with roseate tints, matchless as those which sea gods paint on orient shells! And if ever idolatry may claim forgiveness from being overtasked by temptations irresistible, surely there was pardon in store for the worshiper of a foot and ankle so divine! But whilst almost lost in admiration, suddenly the thought came which produced a sensation, as might be expected when the heart's blood is brought into contact with an icicle—what if some chap should put a baby in her lap; so like the other good people about, the determination came to be devout, and squaring around we gave close attention to the services.

Brigham Young, Sidney Rigdon, Orson Pratt and other holy apostles sat on an elevated platform, below and in front of which was ranged a great row of musicians who played with skill upon brass instruments, being so engaged when we entered, and for a time after. A hymn followed, the band playing an accompaniment, after which the audience composed itself in prayer, in which one of the platform saints led. Then another of the *twelve* read from a paper matters exclusively secular. It began with a list of articles lost during the week, stating where, in the event of being found, they might be deposited. Next, things which had been found were read out, and their owners were advised in what way they could recover their property. The names of the sick were announced, and those appointed to assist and nurse them. Public work was apportioned among a long list of people, there being assignments to dig ditches, drains and water courses, to grade streets, to build and repair fences, etc. Nothing was assigned women to do, and there was no mention of sewing societies. Whether this was through neglect, or a desire to place the gentler sex above work, or because of their own voluntary abandonment of the right to organize for such purposes, I did not learn. Announcement was made, too, of emigrants who in the past week had united with the saints, taking up their abode in the settlement; also, of those, ourselves included, who were temporarily in their midst, *en route* to California. After another hymn had been sung, a sermon was begun by one of the holy men on the platform.

Although anxious to hear and to see more, I found the heat of the sun, from which there was no shelter, so unendurable that I felt obliged to withdraw, and at once repaired to camp, where, under a wagon cover stretched as to form an awning, I obtained some degree of comfort.

Sitting there and looking down the valley, there was something in the surroundings reminding me of an Oriental picture in Old Testament history. Let me recall it. There, in the dim distance, with its numerous domes and minarets amid other signs of wealth, luxury and magnificence, with here and there a graceful palm tree lifting its head above the great walls encircling them, lay Sodom, dreamily reposing on the margin of the Dead Sea. In the foreground is stretched out the wide and fertile plains of Mamre, upon which is a tent, not unlike those which even to-day are the habitations of wealthier Bedouins. Near by, with tear-dimmed eyes—now resting upon the doomed city, and again lifted to heaven in earnest supplication for it—is the patriarch Abraham, who, but a short time before, as he sat in his tent door sheltered from the rays of the sun, had "entertained angels unawares," heavenly visitants, who, telling of the cry of wickedness that had gone up to heaven, announced the awful doom that awaited that city by the sea. How like in many of its physical and possibly moral aspects to that we have attempted to portray, is the scene which here confronted our gaze. Another Sodom! And beside a sea almost identical in character. Shall it ever be that for its abounding wickedness, which, by many who lay claim to a knowledge of the fact, is characterized as appalling as that of its ancient type, the terrible vengeance of heaven shall descend upon it!

About noon the sky became clouded, and there was some rumbling thunder in the distance, but the clouds moved southward, and I observed rain falling in the mountains.

News reached us that two men belonging to Captain Ransom's company had been drowned in crossing Weber River.

The setting of the sun this evening was a sight of rare magnificence. Its parting rays fell in broad streams upon the breast of the lake, the waters of which became dyed in many beautiful colors, changing at length to a sheet of golden flame. Presently old Sol dipped beneath the flood and black night drew her mantle over the deep. An hour or so later, a bright moon, with her attending host of stars, was caught in the embrace of the lake and

"held trembling there"—

but about that time Morpheus was encircling me in his arms so tight that all the planets might have been dancing quadrilles on the mountain tops, and Salt Lake have gone up to call out the figures, for all that I should have cared.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SALT LAKE TO FIRST CAMP ON HUMBOLDT RIVER.

MONDAY, June 25th.—Eight o'clock this morning found our faces once more set toward the still far off West, as we began to measure off what remained of another thousand miles. Our company was reduced to thirty-one persons, with but five wagons, owing to the separation from us of those who will continue their journey with pack-mules. In addition to Mr. Sly and his father-in-law, a young man, also a Mormon, accompanied us; the latter having two mules, one for riding upon and the other to carry his pack. The long journey yet before us, with all its toils and privations, is something not contemplated without forebodings that may be imagined; but on every hand it is felt that the rest taken has greatly refreshed us, and we are in much better condition to meet whatever is yet to be encountered.

We passed a number of farms and farm houses, and the fields of grain, while looking remarkably well, presented also a pleasing contrast to the uncultivated wastes about them. At the houses we were able to supply ourselves with milk and cheese;

for the latter we paid twelve cents per pound. In general we found good grass along the way, but there was some through which we passed, rank and wiry, full eight feet high, which proved no temptation to our animals, as in going through it they brushed it aside. Grasshoppers abounded; clouds of them filled the air, while the road was covered with them, and our wagon wheels proved as juggernauts to myriads. On some sandy flats crossed we also saw many lizards of large size, spry and sportive. Wild roses were in bloom, thistles were plentiful, and there were vast tracts covered with cacti, loudly profuse with yellow and red blossoms. We saw no trees in the valley, but the mountains, distant from us, were covered with pines. We suffered much from heat during the day, but after camping in the evening a refreshing rain visited us. Distance, twenty-five miles.

TUESDAY, June 26th.—Weber River, which we forded about a week since, again lay in our way, a more formidable stream than as previously found. After winding through the canons of the Utah Mountains, it courses through this valley on its way to Salt Lake, into which it empties. An enterprising Mormon had established himself at this point with a skiff for ferrying emigrants with their baggage across. The mules swam over, and the empty wagons were drawn across with ropes. The river was one hundred feet in width, and the mode for getting over was tediously slow, requiring several hours, as the wagons had to be unloaded and their contents boated over. Near the ferry was an old trading post, Fort Brown, now abandoned. In its vicinity was a small Mormon settlement, the last outpost of civilization to be met with. A mile or so beyond the river we crossed one of its tributaries, Ogden Creek, the miry roads in the neighborhood of which gave us a vast amount of trouble. In the afternoon we passed the company of the amiable Winters, who at Green River cruelly denied us information as to his mode of crossing that stream, and has since threatened, because we found it convenient to go past where he lay encamped, that rather than again suffer such an indignity, he would "kill every d——d mule in his train." Whether what he threatened was ever carried into execution we never learned, but fear it may have been, as we did not again see or hear of him.

We met a number of Ute Indians, and with them one of the Digger tribe. It was curious that this gentleman should be so far from his home, two hundred or more miles westward, but it was pleasant to behold these brethren dwelling together in unity. May be the Digger had no such notion, and did have uneasiness of mind as to the security of his scalp. To the heat of the day was added the discomfort of mosquitoes. Distance, fifteen miles.

Wednesday, June 27th.—A number of boiling springs were passed this morning, and all saline. In crossing a small stream our wagon upset. Some of its contents got wet, but no great damage resulted. Mr. Kincaid, who had not fully recovered from indisposition brought on by an overdose of cheese at the settlement, was lying in the wagon and received an unexpected bath. He expresses satisfaction generally, as to his hospital, but is not partial to the cold water treatment. Encamping before sundown the opportunity was afforded of drying the articles which had become wet by the upsetting. The most serious loss was that of a number of daguerreotypes belonging to different members of the mess. These were totally destroyed, not a vestige remaining of lineaments traced by the sun on the polished plates.

We were joined to-day by a man named Scarborough, a genuine specimen of frontiersman from the wilds of Arkansas. He had two mules, one to ride, the other to carry his pack. His course, thus far, had been quite circuitous. Leaving Fort Smith with a large company intending to follow the Gila River route, on reaching Santa Fe information was obtained that the Colorado was so swollen that it could not be safely crossed, and much delay might be expected. To avoid this difficulty Scarborough and some others turned northward via Bent's Fort and Fort Laramie. Lately he had traveled alone. Distance, twenty-five miles.

Thursday, June 28th.—A march of four hours brought us at eight o'clock to Bear River, the same stream which, with much difficulty, we had forded in the Utah range, but now become of greater magnitude, much swollen, and with a rushing current hastening to its outlet at Salt Lake. Fortunately we had succeeded in inducing the man who aided us in crossing Weber River to bring hither his boat, and again by the use of it were ferried across as at that stream. But in making the passage most of the day was consumed, and our evening camp was made on its northern bank. In swimming the mules across we had been obliged to remove their lariats for fear of them becoming entangled, and many, when across, finding themselves in possession of so much freedom, showed considerable reluctance to be again brought within restraint, and much time was consumed before the refractory ones suffered the ropes to be again adjusted to their necks. Our driver, well mounted, showed much dexterity in slinging the lasso in true Mexican style, and succeeded in capturing those that gave most trouble.

The discovery was made to-day that our medicine chest had suffered considerably by the recent upsetting of the wagon. Many of the drugs had been compounded in a way unknown to pharmacists by being spilled and running together promiscuously. From this occurrence a suggestion was derived that inasmuch as each phial contained a specific for some one form of disease, that the combination might prove a remedy for all that flesh is heir to—a balm for every wound.

Pets and pests of various kinds infested our evening camp. Lizards were numerous, and horned frogs, which we supposed belonged only to more southern latitudes; mosquitoes, quite vicious in their attacks, and sand ants, the bites of which were quite painful. Distance, twelve miles.

Friday, June 29th.—The morning watch, to which I belonged, by direction called the camp at three o'clock. But much of the gain which this early start should have given was lost in making an experiment. The regular trail led over some hills which it was attempted to avoid, and we encountered a marsh of considerable extent, terminating in a ditch-like stream, thus learning, perhaps, why it was that the road led over instead of around the elevations. In getting across the little stream it was found better to unhitch the teams and drive them to some good pasture beyond, while the contents of the wagons were carried over on the backs of the men. An empty wagon placed in the bed of the stream served as a bridge. When the portaging was ended the wagons were pulled over with ropes. A preparatory work to the accomplishing of all this was the cutting away a dense jungle of willows and reeds lining the banks of the creek, when with picks and shovels the precipitous banks were reduced to a proper grade. During the day the only water found was alkaline. Of this there was no lack, and our evening camp was beside a stream which had all the bitterness of Marah.

Our former companions, Blakey's mess, with pack-mules caught up and encamped beside us. Rain fell in the night. Distance, twenty-one miles.

SATURDAY, June 30th.—As on yesterday, the small hours of morning found us on the move. Not long after starting we entered a valley extending southwardly toward Salt Lake, an arm of which was in view. Hensely Spring was reached about eight o'clock, and beside it we breakfasted. It was a pleasure once again to find water both fresh and cool.

Whilst gathered around our mess table, our old friend, Dr. Miller, who accompanies Blakey's mess, paid us a visit. The venerable gentleman was as Pickwickian as ever, his corporal proportions still abundant, notwithstanding the worries hourly met with in endeavors to keep the "Dutch" usefully employed. Unshaken in his belief of the efficacy of early rising, we learned that his efforts in behalf of Sam and George are never relaxed, in the hope that they may profit by this branch of his creed.

A sight rare of late was a small cluster of trees, cedars, which we passed. Wild sage and greasewood abound, and in general furnish us with fuel. Towards evening we were visited by a hail storm, followed by a drenching rain, and this again by winds. Our night camp was beside the Twin Springs, excellent water. Not expecting to be thus favored, we had brought in casks an ample supply from a stream crossed in the afternoon, called Deep Creek. Distance, thirty-two miles.

SUNDAY, July 1st.—The trail led through the valley of Cashire Creek, a stream twice crossed, the steep and miry banks of which called into exercise every expedient of our skilled wagoners, hallooing, whip cracking, and cursing—of course—besides pushing, pulling, etc. The valley lay between mountains of considerable altitude. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

MONDAY, July 2d.—During the morning's march a cold, pitiless rain assailed us. Once more Cashire Creek was crossed. About noon we struck the old Oregon trail, being the continuance of that from which we diverged in the valley of Green River, and which leads past Fort Hall. Near the point where the two roads meet were some peaks called the Three Towers, conspicuous objects, which, under different circumstances, would have merited our admiration. But almost under their shadow we met three men whose presence was as unexpected as if they had been apparitions. They were riding in advance of a train some distance back on the Oregon road, to which they belonged; and it was one we had passed long since, eastward of the Rocky Mountains on Platte River, with no expectation of ever meeting it again. From this fact it was easy to realize that still others left in our rear might also be in advance of us, whilst we had been flattering ourselves that with the exception of Captain Paul's pack train—and even this a matter of doubt—we were in the lead of all emigrants.

The deception practiced by Vasquez, whom it will be recalled we had met at the South Pass, was now painfully apparent, his object doubtless having been to turn the tide of emigration past Fort Bridger, that he might derive profit arising from the sale of supplies. By far the most toilsome part of our journey, crossing the Utah Mountains, was a result of this manœuvre. There we encountered difficulties innumerable, of which our attempt at description falls immeasurably short of the reality. All this happened to us by listening to the advice of a stranger, rather than following that of the experienced mountaineer, Hudspeth, as we have heretofore related. The latter, Stewart, from long acquaintance, knew as thoroughly reliable, hence it is unaccountable that he should have been so ensnared by the wily Spaniard. When brought to face the facts thus forcibly revealed to him his wrath scarce knew bounds. In his fury he talked of returning to the South Pass to punish the author of this deception, but when his wrath cooled to permit his better judgment to be exercised, he announced it as his determination once again to be in the lead of every wagon train.

Passing over a mountainous range where numerous difficulties were encountered, and meanwhile crossing several small streams, toward evening we descended into a wide valley and encamped on a tributary of Lewis' Fork of Columbia River, called Goose Creek—a name very suitable as a remembrance of past folly brought to our recollection this day. On our way we passed a wagon broken down, and abandoned by its owners, a sight that awakens compassion for those who have suffered so great a misfortune. Cedar fires lighted up the camp at night, and we gathered close about them, for the mountain air was cold. The shelter of the tents, too, was not despised. Distance, twenty-five miles.

Tuesday, July 3d.—The presence of ice and frost about our camp did not suggest a July morning. The mules moved about as though their joints were penetrated by the frosted air, while adjusting the stiffened harness about them was a serious undertaking for our benumbed fingers. Along the valley of Goose Creek the road was excellent, but on leaving it and entering a gap in the mountains which led to higher elevations we encountered the usual difficulties belonging to them.

Twice during the day we passed wagons which had succumbed to the rough roads and been abandoned. One belonged to a party of six, who fortunately were able to effect arrangements with a passing train to convey their *penates* to their ultimate destination. It frequently happens that we profit by such mishaps. In one instance a broken wagon bow was replaced; in others, parts which needed to be renewed were in this way supplied. Distance, twenty-six miles.

WEDNESDAY, July 4th.—Not long since we had been anxiously looking forward to Independence day as a time to be devoted to rest, and such relief from daily toils as we could have were we at our respective homes; but the struggle confronting us to regain the coveted position of being once more in the forefront of the emigration, would not now permit of this. But as some compensation for this disappointment, the lopping off of a portion of the day towards its close, in which we could celebrate the nation's birth was now thought of. The experiences of travel were in general much as on the previous day, and when evening approached we concluded, as a result of our late cogitations, to invite our friend Harper, of Independence, whose profession as a lawyer we knew would fit him for such a duty, to deliver a suitable address. Mr. Harper, however, pleaded his inability to do justice to the occasion because of want of preparation, but after some parleying with the committee who waited on him, assented. It was an open secret soon possessed by others than those who related it, that for a day or two past the orator selected had been overheard, when he probably supposed the rocks in mountain recesses about him were his sole audience, in the delivery of patriotic bursts of eloquence. Accordingly the talk about want of preparation occasioned but little uneasiness, while the reluctant consent did not fail to elicit some smiles on the part of several who only regarded such reluctance as among the common tricks of trade indulged in not infrequently by those skilled in oratory, music, or it may be, highly clever in other matters. The address, at all events, was excellent, and much enjoyed by all present. A Fourth of July speech without some parade of the spread eagle would not be altogether just to the bird, but Mr. Harper's oration wisely discriminated in this regard. His eulogy of the immortal fifty-six signers of the Declaration was a fit tribute well put, while his reference to others engaged in the struggle which gave us freedom was just such a reminder as the American citizen needs to keep alive the fires of patriotism. After the oration all joined in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and other national songs. And this was our celebration of the "Glorious Fourth." Distance, twenty-five miles.

THURSDAY, July 5th.—Another wintry morning; frost filling the air, hanging like fringe work on the bushes, and robing the earth in ermine. While moving along we came to a very interesting boiling spring, quite sulphurous, and bubbling constantly, making a puffing sound such as might proceed from a kettle of water hung over a fire. The vapor arising from the spring hovered over the stream flowing from it, and the cloud thus suspended enabled us to trace it for a long distance as it coursed down the valley.

Wrecked wagons are becoming matters of almost too frequent occurrence to attract observation. Another was seen to-day.

About noon we reached the head waters of Humboldt, or Mary's River, the latter being the name by which it is commonly known to trappers and mountaineers. Its length is about three hundred miles, and our route follows it the entire distance. Where we struck it, it was scarcely more than a rivulet, and almost hidden from sight by the tall grass bent over it.

We passed a train which, when last seen, was wending its way along the Platte. It was, marvelous to tell, one of those slow, plodding trains which in our minds we never connect with the American idea of push; something akin to old fogyism which, sitting, as it were, on the coat-tail of progress, cries continually, "Whoa, whoa!" And yet how forcibly are we reminded of the fable of Æsop, in which the turtle outstrips the hare in the race. While we loitered in the Utah passes, and among the Mormons, this dull, plodding ox-train slowly but surely moved along Sublette's cut-off, and thus got in advance of us.

A well of considerable depth, in which were myriads of minnows that could be caught easily in our hands, was another of the curious natural objects brought within view to-day.

Taking advantage of moonlight we traveled until nine o'clock. A frosty morning, and a night in which mosquitoes were intolerably bad, were anomalies which characterized the day. At the end of my watch, two o'clock in the morning, the thought impressed me, how glorious a night—a bright moon, and stars countless as the sands on the sea-shore, keeping silent vigils over the camp; still another came to me, how glorious the hour and a half of sleep yet remaining ere the cry "Catch up" shall awake me for another day's tramp. Distance, thirty-six miles; total from Independence, one thousand four hundred and ninety-two miles.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE HEAD WATERS OF HUMBOLDT RIVER TO THE SINK.

FRIDAY, July 6th.—In descending Humboldt Valley we took a new trail, one which, while in general it follows the river, avoids much of its tortuous windings, and many fordings. The old trail crosses and recrosses the stream twenty-seven times.

In the course of the morning we passed two trains, the wagons of both drawn by mules. One came from Illinois, the other, Captain Jarold's, was from St. Louis. Later in the day others were passed. In the afternoon we met four Digger Indians, all naked, except that about their loins—in accordance with high art—they wore a covering made of the skins of wild animals. Each had suspended from a girdle at his waist a number of ground rats, resembling our common house vermin. These were already cooked without disturbance of either tails or entrails. The Digger, or Root Digger, as he is often called, inasmuch as his chief subsistence is upon roots, inhabits a region in which there is but little game that can be brought within reach of his limited skill at trapping; and while classed among the *genus hominum* it should be accounted an insult to some of the brute creation to assert that he ranks above them. Assuredly there are domestic animals not beneath him in the scale of intelligence, and nobler by far in instinct. He presents an example as to what depths of degradation mankind can descend, if not, as some might argue, from that whence climbing upward begins. In stature he is short, squat built, very stout; his head almost as round as a foot ball. His coarse, jet-black hair, long, and matted with filth, hangs down to, and rests upon massive shoulders. His features are somewhat of the negro type, nose slightly flattened and lips thick. He roams over a wide territory, infests the Sierra Nevada, and parts of the Sacramento Valley, lurks among the bushes of Mary's River, from its head to the Sink, and even amid the sandy *jornados*, which the white man so dreads to cross, he finds a congenial home. He does not, as do others of the Indian race, dwell in lodges or wigwams, but burrows in the ground, with the double object of obtaining shelter and the roots upon which he subsists. I discovered in many places, along the banks of Humboldt River, holes which had been made by these savages for the purposes named. They carry bows and arrows, but game being scarce on the plains, these weapons, I should think, can be of little service to them. Finding mule flesh appetizing, attempts at archery in this direction are at times made. For this special purpose some carry arrows with poisoned heads, and under cover of night, when it is thought safer to do so, they shoot the mules of emigrants. Although instant death is seldom the result of these arrow wounds, they are generally fatal, and when once struck the Indian follows his game for hours, or days if necessary, until the animal drops exhausted by the effects of the poisoned shaft, and then the Digger devil has a night of feasting.

It is a curious fact that with all their degradation these savages have feelings of pride. To call them "Diggers" is about equivalent to calling our colored brethren of African descent "Niggers." They scorn the name with indignation. They speak of themselves as Shoshones, (Snake Indians,) but this is a name belonging to a very different sort of people. Those of that tribe are measurably intelligent; they dress in a style very different—less sparing in the quantity of covering. They are skilled in hunting and trapping, and have altogether too much regard for their good name to allow themselves to be put on a level with Diggers. Thus it will be seen there are class distinctions, even among savages.

The Digger may have originally been a "Snake," but having become separated from that tribe, and living in a more impoverished country, pursuing other and more degraded modes of living, has sunk to his present condition, while he yet treasures the traditional name of his fathers. One of the four met to-day, approached as we rode along, and sought to tempt us with the delicious morsels of game which dangled at his girdle; but we resisted the temptation with a steadfastness which would well become us could we but meet the seductions of Satan with equal determination. Holding a roasted rat at arm's length, he brought it almost within smelling distance, but our firmness was unabated. He made signs with his teeth and tongue, that it was delicious, but we yielded not a jot. As well as he could, he expressed a desire to trade for tobacco. Procuring a plug of that article from our wagon stores, we gave it to him, but when we persisted in refusing the rat, he seemed altogether unable to comprehend on what ground a refusal could be based, and turned away vexed, we thought, that we would not accept so toothsome a bite. All the time of the interview, as I afterwards recalled with an inward smile, I had talked to the Digger as though he understood me, while he jabbered in a jargon equally unintelligible to me.

An evening meal and rest were taken at from four to six, after which we continued our journey until ten o'clock.

Excepting some sandy tracts crossed in the evening, the roads throughout the day were good, but we experienced much annoyance from blinding clouds of dust and sand stirred by winds, and assisted, too, by what the steady tramp of the mules lifted into the air. Willows along the river banks supplied us with fuel, and it was our sole dependence for water, which had to be carried for long distances, occasioning great labor, for our camps were remote from the stream. Why this should be so, may be explained. The camps of emigrants in general are made near the water, and there, in consequence, the grass — nowhere abundant — by constant cropping becomes scarce. Always on the alert to obtain the best pasture possible for the mules, Stewart therefore selects a camp site where the finest grass can be found, irrespective of the distance from water; while as a precaution for safety, he will not permit the men to be too far from the animals. The mules can readily be driven to water, while the men can supply themselves in whatever way they find best. Such theories carried into practice, while they do not accord with the comforts of the men, are by experience found to be best for all concerned.

Lying in the open air again at night was found pleasant; our blankets kept us from the dampness of the ground, but nothing kept us from sleeping. Distance, thirty-five miles.

Saturday, July 7th. — The day's journey began at day-break and continued till ten o'clock at night. A part of the way was mountainous, and a part across a plain at times covered with thick dust, and again marshy, and overspread with a white crust of saleratus. We met a Digger Indian, passing him in silence, exchanging neither signs of salutation, nor words; but until widely separated, we watched the Digger, and the Digger watched us. Among emigrant trains passed were two from Illinois, one called the "Banner Company," its leader Captain Cutting. We found the late pedestrian, Fink, whom we last met near Ash Hollow (North Platte), traveling with one of these companies. Tiring of his adventure, he availed himself of an offer to drive and cook for two gentlemen from St. Louis, Dr. Pearis and Judge Townsend, who subsequently united with our train. Distance, thirty-five miles.

SUNDAY, July 8th.—The gruff voice of a sentry awoke me at two o'clock. How singular the fact, whether in history or romance, that the voices of sentries are invariably "gruff." Assuredly it was such on the present occasion, on being called to stand guard. Our watch was but for an hour, when calling up the camp the day's march began, ending only one hour before midnight. As usual, we halted twice for rest and refreshment from two to three hours in the morning, and again for a briefer time in the evening. Much of the road lay through a mountainous district, distant from the Humboldt, of which from elevations we had occasional views, as it curved about on the plains below. It may be said of the region drained by it, that in general it is sterile in a marked degree, relieved only by an occasional oasis. After sundown, our course lay along the river, and our night camp was beside it. Two companies passed yesterday, made efforts to out-distance us; as we lay in our evening camp, both went by, and supposing that we had finished for the day, they encamped some distance beyond; but when our course was fully run, we left them ten miles in our rear. On retiring at night, I was distressed to find my blankets missing. Unable to get trace of them, I concluded that they must have fallen from the wagon when ascending some mountain road, without attracting attention on the part of any one in the train. This was a sore loss, one that could not be replaced; even the buffalo robe bought at Fort Bridger was no proper substitute; but for such, as there was none other, it must suffice. Even when denied creature comforts, how truly happy should we be, could we find consolation in the thought that there are others still worse off. "Mother," said a little child, whose bed covering in a humble shanty consisted of a spare door, which for the purpose had been lifted from its hinges and placed over the innocent prattler, "what do poor people do, who have no doors to cover them?" Distance, forty miles.

MONDAY, July 9th.—Two pack trains, one of them Blakey's, were passed this morning. For several days, by using extra efforts, these have kept pace with us; while on account of the advantage they have over wagons for rapid motion, they should be easily able to leave us behind. We breakfasted at seven, a much earlier hour than usual; and the meal off my mind, and the subject of my lost blankets heavily on it, I determined to make an effort for their recovery; although on account of the dangers to which I might be exposed my companions sought to dissuade me. It seemed probable to me, that some one in a train following us might have found what I had lost; accordingly I rode back with this hope. I very well knew how unsafe it was to be alone on the plains, but my exigency impelled me; and to assure myself of some degree of safety, I carried with me a rifle which, except on guard-duty, is usually hung up in the wagon. When once out of sight of camp in that vast solitude, the feeling of loneliness was painfully intense; and yet at times the thought came to me, that possibly I was not as much alone as I might desire to be, for it was not improbable that, lurking in the bushes along the river bank, some savages only waited a fitting opportunity to secure mule meat by a skillful arrow shot. An occasional rustling in the sage bushes or a rippling of the waters, either of which might have been caused by a breath of wind, increased my vigilance, particularly if at the same moment my mule chanced to cock its ears; but the hope of recovering the blankets gave me courage.

I met an advanced party of the "Banner Company,"—they could give me no tidings concerning my blankets. About two o'clock I came up to their train, only to meet similar disappointment. I then concluded to return with all haste possible. Late in the afternoon, while galloping along and not far from the spot where our morning camp had been, I saw an object on the road moving toward me. Expecting an adventure of some kind, I kept my eye steadily on the distant figure, and observed that its motion was about as rapid as my own. At length I saw it was a man on horseback, and wondered why any one, unless he had lost blankets, could be riding in that direction. We were not long in coming together, when I found it was one of the men whom I had met in the morning, who was returning to his train to give notice of an intended camping place that had been secured. I reached camp about dusk, when I learned that good pasturage having been found an hour or so before, it had been concluded to halt for the night. My ride in consequence was shortened beyond my expectation. Distance, thirty-two miles.

Tuesday, July 10th.—Stealing the tail of night to lengthen the day, we began our march at half after two, and continued it until after seven o'clock in the evening. Sterility in general marked the landscape: at times vast tracts of sand, and again plains covered with saleratus were crossed. High winds prevailed, and great clouds of dust, both choking and blinding, descended in continuous volumes upon us. Notwithstanding the general barrenness we found good pasturage, both at our morning and night camps. Distance, thirty-five miles.

WEDNESDAY, July 11th. — At the wee hour of two and a half o'clock, our march was resumed. The morning air was keen, and the stars shining with midwinter brilliancy suggested some disorder of the calendar, January taking the place of July.

I had the good fortune to recover my blankets to-day, and in a way very unexpected. The driver of a wagon in our train had picked them up at the time they were lost, and forgetting to give notice of the fact, was only reminded of his neglect when hearing some discussion of my recent adventure in the attempt made to recover them. The satisfaction of repossession made forgiveness of a thoughtlessness almost bordering on cruelty easy. At half-past nine at night the journey ended. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

THURSDAY, July 12th. — Leaving the river early in the day, we did not return to it until night. The morning was frosty, but when the sun was well up we suffered from intense heat; added to this the persistent attacks of sand flies gave much annoyance. Our mules fared indifferently, as each day's advance down the river exhibits a decline in pasturage. For fuel we find willows and wild sage abundant; indeed, as grass diminishes sage flourishes in an increasing degree.

One mess of our train, Karkuff's, contemplates a separation, being unable to keep pace with us. Their mules show signs of letting down. In beginning this journey these were large, stout, healthy looking animals, but being what are known as Kentucky stock, they have not the endurance of their little cousins, Spanish mules, which our own and other messes have. We greatly regret the necessity for this change, especially in having to part from men who, in every emergency can be relied on, and are in every way agreeable. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

FRIDAY, July 13th. — Unlike other streams, Humboldt River, instead of increasing in volume as it flows onward, actually at times diminishes. Such has been the case since leaving the higher altitudes where it was supplied by frequent affluents. When finally it reaches the wide, open plain, having no such helps it becomes gradually absorbed by the sandy desert until at length it totally disappears. The monotony of each day's march seems to increase with the desolation which more and more abounds. The journey of this particular day, as in thought we follow its course, was barren of incidents. Near our evening camp was a company with wagons hauled by oxen. Coming via Sublette's cut-off, they state that at Fort Hall they were six days ahead of Captain Paul's pack train, and that it was now but one day in advance. The latter statement may perhaps be correct; the former is certainly an exaggeration. We also obtained from them some marvelous tales in reference to Ankrim's Pittsburgh company, tales, no doubt, invented by members of that stirring expedition to be imposed on the verdancy of the credulous. These romances, including outlawry of every description, were mostly of a sanguinary character; of duels that had been fought, battles with Indians, etc. Rather than be shunned as though we were lepers, some of us preferred to conceal the fact as from whence we hailed.

Ascertaining that a better supply of grass could be obtained on the south side of the river, we drove our mules across, and those detailed for the night guard went with them, myself among the number. In wading, it was necessary to carry our clothing and blankets above our heads. We took with us a coffee pot, so that occasionally in the night we might drown our sorrows. Distance, twenty-six miles.

Saturday, July 14th.—The heat of this day was very oppressive, and so exhausting to the mules that it was concluded after the morning march to lie by from noon until sunset, after which time we traveled until eleven o'clock. Our night camp was near some wells, but the waters of these were so brackish as to be scarce fit for use. We had, however, brought a supply from the river which we used. This also, was alkaline in character, but less so than that of the wells.

One of our mules showing signs of feebleness, and it being found too troublesome to make it keep pace with the train, we were compelled to abandon. A slower train might nurse it along; if not, a feast awaits the Diggers. A curious incident related by Mr. Scully happened on the night march. While riding along his mule suddenly stopped, and he was unable to get it to move on. Neither whip nor spur availed; not a step would it take. Balaam's ass could not have been more resolute. The night was too dark to see an impediment, if any lay in his path, but the thought of such never occurred to his mind, and he concluded to dismount with the intention of leading the animal. In doing this his foot struck something soft which rolled slightly. Stooping to ascertain what it was he discovered a bag, and from its familiar size and shape was convinced that it contained clothing and belonged to some member of his own mess. Remounting with the bag in custody he no longer had trouble with the mule. His surprise may be imagined when on reaching camp and going to a fire that had been started he discovered that the bag was his own, his name being painted on it. It evidently had fallen from the wagon, just as my blankets had done, but in the darkness had escaped observation on the part of the men. But what shall be said of the sagacity of a mule that acts as this one did! Can a mule know the property of its owner? Or is there a possibility that it can read that owner's name? Balaam's ass talked. Did this mule do less? Poor creature, with all its wisdom and fidelity it could not be rewarded with even so small a morsel as a mouthful of grass, and with the other mules of the train its only comfort at this encampment was in lying down for a rest on the arid plains. Night sultry and exceedingly oppressive. Distance, twenty-five miles; total from Independence, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five miles.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE SINK OF HUMBOLDT RIVER TO THE WESTERN BASE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA.

"Seest thou yon dreary plain
Forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation————
————————Hail horrors. Hail!"

SUNDAY, July 15th.—A march of five hours brought us to the vicinity of the Sink of Humboldt River, at about nine o'clock; and continuing over a well beaten sandy trail until noon, we encamped on the edge of the Great Desert. Of late the region through which we journeyed had been growing more and more desolate; but here was reached what might be aptly termed "the valley of the shadow of death," and over its portals might be inscribed:

"Who enters here, leaves hope behind."

Towards the south—for in that direction the road bent, was a vast solitude covered with loose sand, which the wind heaped in hillocks, like waves of the sea. Scarce any vegetation existed; at long intervals might be seen a stalk of sage or grease-wood, gnarled, blackened, and looking as if well nigh exhausted in its hard struggle for life.

Eastwardly lay the great marshy plain which as in ages past continued to swallow the ever flowing stream, which but for this quenchless thirst might have expanded into a mighty river. Over it hung a veil of mist, impenetrable now, and for anything that I know to the contrary it may be ever thus to the eye of man; as doubtless the heat of the sun over the broad, shallow expanse of water causes a constant evaporation. Where we encamped, we found it necessary to dig wells for water. These wells, about four feet in diameter and of a trifle less depth, furnished an abundant supply of water, but intensely brackish, bitter with salt and sulphur. Some mules, and men also refused to drink of it; but, with nothing else to quench the thirst, we were painfully conscious that all would eventually use it, before better could be found. Every cask and canteen was filled with these alkaline waters, in expectation of a night's journey on the desert. Some men boiled coffee and filled their canteens with it, as in this form it was more palatable. My canteen having sprung a leak, I filled a bottle instead, rinsing it well, as it had contained turpentine. In a neighboring slough we found a sort of flag-like grass growing, which none but well nigh famished mules would have eaten; such ours must have been, for they ate of it as though it were choicest clover. Finding this the case we cut a supply to carry with us.

In the morning we had passed the Platte City Company, and at the Sink caught up to another, led by General Marney. The wagons of both were drawn by mules. In company with the latter we set out upon the desert at six o'clock in the evening. A few miles out we crossed a small stream, excessively salt and utterly unfit to drink. Here the trail forked, the road to the right leading to the northern pass of the Sierra Nevada, via Truckee River; while the other, a newer route, led to Carson River, and a more southerly pass. The latter we pursued. The day was warm and cloudy, but the night was pleasant. At midnight we encamped, tying the mules to the wagons, giving them the wiry grass we brought with us, also water from the casks. Under the circumstances it was deemed unnecessary to have on guard more than one man, and the task for the two hours of rest which we intended taking was determined by lot. Distance, thirty-six miles.

MONDAY, July 16th.—Contrary to design, we did not get started at two o'clock; for the solitary guardsman, having no one to *watch him*, fell asleep. A restless fellow, to whom conscience or possibly some evil spirit would not grant unbroken rest, happening to awake sufficiently, discovered the situation and aroused the camp. This was at four o'clock; soon after we were jogging along. In the early morning the temperature of the air was pleasant, but towards nine o'clock the sun blazed fiercely upon us. Our thirst soon became excessive, and we drank water, brinish as it was, freely. In spite of the rinsing, the taste of turpentine still clung to the bottle which I had brought, and I was compelled to fling it away; and the canteen of Mr. Scully, who walked with me, had to do double duty, until it became exhausted, which was not long.

It was early ascertained that a terrible blunder had been committed—*every cask was found to be empty*. Before the morning start the mules had been watered; and those having this duty in charge left untouched a certain cask, which they intended for the use of the men through the day. But when too late, the discovery was made that the contents of that particular cask had been given to the mules in the night.

It was a fearful condition to be placed in; a hot sun over head, burning sands beneath our feet, while our thirst was perhaps intensified by a knowledge of our helplessness.

Trudging along on foot was excessively wearisome, for at every step we sank in the deep sand; and were compelled often to seek rest by sitting down on the desolate wayside; and as drowning men are said to grasp at straws, so for the few grains of comfort to be derived from a contact with the less heated layers of sand beneath, we brushed aside those which overspread the surface, and tried to imagine we were thus made cooler. The wagons dragged heavily, taxing the mules to the utmost of their strength. The poor, dumb beasts, oppressed with heat and toil, excited whatever of compassion we could spare from a review of our situation.

As if in cruel mockery to torture us whilst thus already suffering sufficiently, again and again mirages arose, deceiving with their pleasing enchantments. Hopes thus elevated by appearances of bodies of water, margined by waving forests, were sometimes suddenly dashed by their instantaneous disappearance; at others gradually dispelled, by the slowly fading of these mimic landscapes. No form of deception could more nearly approach reality; and no trick of conjurer could possibly be more complete.

About mid-day the heat having increased to an intense degree, a wind began to sweep across the arid waste; but there was no refreshment in its breath; rather it seemed as a blast vomited from a stygian furnace.

When within a few miles of Carson River we were met by some of our company, who having ridden to the stream, were returning with supplies of water for those who were famishing. Words are meager to express the relief thus afforded. Many spoke of it as the most refreshing draught that had ever crossed their lips. After relieving our wants there were yet numbers further back, full as much in need as we had been, to whom they went.

It was two o'clock when we reached the river, and many leaped instantly down its steep banks into the rushing current, and drank an amount of water that would seem incredible. Notwithstanding this imprudent excess, no apparent injury was sustained. An hour later Sweigler rode into camp with his mules, having left his wagon on the desert, intending to return for it after obtaining rest and refreshment. From a party encamped near us we learned that some men in crossing the desert yesterday approached quite close to the "dusky shades," one of whom having become frantic from thirst buried himself in the sand, and but for the untiring efforts of companions, would have perished. A wayside message left by Captain Paul informed us that whilst at this place, a few nights since, he lost a mule; it having been shot with a poisoned arrow by some prowling Digger.

Carson River, where we struck it, was about thirty yards in width, deep and rapid. A few cottonwoods were scattered along its banks, but none were near our camp. We used willows for fuel, dense thickets of which lined both banks of the stream. After a rest of two hours, we moved a few miles farther up the stream, and found excellent pasture. Wild sage of unusual size was abundant; some stalks were fully six feet high, and proportionately thick.

We passed a train glorying in the name of "Jews-Harp Company;" and what was more curious, their wagons were hauled by oxen, and yet they had outstripped a host possessing the great advantages derived from the use of mules.

Although it might seem a small matter to pass an ox train, a feat often previously performed with but little exertion, it was now a matter of considerable importance, for we had at length reached the goal for which we had long been contending, being in the lead of all wagon trains; the pack trains of our friends, Paul and Blakey, alone being in advance of us.

Dr. Pearis and Judge Townsend, whom we had met a week since, joined our train to-day. In addition to a wagon and mules, an appendage consists of Mr. Fink, previously mentioned as having abandoned the role of pedestrian to assume the positions of driver and cook with these gentlemen. Fink is an odd sort of fish; witty, yet half-witted; not altogether foolish, and yet none too wise. Good natured, constantly grinning, his light heartedness was infectious. Explaining why he had been induced to change his mode of travel, he said, "Emegration in a foot train arnt a hard way of drivin to Californy, but taint jest the thing for a feller to be a pair of dividers to span the continent; as Shakespeare says, 'to what base uses we sometimes *turn.*'" Distance, twenty-seven miles.

TUESDAY, July 17th.—The trail continued over a sandy plain, following the river, but seldom in sight of it. Our camp at noon and at night was beside it. On account of the fatiguing march of yesterday, we were late in getting started, and laid by most of the afternoon, traveling in the cool of the evening.

In the morning we obtained our first glimpse of the snowy caps of the Sierra Nevada. Distance, ten miles.

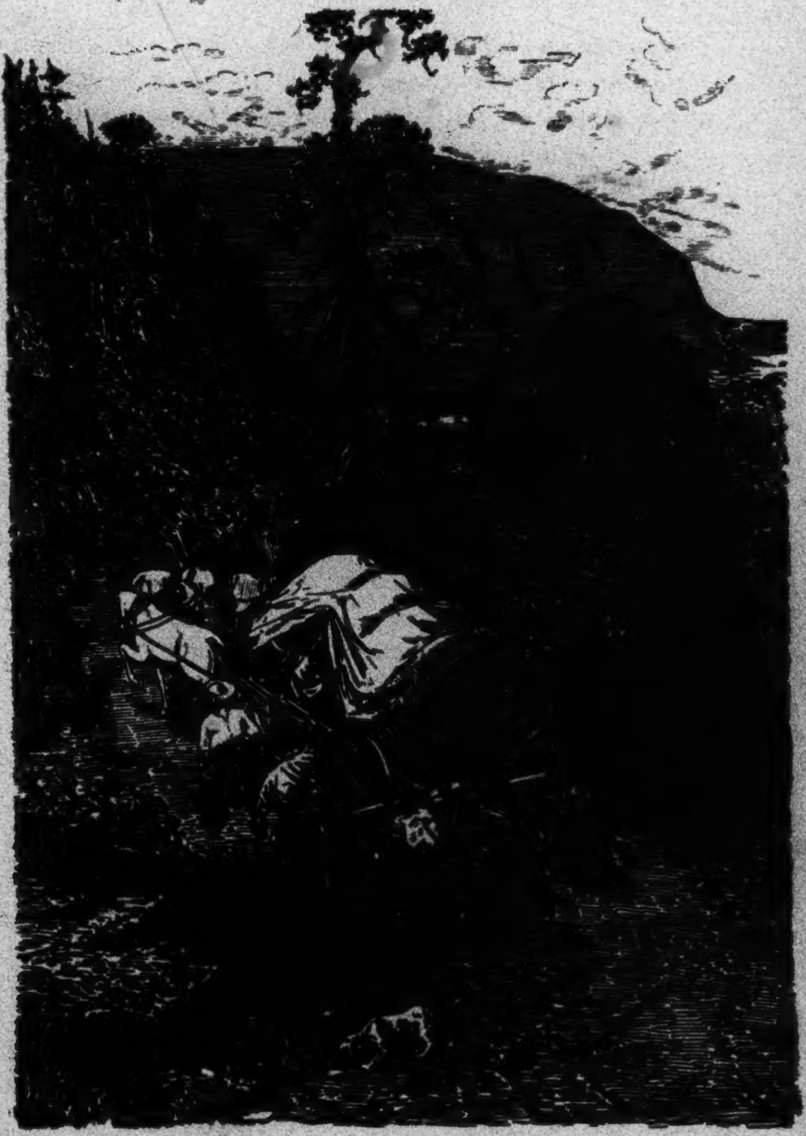
WEDNESDAY, July 18th.—Our route still followed Carson River. A rain storm accompanied by thunder and lightning visited us in the afternoon as we lay encamped in a grove of cottonwoods. Distance, twenty-six miles.

THURSDAY, July 19th.—Carson River, as we ascended it, began to assume more of the characteristics of a mountain torrent, dashing onward in great haste; for we had begun to lift ourselves over spurs of the mountains. And as the road became rougher, many rocks and boulders lying in our way, we found it necessary to lighten the wagons by packing portions of their contents on the backs of mules which the men had been riding. Our evening camp was close to the base of the great Sierra, its skyward precipices, black and frowning, forming barriers which neither man nor beast could attempt to scale. It was pleasant once again to be in a region abounding with pine trees; where the luxury of cheerful camp fires could be enjoyed. Distance, twenty-five miles.

FRIDAY, July 20th.—In the early morning our course lay in a southern direction, near the base of the mountains.

A party of native Californians were met riding on mules and driving others with packs. They were about fifteen in number, and an Indian woman having a babe strapped to her back, followed them on foot. They said that they had come from Sutter's Fort, and were bound for Mary's River, where their families were encamped. Whatever truth there may have been in this statement, it is more than probable they were prospecting for gold.

In the afternoon, entering a valley between high mountains, we followed it for a time until we reached a narrow gap or canon, where we began the ascent of the Sierras. A turbulent mountain stream spanned by a corduroy bridge was crossed. This, we learned from Mr. Sly, had been built by the Mormon battalion on its return to Salt Lake. The stream in its precipitous course dashed furiously against great rocks, which lay in its way, foaming and fretting madly; scarce more so than did we when having got over the bridge, we found the road frightfully steep, quite narrow and beset with rocks. Had not others preceded us we might have questioned whether such difficulties were not insurmountable. Within the narrow gap which we ascended the sun never enters, and the air had the chilliness of an ice house. Our night camp at seven o'clock was made alongside the mountain



CLIMBING THE SIERRA NEVADA.

torrent. Grass was scarce, and the mules were obliged to subsist on the recollection of excellent pasturage enjoyed in the morning; a fodder not very fattening. Distance, twenty-five miles.

SATURDAY, July 21st.—Following the course of the little mountain stream; twice crossing it, where rocks well nigh choking it, presented barriers almost impassable, we continued climbing upward. Some large trees uprooted by storms were in our way, and greatly impeded our progress; being unable to go around them, we were obliged to go over them, lifting the wheels on the side next them, for the doing of which all latent energies were pressed into service. On two occasions high above us were benches, or levels, to gain which precipitous flights of a hundred feet in one instance and about sixty in another had to be overcome. To make these ascents with loaded wagons was not thought of; it was sufficiently difficult by the doubling of teams, in addition to the use of ropes, to lift the empty wagons, taking one at a time and returning for the next, and so on until all were carried up. Nor was this accomplished without the use of such moral suasion as the wildest hallooing, the loudest of whip cracking, and the most extraordinary profanity that ever saluted ears, whether of dumb beasts or of men; indeed, the air seemed densely blue with oaths while all this was in progress. Then packs had to be made for the backs of the mules, for in this way the contents of the wagons were on these occasions carried upward. The amount of labor required, for what in a few sentences we have attempted to describe, was simply beyond conception. And if for a subject portraying immense muscular energy an artist stood in need, I doubt if so fine an example could be found anywhere as was here exhibited on this difficult pass of the Sierra, by those earnest, struggling toilers, the Spanish mules. With what firmness and determination their hoofs were planted; how resolutely every joint and sinew entered upon its task; while with nostrils distended and smoking, and flesh quivering in every fibre, how fearful the strain! The indications were unmistakable, that rather than not accomplish the work assigned them, they would have fallen — exhausted — lifeless in their tracks.

After surmounting the ridge up which men as well as mules toiled with such stubborn persistence, we soon began to descend, and slowly wound about until we came to a wide and beautiful valley, walled about by the everlasting mountains, whose snow crowned summits seemed as pillars supporting the sky.

Our camp for the night was in a grove of great, wide spreading oaks, near to good pasturage and fine springs of water. Distance, twelve miles.

Sunday, July 22d.—Early in the morning a cloud of mist veiled the mountain tops, while a thick coating of frost overspread the ground, and ice was found in our water buckets.

In a short way from camp we began the ascent of one of the principal ridges of the Sierra; what may be reckoned the backbone. While there was to some extent a repetition of the experiences of the previous day, we were not as then required to unpack the wagons, the grades being less severe, and our labors were consequently lessened. At times, however, double teaming had to be resorted to; eight and in some cases ten mules were used; and very often the men were called upon to put their shoulders to the wheels, while a reserve force followed in readiness to scotch them, whenever a rest was necessary. The mules carrying packs gave considerable trouble by their endeavors to rid themselves of the burdens they bore. In these attempts they rubbed close to one another, and when a tree seemed to favor their schemes they jostled against it; while at times they prostrated themselves to the earth, and rolled to and fro, in endeavors to lighten up. If they did not succeed in freeing themselves of their packs, which was seldom if ever the case, for our experience had already enabled us to acquire the art of strapping properly, they did at least get them so shifted, that we were frequently required to do some readjusting.

A number of mishaps befell some wagons in the morning, and it was found necessary to encamp at an early hour of the afternoon to make repairs.

The fatiguing labors endured prevented us from enjoying, and almost from observing the grand scenery of these mountains while passing over them. At times cascades of surpassing beauty were seen leaping from point to point down the precipitous sides of giant peaks, but the sights obtained were attended by circumstances which could permit of no adequate time to be given for their reproduction on the canvas of memory. At times, too, we saw under like conditions a number of lakes nestling in deep depressions, mirroring trees, rocks and clouds on their glassy surfaces, and forming pictures such as alone adorn the galleries of nature, and which art in vain essays to imitate.

To-day a lake of greater dimensions than any hitherto seen was passed, and was possibly the same which at a later day was named Lake Tahoe, which has become a popular pleasure resort in mid-summer for the wealthier classes of California.

In a shaded ravine we saw a body of snow apparently of great depth and solidity; constantly melting, a stream of considerable size passed from under it, and it is quite possible that in no summer can the snow entirely pass away, while through a greater part of each year it is replenished by what falls afresh.

Captain Scarborough shot a black-tailed deer which he divided around; a hind quarter fell to our lot; and once more bean soup graced our mess boards; while with our cheery guests in the prevailing jollity we forgot the severe toils of the morning. Distance, seven miles.

Monday, July 23d.—A succession of mountain ridges were crossed with but comparatively little difficulty. Again we passed over beds of hard packed snow, and our noon camp bordered on one of them. Sheltered from the sun, the surfaces of these masses of snow never melt; whatever of melting takes place is altogether from beneath.

A forest of gigantic trees covering the sloping side of a mountain facing towards the west, and through which our trail ran, was an unexpected surprise. In magnitude, these exceeded any we had ever seen, or indeed, heard of. This was about two years prior to the discovery of the mammoth red-wood trees of Calaveras and other parts of California, now famed throughout the world as among its greatest wonders. Many of these about us were eight and ten feet in diameter, and shot upward to inconceivable heights; the measurement of which we could not approximate with any degree of certainty. On very many not a limb or a knot could be seen at a lesser altitude than from seventy to one hundred feet, and to their tops they were straight without the slightest inclination. The varieties were hemlock, fir and pine. The cones of the latter were larger than ordinary pineapples.

Another deer was shot to-day, this time "Old" Smith was the fortunate Nimrod, and once more we had royal feasting. Distance, fifteen miles.

TUESDAY, July 24th.—A short way from camp we realized that we no longer had mountains to climb; our route lying over the foot hills at the western base of the Sierra, and through valleys lying between. In point of fact we had reached California, being within the basin drained by the Sacramento River. Early in the morning, Stewart, Sweigler and Scarborough left the train to push on by themselves to try their fortunes at gold hunting, having obtained information that some placer mines were not far distant. Whilst it was easy to foresee that in a brief time these separations would become general, we could not but feel sad at this occurrence; the first sundering of ties that in the past few months have bound us closely together. Especially was this the case in parting from our stalwart leader, Stewart, whose work in bringing us to what may be properly considered the end of our journey, has been so thoroughly accomplished. His superior judgment and never tiring energy, has stood us well in the numberless difficulties encountered. Though in his effort to place our train in the lead of all others, he met a temporary check almost at the moment of success, by reason of the misdirection given him at the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, yet he never suffered this or any other disappointment to abate his perseverance, and now as the fruit of these untiring efforts, we to-day realize the greatness of our achievement, in being in the lead of the overland emigration of this memorable year,—OURS BEING THE FIRST TRAIN WITH WAGONS TO ENTER CALIFORNIA!

And thus while it is contemplated by our mess and by others to move on until we reach Sutter's Fort, or some point on the Sacramento River where we can dispose of our mules and wagons, we account that the journey begun by us has practically reached its consummation, having been accomplished in eighty-eight days. Distance, sixteen miles. Total, one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM THE SIERRA NEVADA TO THE SACRAMENTO RIVER.

WEDNESDAY, July 25th.—In a straggling manner, each mess acting independently, we set out this morning. A company composed of Mormon families, men, women and children was met, bound for their settlement at Salt Lake. Whether they were new proselytes to the faith, or for what reason they were leaving California, we did not learn. From them we obtained the information, that an immense emigration was pouring into California, from all parts of the world; that provisions were plentiful and cheap; and that gold was abundant.

We also met a number of men who had been prospecting for gold along the mountain streams. In appearance these were as grotesque a body as can well be imagined. Each one was completely covered with as miscellaneous an assortment of articles as could be found in any country store, —spades, picks, crowbars, tin pans and cradles for washing gold, and various cooking utensils, as coffee pots, kettles, frying pans, etc.; besides bundles of clothing, extra boots, blankets, etc., etc. The *inner* man was the least conspicuous object, and might almost have escaped observation but for his pedal extremities, and a wreath of smoke curling upward from a pipe, which revealed the existence of a head, in the mouth of which was firmly grasped a tobacco pipe.

Santa Claus, as often pictured with a pack, consisting of a multitudinous assortment of toys strapped to his back, is scarce a spectacle to excite wonder equal to that of a California miner, such as we have attempted to describe.

We continued to pass through forests of immense timber, but there was more of undergrowth, as hazels, wild cherries, and raspberry bushes. Many deer were in sight, and two were captured by "Old" Smith, who was still constantly on the lookout for game. Being distant from the trail, he only brought to camp the hinder parts, a sufficiency however, for the wants of all. Of late our mules have luxuriated in the finest pasturage we have ever seen. At times too, the height of the grass almost hid them from sight, and yet for nutritious qualities it could not be surpassed. Distance, twenty-three miles.

THURSDAY, July 26th.—This morning the remaining members of Sweigler's mess, including our friend Washington and Mr. Sly, left us to prospect for gold in the vicinity of the place where we had encamped. Our driver, Joe Bagby, also bade us good-bye at noon, having concluded to join the Sweigler party. He cried like a child on parting; and though a reckless, dare-devil sort of a boy, who had often brought us into much trouble by his carelessness, we could not but share in his grief.

Near our evening camp, Stewart and his partners were located. We found Sweigler engaged in making a cradle for washing gold, while his companions, after a hard day's work in prospecting, were quietly resting, their heads pillowed on the gnarled roots of a great live oak. They related some marvelous tales which they had heard concerning fortunes obtained by gold hunters. Such things, however, have already become too commonplace to be worthy of record. A sample, however, may be given. Within a quarter of a mile from our camp, twenty men, it was said, were earning seventy dollars each per day. Possibly, however, an accompanying tale usually kept in the background might be told; namely, that ten times twenty were scarcely able to make a living.

For miles in the neighborhood of our camp the earth was torn up, thoroughly scratched over, searched and sifted by gold hunters. In places vast excavations had been made, and young mountains created, which even nature need scarce have been ashamed of. Three weeks prior to this time, as we were told, two thousand men had been laboring in this locality, but the waters of the little stream which courses through the valley having nearly dried up, the miners had stampeded to the South Fork of the American River, where new placers had been found. Distance, twenty miles.

FRIDAY, July 27th.—This morning I visited a village on Dry Creek, the same possibly which a few months later rejoiced in the felicitous and suggestive name, Hangtown;* it consisted of about a dozen rudely constructed houses. The inhabitants were chiefly native Californians, or Spaniards, as they are pleased to call themselves. The principal house, however, was tenanted by a Yankee who kept a store, which doubtless proved a rich gulch to him, as he was up to his eyes in business. He was selling dried beef and coffee at one dollar per pound, and flour at forty cents. Liquor by the drink, and this the most salable commodity, brought fifty cents. Store keeping in a neighborhood where gold is easily obtained, was said to be a much better occupation than mining.

Before starting this morning, I sat for a while on our wagon-tongue jotting down notes of travel. My task about finished, on looking up I was astonished to find myself surrounded by a dozen or more of Digger Indians, squatted on the ground. Absorbed in writing, I had not observed them gathering about me. The motions I had been making with the pencil as it ran over the paper, perhaps attracted their attention. While the performance was surveyed with evident satisfaction, they yet retained that unmoved, stoical expression so peculiar to their race. Elsewhere I have attempted a portraiture of this tribe; but those encircling me seemed of a higher order, and were differently attired. One thing quite noticeable was, that instead of the Eden-like costume—a clout *a la* fig-leaf hanging from their waists, as when seen on Humboldt River—these were clad in gaudy colored shawls, without however much pretension of adjustment to conceal their persons. Each carried a neatly made willow basket, for washing gold, instead of the tin pan ordinarily used by miners. A few months prior to this, as we were told, thousands of these Indians were employed by the whites in gold gathering, and for the service rendered had been fed and blanketed, besides being supplied with gew-gaws of trifling value. Acquiring, however, a knowledge concerning gold dust, by seeing what could be purchased with it at the stores, they had of late been setting up business for themselves. Slowly, one by one, the members of the charmed circle arose and left me, on seeing that I had ceased writing.

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* Later changed to Placerville.

Our road to-day led over a prairie-like country, very desolate; for the earth, parched with heat, was red as burnt brick, while the grass, dry and crisp, resembled well seasoned hay.

In the course of the day we met some native Californians *en route* to Dry Creek, with a stock of provisions and liquors. Their cart, or *carrella* as it was called, was a curious affair. It was fashioned as one might suppose in a style almost too primitive for Noah to employ in removing his chattels from the ark; or at least with the limited skill which the earliest wagon makers might have employed. There were two wheels sawed from a solid oak log about a foot in thickness; while a great cumbrous axletree, roughly hewn, was fitted, but by no means closely, to the holes which had been burned through the centers of the wheels. Accordingly, when in motion, there was such a wabbling about and creaking as might be expected. Poised on the axletree was a framework made of saplings, forming the wagon-bed, and this was lined on the bottom and sides with raw hides, sewed together with thongs of the same materials. Oxen only, of course, could be employed to move a vehicle thus constructed; (horses or other animals of more rapid gait would destroy the primitive harmony required;) and of these there were two yokes, one it may be conjectured to propel the wagon, and the other the load which it contained. We could not escape the conviction that a slight infusion of Yankee go-ahead-ativeness was needed to awaken these Mexicans from the stupor in which for ages they have been reposing. Weather warm; sky beautifully clear. Distance, fifteen miles.

Saturday, July 28th.—A short ride brought us to the house of a Mr. Thomas Hensley, nigh to a fine large spring emptying into a trough erected for the convenience of travelers. The house was one having the advantage of being cheap and easily erected. Scantlings about ten or twelve feet long were set in the ground, and around these for walls, and over them for a roof, canvas or muslin had been drawn.

One of our mules running at large, with singular curiosity walked up to the shanty, put its head in at the door, and after surveying the interior to its satisfaction, stepped inside; but was hastily ejected by one of the inmates who flung an empty bottle (more common here than boots) at the intruder. On leaving, however, the animal showed its contempt for the edifice by kicking up its hindmost heels in a way that threatened its demolishment. It was perhaps fortunate for us that no damage was done, as in the arbitrary administration of justice in some of these mining districts, the penalty might have been the confiscation of whatever we were supposed to own.

On our approach to the spring a number of United States army officers were watering their horses; whilst others having finished had ridden on in the direction in which we intended to go. Riding up to the trough I received from several of them a friendly salutation, and at once we entered into conversation. Two of the party in particular who lingered behind seemed thus socially inclined, and on leaving the spring we rode together, one on either side of me. In exchange for what I was able to impart concerning our journey across plains and mountains, in answer to their inquiries, they gave me information respecting the gold mining districts through which they had been passing on an official tour of inspection.

As we neared a cross-road leading to Dally's ranch, whither they were bound, I inquired for Brigadier General Riley, Military Governor of California, to whom I had letters of introduction. "That's the General," said the one to whom I spoke, "riding on the white horse." The gentleman pointed out was some distance ahead on the cross-road; a plain looking soldier, probably sixty or more years of age, in undress uniform, and I do not recall that he wore any token of rank. Over his left eye was a patch of green silk; this I had observed when he was at the spring. Placing but a small estimate on letters such as I held, and having the feeling that I was not particularly in want of anything, and that if I were, a letter of introduction would aid me but little, I made no effort to overtake the General; but when I remarked that its writer was Colonel Samuel W. Black, both of my newly made friends said they were well acquainted with him, having met him in Mexico during the war, and they seemed well pleased to meet with one who knew the gallant Colonel. They further remarked that General Riley would also be much pleased to meet a friend of Colonel Black, he likewise having formed his acquaintance in the late war. I could not but feel that if the Governor was at all as pleasant and cordial as these members of his staff, it might be desirable to meet him; but he was then too far off for me to think of overtaking him, whatever my desire to do so.

One of the officers asking my name, said that he would mention the circumstances of our conversation to General Riley. Requesting that he should be the bearer of my compliments to the Governor, I inquired for his name and that of his companion, when he introduced himself as Captain Halleck,[*] and his friend as Captain Wescott. On separating, they gave me a pressing invitation to visit them at their headquarters, Monterey.

Through the day, we were almost constantly meeting men *en route* to the mines, singly or in companies. Some rode in coaches, or rather in and all over them, for now and then from the open windows could be seen dangling a pair of legs; while occasionally one or more men sprawling at full length on the roof were seen. A cloud of cigar smoke usually enveloped every such chariot. Some had wagons, some pack-mules, but more frequently they were afoot, and carrying utensils and supplies of every character—often what might be thought a fair mule load would be found on the back of a man. Let me present a specimen. His dress, corduroy pants rolled to the top of a pair of heavy cow-hide boots; a red flannel shirt opened at the breast, with an expansive collar spread back upon his shoulders; while a broad brimmed felt hat, peaked at the top, completed his costume. Strapped to his back was a blanket and some extra clothing; while from a belt around his waist hung a tin cup, brace of pistols, knife, powder-flask, *and another sort of flask.* On his shoulder was a long handled shovel, upon which was strung a camp kettle, the contents of which I could conjecture were papers of coffee, tobacco, sugar, biscuit, mess pork, a spoon, knife and fork, pair of boots, piece of soap, a few tallow-candles, and a bunch of cigars. In one hand he held a coffee pot and tin pan, and in the other a flute and crowbar. A "long nine" graced one corner of his mouth, and it was so held in his teeth that the lighted end was on a line with the tip of his nose.

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[*] Captain Henry W. Halleck, then Secretary of State under the administration of General Riley. During the war of the Rebellion, for a time Commander in Chief of our armies. I may add, too, that a young Lieutenant who during our civil war climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of fame, was at this time serving on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith as adjutant general, and who to eke out a living for which his salary in these times of extraordinary high prices was altogether inadequate, was allowed to do sundry jobs of surveying, and at this very period was engaged by Captain Sutter in extending the lines of the infant city of Sacramento—William Tecumseh Sherman.

One of the pack-trains met was that of our old friends of Blakey's mess. They had ridden to Sacramento, bought an outfit suitable for the mines and were hastening thither. We also met parties with wagons who found a profitable occupation in transporting goods to the various mining districts.

Towards evening, we encamped near the ranch of a Mr. Leidesdorf, recently deceased, and but a short distance from the American River. After supper we repaired to the river and enjoyed a fine bath; then casting away our worn and road stained clothing, donned fresh apparel in readiness for the morrow, when after a few hours our marching would end. Distance, twenty-five miles.

SUNDAY, July 29th.—The braying of a loose herd of mules on the plains about our camp awoke us at daybreak, and seemed to answer well for the final call of "Catch up" which had so often broken in upon our slumbers during the past three months.

Partaking of breakfast leisurely and comfortably, our last march was soon after begun.

About eight o'clock we passed Sutter's Fort, a building which will be ever memorable in the annals of California; the mere mention of which will recall the story of the remarkable enterprise of its founder, and that which still more should ever keep his name in grateful remembrance—his unbounded generosity to all whom he could aid or befriend.

At the gate of the fort was a sign announcing "Meals at all hours," a portion of the buildings being used for a boarding house. Others were employed for hospital purposes.

About a mile and a half further we came to a city of tents — the embryo CITY OF SACRAMENTO—and to the eastward of these, in a grove of oaks, we made our final camp; pitching our tent and staking it down with a care that indicated an intention of making it an abiding place. Elsewhere I mentioned the fact that to our train belonged the honor of being the first to enter California; I may now add, that of the long line of wagons emigrating to the land of gold, extending backward over mountains and plains, the one belonging to our own particular mess was *the first to reach the Sacramento River!* Thus terminated our long journey. Distance, nine miles. Total from Independence, Missouri, to the Sacramento River, two thousand and seventy-one miles.

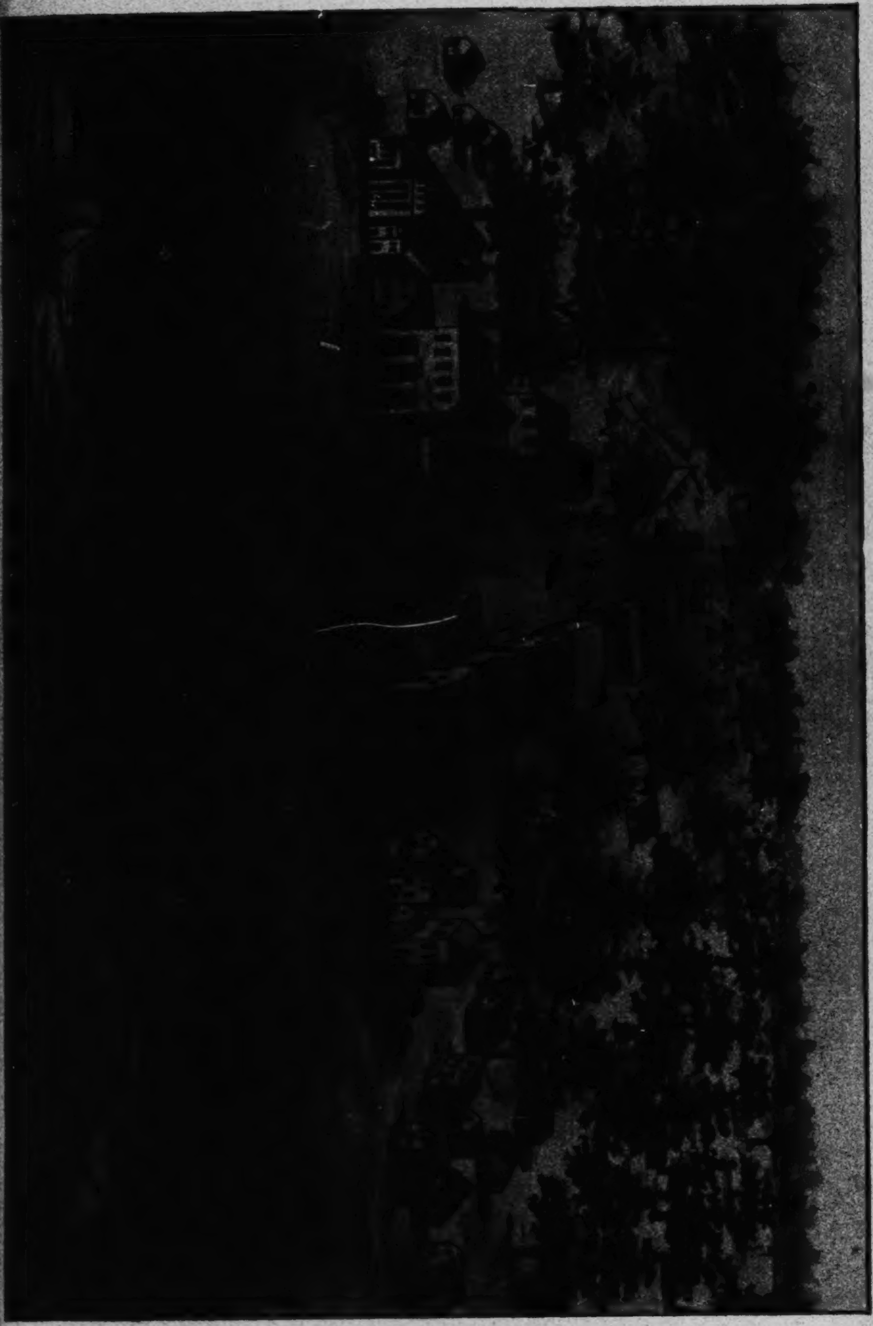
CHAPTER XV.

A FIRST GLIMPSE OF SACRAMENTO CITY, AND EARLY EXPERIENCES OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

TURNING our mules loose on the open plains, with perfect freedom to run at will, to graze and fatten, and to lie down and rest, after their months of toil; and at the same time freeing ourselves from all but the most casual oversight of them, we then felt as if suddenly some great burden had rolled from our shoulders, and that now we could enjoy perfect bliss in resting.

After an early dinner, desiring to witness some of the scenes of activity which we felt could be afforded by this city just springing into being, we walked down a main avenue which led from our camping place to the Sacramento River, styled J Street—some rude signs nailed to trees giving it this designation. At intervals there were cross streets numbered 1, 2, 3, etc., all which showed that there had been some surveying with a view of founding a city.

There were about a dozen or so of frame houses, numerous canvas shanties such as that at Hensley's Spring, described yesterday, and a still larger num-



ber of tents of all sizes and shapes. Besides those used merely as dwellings, there were stores, restaurants, saloons, and one great gambling hell.

With the exception of the dwellings, all others had their doors wide open, exposing everything within; in fact, in most instances there were no doors, the entire front being open with a view to exhibition. Sunday as it was, the shop keepers were driving a brisk business, and many wagons and pack-mules were in the street awaiting loads to transport to the mines.

In each store usually were to be found goods of every description—from "pins to anchors,"—fruits, dry goods, hardware, liquors, drugs, grain, mining implements, etc., etc.

Liquors in most shops occupied places of prominence, but while this was the case, and drinking holes were numerous, no drunkenness was seen.

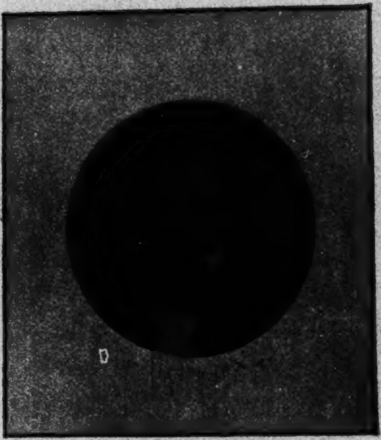
The Spanish term "embarcadero" was applied to the landing place on the Sacramento River, and here were anchored many sailing vessels, a very few of which were employed in transportation, a majority being used for storage, or places of habitation. Both sides of the river were skirted with timber, some of immense growth, such as we had seen in the Sierra Nevada.

Sacramento was already fast becoming cosmopolitan; for here were found beside those whom we call Americans: Mexicans and native Californians, men from many of the South American States, and from numerous islands of the Pacific.

Very few women or children were seen. Evidently the men in general had come to spy out the land, and to ascertain its resources before venturing to bring hither their families.

The various nationalities referred to, conspicuously noticeable on account of peculiarities of dress, formed the motley assembly of one great gambling rendezvous. This was known as the Round Tent, a circus-like affair of mammoth proportions, capable of accommodating one hundred or more persons. Its enterprising proprietors evidently were acquainted with the art of setting their sails for popular breezes, for there seemed to be a constant stream of comers and goers. A look at its interior revealed two large tables at which the Mexican game of monte was being played, while roulette and various other games were receiving full attention from the interested parties who thronged about them. The bankers conducting these various operations had pleasant, smiling heaps of gold and silver beside them, so arranged as to be most enticing to their expected customers.

A conspicuous feature of the establishment was its bar, decorated with large and costly mirrors, behind shelves adorned with a glittering array of decanters containing sparkling liquors; these and the wine glasses and tumblers clustered about them were all of the most superb cut glass. None of the usual surroundings of rum shops descended here to commonplace; there were extra-



Yours truly
J. L. Moody

From Daguerreotype, 1851.

ordinary pyramids of lemons, towering peaks of boxes of Havana cigars, and gorgeous vases containing peppermint. A bevy of patrons thronged this attractive bar, and there was a constant clicking of glasses, popping of corks, amid the gurgling sound of tut, tut, tut, etc., etc., etc.

And still another very noticeable feature was a modest string band seated on an elevated bench; the forerunner of those great orchestras which but a few months later became so marked a feature in the gambling saloons of California. The music discoursed was by no means of a poor quality; the leading violinist especially, though not an Ole Bull, was yet a performer of considerable skill; but to meet popular tastes, the selections of music were usually the airs of negro minstrels.

Such then were the principal scenes attracting observation on this preliminary survey of the farthest outpost of American civilization; and here amid these tokens of Yankee dominion was at length discoverable that "Westward" whither, according to the prediction of Bishop Berkley, "the star of empire" should "course its way."

EARLY EXPERIENCES OF CALIFORNIA LIFE.

We continued our tent-life in Sacramento for more than a fortnight, leisurely winding up affairs of our business association—most of which fell to the lot of our worthy treasurer, Mr. Moody—and in making preparations to go elsewhere; the going elsewhere itself requiring the most time for determining, as there were almost daily new mining fields opening up, presenting rare temptations for all those intent on digging for gold. My companions at length reached conclusions on this weighty point; Mr. Kincaid and Mr. Moody deciding to go to Yuba River, whither, in consequence of some recent discoveries too wonderful to relate, miners from all parts were flocking; while Mr. Scully and Mr. McBride settled upon a nearer and also popular locality—Mormon Island, on the south fork of the American River. As for myself, I had no plans for the future aside from this—I had no thought of embarking in gold mining. Without reaching any definite conclusions I was inclined to drift with whatever current I chanced to fall in with. I felt some desire to go to San Francisco; while visions of Honolulu and of China occasionally haunted me.

We sold our wagon and other effects held in common, and divided the proceeds; and each of us in the division received two mules. These animals, as previously stated, were left running at large on the plains in a miscellaneous herd, which was daily increasing as the tide of emigration flowed in. While they might stray off to a considerable distance, there was little danger of their being lost, and even less of being stolen; for having been properly branded, made recovery in a measure easy; while the utmost confidence was felt on all hands, as to the honesty of people in general, who in the absence of law had summary methods of their own for dealing with any who were unable to distinguish between *meum et tuum.* The grass of the plains, while dried up and apparently dead, had in it much nutriment, and the mules feeding on it were quickly fattened. All of our stock were in good condition when our journey terminated, having been constantly well cared for; but so fat, sleek, hearty and saucy had the two which fell to my lot become, that I scarce could recognize them.

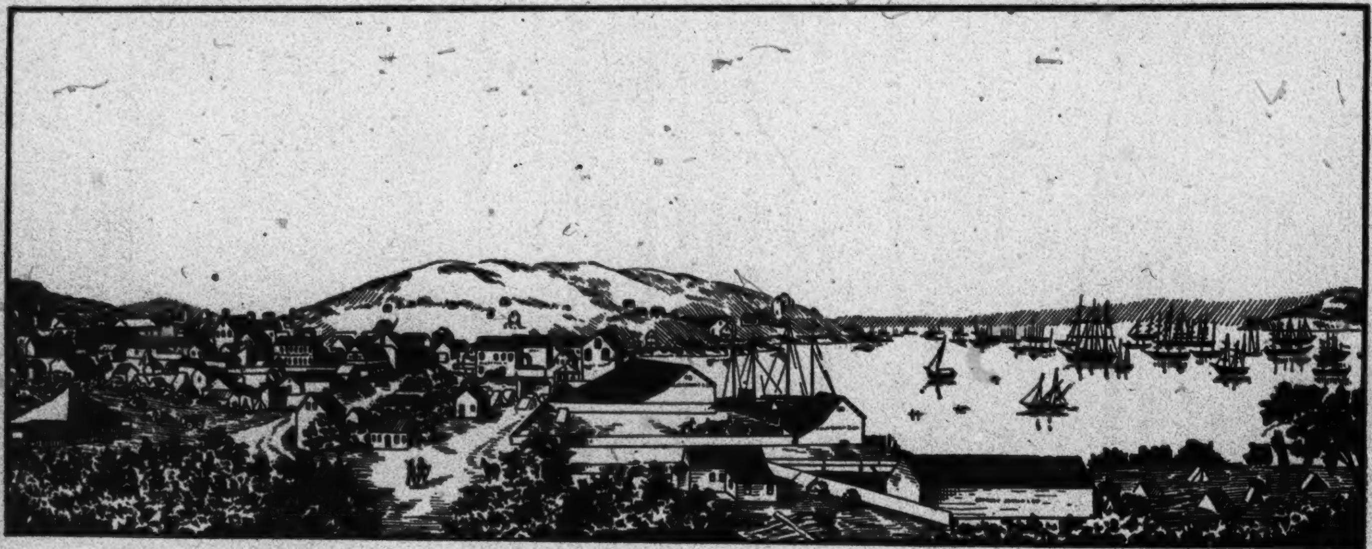
Once when in search of my mules, my attention was directed to a scene of which I had often read but never before witnessed: that of lassoing cattle by Mexicans or native Californians. Something approaching this I had seen on the plains, when occasionally by this method we attempted to gather in refractory mules: but the lassoing then was of a very different character, it being accomplished by stealth—quietly riding up to the mules which with eyes fastened on their intended captors while they made pretense of grazing, were in full readiness to dash off should any hurried movements be made to get near them. Then too, a cool, deliberate flinging of the rope readily secured them, when once within easy reach. Here however, bulls, cows and horsemen were all galloping at their utmost speed, and great clouds of dust which they kicked up, enveloped them as the smoke of battle. When thus in full chase, the vaquero, or ranchman, could be seen standing erect in his great wooden stirrups with his left hand firmly grasping the bridle, while with the right he twirled above his head the coiled lasso, which at the proper moment he flung at the head of a selected victim, and then suddenly by a jerk of the rein and a quick movement in his saddle, his horse would be thrown back upon its haunches, while the bull in the toils of the lasso vainly struggling for liberty was violently brought to the ground and pulled about at will in this prostrate condition by the dexterous rider.

A familiar figure, but one hitherto only seen in pictures, was the Californian in his broad sombrero, embroidered woolen shirt and buckskin pants profusely fringed about the seams thereof; fastidious too as to the gay embroidery of his saddle cloth: while his erect figure and perfect command of the situation proclaimed him the most accomplished equestrian of which the world could boast.

The mule market was overstocked, or at least there was not much demand, as it was known that many thousands would be pouring in each week from the States. My pair brought $218 at auction, from which amount a commission of ten per cent. was paid.

Supply here, as elsewhere, ruled the markets, but there were some singular extremes, while in general the prices of commodities of all kinds ruled high. For a time certain goods with which the stores were overstocked, were very cheap; for example coffee, which went begging at 12½ cts. per lb. Saleratus was scarce, and it brought $2 per lb. Flour was selling at $9 per hundred weight. Sugar at from 16 to 25 cts. per lb. Dried apples, 75 cts. per lb. Butter, $1. Molasses, $1.50 per gallon. Watermelons from $5 to $10 each. Light iron crowbars, $4 to $8 each. Cradles for washing gold, which in the States could be made for about three dollars, brought thirty. And tin pans, used also in gold washing—such as are employed for household purposes, or for holding milk in dairies, sold at prices varying from $4 to $16. A ton of hay brought $200, and a gallon of oats $1. Meat sold at 40 cts. per lb., and an ordinary loaf of bread, 50 cts. (The prices named were such as ruled at the time obtained. Fluctuations from day to day were great, and at times the wildest and most inconceivable prices obtained sway). Mechanics of every kind were in demand at high wages, as much even as from $12 to $20 per day. Teamsters were paid from $300 to $400 per month, and our late driver, Joe Bagby, secured a situation at Sutter's Fort at the latter price, with boarding added. Hotel waiters were getting $150 to $200 per month, and this was a favorite employment with young men of refinement, especially graduates of distinguished colleges, in preference to mining, which was considered too laborious.

In such a reign of prices it was to be expected that money would be sometimes thrown about with little care. On one occasion when visiting a store in Sacramento, a stranger inquired of me at what price I would sell a spur strapped to one of my boots. It had been worn on the plains, and from habit was still kept where it had been. I showed him, lest he might overlook the fact, that it had no wheel, this very necessary appendage having by some accident disappeared. The information however, did not in the least affect matters, he still wanted to know my price, and I said jocosely, "Five dollars." "I'll take it," was said in such breathless haste as indicated his anxiety to clinch the bargain without further delay. Notwithstanding the great satisfaction he expressed in securing such a treasure, as he transferred it to his own boot I did not find it easy to suppress the qualms of conscience experienced, having the feeling that I was guilty of some sort of highway robbery.



SAN FRANCISCO, IN AUGUST, 1849.

CHAPTER XVI.

A VISIT TO SAN FRANCISCO.—MEETING OLD FRIENDS.

ON TUESDAY, August 14th, I "sailed" (or floated) in the schooner Catharine for San Francisco: arrived at that point after a tedious and uncomfortable voyage on the Sunday following. It was a very uninteresting trip; several times we got aground and had difficulty in again getting afloat. Once when stranded most of those aboard went ashore; but we were well nigh devoured by mosquitoes, which though bad on board of the vessel, were infinitely worse on land. We built fires, hoping to drive them away with smoke, but in this were sadly disappointed. Before again getting afloat, we had been obliged to await the return of the tide.

Another recollection is that of stopping for a considerable time at Benicia—the beginning of a town of that name. There I made the acquaintance of Mr. R. F. Semple, a gentleman of position and influence, who a short time after as chairman of the Convention, took a prominent part in framing the State Constitution. With Mr. Semple I went aboard a vessel lately arrived from China, laden with a vast variety of curious wares from that far off land, arranged upon shelves between decks, as in this way the owner was preparing to expose his goods for sale.

Arrived at San Francisco, I put up at the "City Hotel" on the Plaza, or Portsmouth Square, as it was afterwards called. This tavern was a one-story adobe with an attic above. It had probably been the residence of some California grandee.* The rate of board, which included a cot in the attic, was $27 per week.

San Francisco was scarce more than a village; and day by day I watched its marvelous growth, and saw it assume in a brief time, proportions indicating the great city it was destined to become. Buildings were going up as if by magic, and some of them were quite large and apparently elegant, but not substantial. Many of the mechanics were Chinese, and it was an interesting sight to watch the rapidity of their motions in contrast with those with whom I was more familiar. When a Chinese hod-carrier went up a ladder, he ran. Their carpenters, in sawing wood or in driving nails, made their tools move as if impelled by lightning.

The streets were thronged with foreigners of many nationalities; and in the bay lay a fleet of vessels, numerous perhaps, and as diverse in the colors floated, as could be found in any harbor of the globe. The total barrenness of the rocky islands in the bay, and the sterility of the main land, with the frequent clouds of sand filling the air, which came from the hills to the westward, made it a very uninviting place. Usually the mornings were pleasantly warm, but after mid-day there was a change; cold winds sprang up attended by the blinding showers of sand, and then in going about, overcoats were needed.

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* It was at this time the property of a Mr. Leidesdorf.

I found but a single acquaintance here on my arrival, a young man whom I knew quite well when we lived in Pittsburgh, the brother too of an intimate friend whom I had met at Independence, and later on the plains. He informed me that he had shipped before the mast, via Cape Horn, on the sailing vessel Gray Eagle, so anxious had he been to come hither, having no means to pay his passage. His puny, delicate figure seemed totally unfit for a service so rough as that he must have encountered. As yet his impecuniosity had not been relieved by reaching the land of gold; for we had scarce exchanged greetings when I was called to meet his demand for a few dollars, to enable him to remove a lien which a washerwoman had on his linen. I met him frequently, and again some weeks later in Sacramento where he went to meet his brother, my friend, who was not in the least backward in expressing to me the annoyance he felt that the young "cub," for such he called him, had found his way to California, and whom he seemed to regard as a burden upon himself. There is a sequel to all this which I cannot refrain from presenting here. Thirty or more years after the events just related, when on a visit to P——a, the young sailor of 1849 was pointed out to me in a large hotel of which another of his brothers was proprietor. He had swollen to great proportions,—reminding me of the toad which was said to have swallowed a snake. He was practicing at the *bar*, and had attained to great proficiency. The contrast was indeed wonderful between his present appearance and my recollection of what his figure had been. I had no doubt but that a renewal of our acquaintance would be mutually agreeable, but this was a fearful mistake. Seeming slow in recognition, I did not assist him greatly by a jocular reference which I made to the circumstance and time when the washerwoman's claim had been satisfied. This only brought forth an ill-natured response, "Well, didn't I pay you back?" Now of this I had no recollection whatever; possibly he had done so, while if he had not, the fact was altogether forgotten. Renewal of acquaintance, I need scarce say, was neither pressed nor desired; and I left him as he rejoined some boon companions, equally bent on head swelling.

My first and only business in San Francisco was to ascertain whether there were letters for me in the postoffice; and I was gratified in receiving several from home, the contents of which I devoured with eagerness. My replies were made without delay, and then I was free to wander around, and to meditate upon my future course.

Whether China or the Sandwich Islands was best suited as the field of my future operations was a question. Another was, what are the operations? I endeavored to settle the first without reference to the latter question, but just when I seemed to reach a conclusion, this as a spectre, that would not down, haunted my mind. I read all the posters about the sailing of vessels, and became quite familiar with the information afforded; and it was satisfactory to know that all were "fast sailing, A No. 1, copper bottomed."

One day, shortly after my coming to this place, I called on the Alcalde, John W. Geary,* to whom I had letters of introduction. I had but a brief interview with him, when having to give attention to a judicial case brought before him, I left him with a view of returning. Seating myself on a bench by the outer door, and looking down across the plaza I could see the infant town struggling in its swaddling bands; the magnificent bay in which above a fleet of vessels floated the flags of many nations; while away beyond, Mount Diablo loomed up majestically, a fit throne for Beelzebub.

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*In the Mexican war, Mr. Geary had been Lieutenant Colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment. Later he became Governor of Kansas, being one of the many appointees of Buchanan, but becoming disgusted with the pro-slavery programme of the nest of traitors composing that disgraceful administration, resigned. At a still later date he was a distinguished Major General in the Union army during the Slaveholders' rebellion; and on the restoration of peace became Governor of Pennsylvania.

In a little while my attention was arrested by the approach of a familiar face coming directly towards me. The Alcalde's office, as may be inferred from preceding remarks, was on the west side of the plaza, and from it there was quite a descent all the way to the bay, so that any one on the upper side in looking downward had an advantage of vision over a person ascending. It was my friend James R. Murphy, mentioned in the early part of my diary as having sailed in February to California via Cape Horn. He did not recognize me until we were about face to face, and our surprise at so unexpected a meeting was mutual. From him I learned that the barque Kirkland on which he came had just arrived, was lying at anchor in the bay, and that I would find a number of acquaintances on board, among them my intimate friend, George R. Barclay. He had a pair of long legged India rubber boots slung over one arm which he was hoping to sell to Colonel Geary, as both he and Barclay were moneyless. I waited while he went in and interrupted the court, in presenting his "case." In a short time he returned rejoicing in the possession of a handsome sum which the generous Alcalde had given him for the boots. I might here state with respect to the career of Colonel Geary in California, a fact well known, and for which his memory should be cherished: that with fatherly kindness he befriended every one belonging to his native State (Pennsylvania,) whom he ever found

JAMES R. MURPHY AND GEO. R. BARCLAY.

From Daguerreotype, 1848.

in need; and of this I shall have occasion to speak again. Accompanied by Mr. Murphy, I at once set out for his ship, but had only gone a short distance, when we met Mr. Barclay heading towards us, and wondering, as he said a few moments later, "How it was that Murphy should be keeping company with a Mexican greaser!" But my sunbrowned face, beneath a broad brimmed felt hat, did not long hinder recognition, and loungers on the sidewalk were soon treated to the spectacle of two full grown young men clasped in each other's arms. Shortly after on going aboard their ship, I met hearty greetings from many friends who had been their companions in the six-months voyage. Among others J. Heron Foster, the genial editor and founder of the "Pittsburgh Dispatch." I made, too, the acquaintance of Mr. Reppert, of Baltimore, a cousin of Mr. Barclay, who was to join us in an adventure shortly to be recounted. Nor should I forget to mention Mr. L——, whom thirty years later I found prominent among the numerous quacks swarming at Hot Springs, Arkansas, with shingle out, boldly announcing himself a physician!

Tales of sea life, of course, were exchanged for stories of life on the plains. Doubling Cape Horn and crossing the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains, were matters brought into review; while a visit to the island of Robinson Crusoe, Juan Fernandez, was discussed, and as an offset, a sojourn among the Mormons at Salt Lake was presented.

To while away the tedium of ship life, some had become expert carvers in wood, and these showed many specimens of very beautiful and delicate works of art produced by whittling with their penknives. I had nothing to exhibit to the eye, but as a set off, could tell of the luxurious bean soups we made on the plains; of the vast herds of buffalo seen; of the fleet footed antelopes that "Old" Smith had brought down and added to our larders; and of the Indians seen and unseen; the latter more dreaded, and by far the most interesting as a basis for tales of the marvelous.

Messrs. Barclay, Murphy and Reppert had determined to try their fortunes at gold mining, and were anxious that I should accompany them. They had a large tent and a vast stock of provisions, with which they proposed to unite with whatever money I might have, which would be useful in securing transportation to the mines. After considering the matter, I acceded to their proposition; agreeing to pilot them to Mormon Island where we could be joined by Messrs. Scully and McBride.

In a brief time their whole outfit was taken ashore, and we pitched the tent in what was called "Happy Valley"—a name signifying far more than the dwellers in it could hope to realize. It was a desolate sandy tract—a depression lying between hills of sand and extending to the bay, and was dotted over with the tents of squatters, most of whom like ourselves, were only temporary residents while making preparations to go elsewhere. To suppose that it could ever become a place of any value was a thing too wild and imaginative to enter into the mind of any speculative dreamer; but in a few years it became the heart of San Francisco, and its lots attained to fabulous values.

Some of the stores brought from the ship being in excess of what would be needed, were either sold or traded for goods that would be required. We were in no great haste either to travel or to get down to solid work; moreover it was next to impossible to get passage on the small sailing craft navigating the Sacramento River; and accommodations had to be engaged at least a week in advance, so for two weeks we loitered in San Francisco.

I will not stop to relate the incidents of this continued residence, though had I noted such as were connected with the wonderful growth of the city of which we were the daily witnesses, and of the strange scenes constantly passing before our eyes, the Arabian Nights Entertainment could scarce surpass in interest a book that might be written having these things for a subject. Many works indeed have been published, narrating the occurrences to which I allude, and perhaps Bayard Taylor's "Eldorado" more clearly than any other, presents the pictures of this period in life-like hues. What he relates often seems like fiction, but my own observation and familiarity with what he describes enables me to say that in all matters he exhibited fidelity to truth, and in no instance is there an attempt at exaggeration.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOLD MINING—OUR NORTH FORK CAMP.

ON the morning of September 5th, we set sail for Sacramento, on board the clipper "Eclipse." The little craft was crowded with passengers to a most uncomfortable degree. It was bad enough in day time, but at night it was intolerable, as there were some who could not find places to lie down, so that sleep was denied them. There were no berths of any kind. A deck and a hold comprised the accommodations. Except immediately beneath the hatchway, the hold was filled with freight. The deck also had much freight piled over it; and it was here too, upon a small cooking stove, that each of the passengers and crew prepared their own meals. All dreaded the approach of night, for if fortunate enough to secure a place to lie down, there was a good chance of being tramped upon by those who were obliged to stand up. The first night I laid upon some barrels standing on end and of different height, and besides suffering from the unevenness of my couch, the chines so cut into my sides that for relief I tossed about continually. Another night I secured as my cot a coil of ropes, by no means a bed of down: and I found that every time the ship tacked about, which was once in every twenty or thirty minutes, I had to shift my position to avoid being struck by the jib. About midnight the rope was needed, but I was not sorry, for I coiled myself up in its stead, and lay undisturbed until morning.

I was on the alert for the next night's rest, and early in the evening went into the hold, in the little space about the hatchway. Already a number of my fellow passengers had lowered themselves into the same coveted spot. The vessel itself being small, the hull of course was narrow, and the choice spots—those where a recumbent body could lie in a horizontal position—were all pre-empted, so that with some others I was forced to lie against the sides or wall of the boat, our bodies bent in half moon shape, thus forming, as it were, extra ribs for the hull. Sand was used for ballasting the ship; accordingly our feet were firmly imbedded, and we were prevented from sliding downward so long as we were awake. Sleep equalized all inequalities, as was discoverable in the morning. Those who were envied for having secured the horizontal positions were no better than the others, for all had rolled together in a common heap, not simply because of the frequent lurchings of the ship, which would have been cause sufficient, but on account of the fixed laws of gravitation. Such a huddling resulted, that at day-break when we attempted to rise, heads, feet, arms and legs were so mixed up, that each man had difficulty in picking up the limbs which he had a right to claim as his own.

There was a constant scramble for access to the stove, and from early morning until dusk, a cloud of steam and the odors of frying victuals floated from the galley and were wafted about the deck. The utmost good nature fortunately prevailed and all discomforts were met with the stoicism of philosophers.

On the fourth day (Sunday, September 9th,) we reached Sacramento. A marvelous change had taken place here during my brief absence, and I was scarce able to recognize landmarks that had previously become familiar. Scores of large frame buildings, some with zinc fronts, had gone up, and scores more were in course of erection. The population had at least doubled and the greatest activity prevailed.

The signs of business flourishing were seen on every hand: in the warehouses, on the streets, and along the wharf. There was much sickness, diarrhœa, dysentery and scurvy prevailing, but less probably than in August. Gambling had arisen to a fearful height, and the dealers of monte, faro, roulette, etc., were reaping harvests of gold; the hard earned dust which miners heaped upon these altars of infamy. The finest and best buildings were those occupied by the black-leg gentry. One of these, called "The Plains," had its walls frescoed with scenes familiar to overland emigrants, as "Independence Rock," "Devil's Gate," passes in the Rocky Mountains, and in the Sierra Nevada, etc.

I met many acquaintances who had lately come overland. Some had already tried mining with varying results. A number whom I knew well—usually more fond of sport than employment, and never before engaged in any kind of hard work—were employed as laborers on the first brick house then being erected. It fronted on J street, was up to the height of two stories, and it was intended, I think, to add a third. In the flood of the ensuing winter, which overspread the valley lying between the Sacramento and American Rivers, this was among the houses swept away. It was amusing to see my jolly friends answering the calls of bricklayers for "more mort," "more brick." They constantly disputed as to whose turn it was to shoulder the hod; for although all were engaged on the job, it was not necessary, according to some understanding with the builders, that all should be working at the same time. By turns they stirred the mortar in its bed, or carried supplies up the ladder to those engaged in laying brick; but as observed, they differed, though good naturedly, as to who should next perform the labor needed. They were all of one mind, however, when as it frequently happened, some one of their number proposed "Let us take a drink," and in a body they went across the street to "The Plains," where all smiled in sweetest unison.

We remained over night in Sacramento, sleeping in the open air, but about midnight all awoke with chilliness, and we found our blankets and clothing quite wet, as a heavy dew was falling. Fortunately we had India rubber blankets among our stores, and with these protected ourselves until morning.

Having a wagon engaged for transporting our goods to Mormon Island, (South Fork of the American River) twenty-eight miles distant, we made an early start. Nine miles from Sacramento we halted to dine; and eleven miles further, at Oak Springs, camped over night. A march of a few hours on the following morning brought us to Mormon Island, and we pitched our tent on a hill-side beside the South Fork, intending to remain there until we could ascertain the whereabouts of the friends we sought. Our goods weighed scarce a ton, and for wagoning to this point we paid seventy-two dollars.

After much inquiry, we learned from a storekeeper who claimed as his customers those we were in search of, that he usually saw one or the other about once every week, but did not know where they were located.

Mr. Reppert had contracted dysentery when on his sea voyage, and the disease still clung to him, and confined him closely to the tent; poor fellow, he never regained health. A temporary illness made me his companion for a few days. Meanwhile Messrs. Murphy and Barclay did some "prospecting," but without making discoveries of any importance. Before that I was able to go down to the river where all day long the miners were rocking their cradles, I became very curious to witness the operation. From sunrise until dusk, I could hear the machines as they swayed to and fro, beating against the rocks on which they stood and filling the air with their singular music; while mingling with these sounds was that of the peculiar rattling caused by gravel descending to and shaking in the sieves. I felt too, a desire to know the actual results of such labors, and to see the glittering stuff, in the gathering of which these sounds were produced.

Two days later, Mr. McBride happened to cross our path when on his way to pay a doctor who had attended him in a recent illness. Fever and ague, from which he had recovered, had reduced him greatly, but what was left of him, we were all rejoiced to see—his heart was as big as ever. Mr. Scully and he had located on the North Fork of the American River, three miles distant, and separated from the branch on which we were by a high hill. They had at first worked at this place, but were induced to go to the other stream by the representations of our late overland companions, "Old" Smith and Eli Nichols, who were located there.

It needed no formal invitation to unite forces, that was a foregone conclusion on both sides; and without stipulation of any kind, all we had was in common, with no reservations. We at once procured a skiff and crossed with our goods to the opposite side of the river. From the landing to the base of the hill was but a few rods, and thither we conveyed our stores, piling them up carefully and covering them sufficiently to protect them from the weather; setting aside however, what we designed carrying with us to our intended camping ground, concluding to return from time to time for such fresh supplies as we might require. Although this cairn was in sight of hundreds of miners on Mormon Island, we felt no concern as to its safety, such was the confidence then felt as to the respect for law written on the consciences of men, for here as elsewhere through California in general, there was a total absence of both civil magistrates and of civil laws. No provision under authority of the United States had as yet been made, and it was a disputed point as to the prevalence of Mexican laws.

The miners had a code of their own, and if any one outraged the decencies of life, they either drove him off, or hung him; these were the common penalties, and a few examples caused them to be well understood.

Each one started with a load strapped to his back or otherwise carrying what he could; and by a path leading up the steep hill-side, we ascended leisurely until the summit was reached, after which the way was almost level. There was an unbroken forest of stately trees, mostly pines, the entire distance. An hour's walk brought us in sight of the valley of the North Fork, when by a precipitous path, we descended to the camp of our friends. Mr. Scully was absent, and we made the rocks and hills ring with our united voices shouting halloo! when he at length came forth from a cleft where he had been prospecting. Wearing a red flannel shirt, pants rolled to the top of his boots, his head sheltered by a great felt hat, with bushy whiskers almost covering his face, and carrying a pick, shovel and pan, he was the very personification of a California miner!

After the hearty greetings which transpired in a universal chorus, we were introduced to an English sailor whom he named as "Dick," whose tent was but a short way off, and who also appeared on the scene attracted by our shouting. Dick hailed from Melbourne; was industrious, quiet and thoroughly companionable. Smith and Nichols were encamped about a mile further up the stream; and about a mile below, there was a company of men from the island of Manilla. So far as we knew, there were no others on this stream, at least there were none near at hand. It was quite an advantage to be thus situated, as we were at liberty to move about at pleasure, without being compelled to "stake off a claim," as was usual in most mining districts.

The tent we brought with us was sufficiently large for the newly formed mess, and we pitched it near to the base of the hill under the shade of two wide spreading oaks. The wagon cover which had been used as a substitute for a tent by our friends, we employed as a roof for our dining room, stretching it upon posts. A goodly camp fire is ever an essential for camp life; and Mr. Barclay's sinewy arms applied to a sharp axe, were not long in felling a great pine tree, and from its trunk was severed a large back log, and another to sit upon, while very soon a splendid fire, hissing, cracking, sending up its volume of smoke and showering its sparks around, contributed to our cheer. We cooked a pan of "rashers" with "hard tack" soaked in the fat; these and a pot of coffee added, formed our evening meal. With splendid appetites we desired nothing more, and felt that no king fared better. "The cloth being removed," we gathered around the fire, filled our tobacco pipes, and as the smoke curled upward from them, in story we "fought our battles over again." The plains were recrossed, and the Horn redoubled—and it might be other *horns* were doubled, perhaps trebled.

After a good night's rest and an early breakfast we went to work—this was on Friday, September 14th. The site chosen for digging was scarce more than a stone's throw from our tent, and we moved but slightly from it during our stay in the mines. From this point the earth had to be carried in sacks to the edge of the river, where it was emptied into two cradles for washing. It was a rough, precipitous descent of rock, twenty feet or more in extent, over which this carrying was done. The earth in which gold was found in this vicinity lay to the depth of from four to six feet upon the top of rocks. Usually we cast aside as worthless, a layer of sand, or sometimes sand mixed with earth; all below this was carried to be washed, and the nearer we approached the rock, the greater were the returns. When the surface was reached, it was scraped and swept with great care, for here the gold could be seen, lying in shining particles. North Fork gold was uniformly composed of diminutive scales or mere specks, all of the utmost purity. In digging the earth with a pick, it was broken up fine before being shoveled into bags, and as many stones as possible were picked out and thrown away; even then in washing it was found that a great part of the refuse was gravel, and this often quite large. Mr. Reppert was continuously confined to the tent, or close to it, and of course unable to work. Two of us did the digging, one carried the earth and two worked at the cradles. At the outset I tried rocking a cradle, thinking a knowledge of that kind might some day become useful. It seemed at first sight quite simple, but on trial I found it rather difficult to acquire the peculiar art of moving one arm forward and backward to do the rocking, and with the other to dip up water with which to drench the dirt in the hopper. Skill too was required to know the exact motion that would produce the best results. If shaken too violently, the fine gold would pass out over the cleats in the bottom of the cradle and be lost; and if not swayed rapidly enough, the dirt would become packed behind the cleats. The miner too, required to learn his machine, as the height and curve of the rockers, the size of the cleats, and the slant of the cradle towards the stream, had much to do with proper working. I was so much exposed to water, my feet constantly in puddles, and my clothes dripping with wet, that I was glad to exchange cradle work for what was usually accounted severer labor—digging with a pick. Messrs. Murphy and Barclay were broad shouldered, stalwart men, and one or the other, or both, at times carried the bags of dirt, which was indeed laborious work, requiring too a firm step and great care in descending the ledge of rocks to the river.

A full bushel of earth mixed with stones was the load carried, and frequently seventy-two bushels were washed in a day. Our days, however, were short, *i. e.*, our working hours in each day, and at no time did we overtask ourselves. We mingled recreation with work, finding amusement in fishing and hunting. In angling we were never very successful, but as the forest on the hill above was full of game, our table at all times was kept well supplied.

Messrs. Barclay and Murphy, especially the former, were excellent sportsmen, and it was rarely ever that we were without a deer, or several hares, or jack rabbits as they were commonly called, hanging from the limbs of trees near our tent. I never but once went hunting, and then speedily enough tracked a young deer, and got within easy range of it, but was completely overcome with *buck fever*, being wholly unable to raise my rifle, and so enchanted with the beautiful sight of the leaping of that deer from point to point—down into a ravine and then up a hill-side opposite, that I gazed at it with stupid admiration, until it was clear out of sight!

We usually kept the hares hanging in the open air until they became quite tender and blown by bees and wasps. This was said to be *French style*, and in our cuisine we were close imitators of the French. While preparing these animals for cooking when thus cured, there might be some offense to delicate nostrils, but when once cooked and spread out on the table they were considered very savory. This digression about hunting and mining work, is but a practical illustration of our manner of life; some work and some play; much, it must be confessed, of the latter.

I should have added that in washing the earth in cradles, a heavy black sand remains deposited behind the cleats, and at intervals this was taken out, and for a time kept carefully in a vessel used for the purpose; for it was in this sand that the gold was found. It was usually the work of either Mr. Scully or Mr. McBride, to separate the gold from the sand. At their convenience they panned it off—that is, seating themselves by the river's edge, and having the sand in the tin pan, they would so tilt it as to admit water, and again tilt it to allow the water to pass out, carrying sand with it. This operation was repeated with extreme care a great many times until the gold was left nearly clean. What remained was next spread upon a plate and placed in the sun to dry, when by a skillful use of breath the sand would be blown off, leaving only the gold, which was then stored in a buckskin bag.

We sometimes tried other "diggings," but never with as much success as in the place originally selected. Once we crossed to the opposite side of the stream, where the rocks bordering the river were higher and more precipitous, but were not repaid for our labor. At times we climbed among the rocks, and with knives or spoons picked out the dirt found in crevices; but while this earth was often quite rich, it took so much time to gather it, that the conclusion reached was that this too was unprofitable.

On the plains, the Sabbath with us, and with most emigrants had been as another day, and we scarcely knew of its arrival, having become careless as to the obligation to refrain from labor. Personally, however, I ever knew of the return of the sacred day, and was aware too that I was acting in disregard of a father's express counsel, given me before starting—to do no work on the Sabbath. "Sunday work" said he, "never prospers." I always felt, however, that it would have been utterly useless for me even to raise my protest. In the mines I do not remember that it was ever suggested to rest on that day; but by silent, common consent we refrained from labor as we had all been accustomed in our far off homes.

The average daily earnings per man were about one-half ounce of gold, or say eight dollars; once I remember we made double that amount. All worked in perfect harmony, and at no time was ever a word uttered to mar the pleasant relations existing. There was no shirking of work on the part of any one, and indeed if the "heavy end of a log" had to be carried, there was a generous rivalry to secure that end.

There was, however, one cloud in our skies; our Baltimore friend, Mr. Reppert, was a confirmed invalid, and we saw no prospect of his recovery. A physician at Mormon Island was consulted from time to time and the medicines he furnished were given with regularity, but all seemed unavailing. Indeed we felt little or no confidence in this medical man, having the belief that he was a quack. Mr. Reppert had been repeatedly urged at a time when he was able to do so, to return to Sacramento, where he might obtain proper medical treatment; but while again and again assenting, he postponed doing what was suggested until wholly unable to go. He died Sunday, the 18th of November. On the day following, his remains were borne by our neighbors the Manillanos, who kindly volunteered their services, to the brow of the hill immediately back of our camp, and were there deposited in a grave which had been dug by his sorrowing associates. From the spot where his body reposes the beautiful North Fork may be seen winding about in the valley below, amid the grandest of scenery; but what careth the dead for this? there is no pride of place in the grave.

Mr. Murphy and myself were absent at Sacramento at the time the sad event just recorded took place. We had left the mines about a week previous to Mr. Reppert's death, little thinking his end was so near at hand. The occasion of our leaving was this. The rainy season had set in: the first rain since our entrance into California, had fallen on the 10th of October; after that there had only been occasional showers, until the 1st of November, when it began to descend in earnest, and continued with little intermission until the 7th of that month.

Confined to our tent most of this time, we saw plainly that preparations must be made for the winter, or wet season, as it would be impossible to remain much longer in quarters so unsuitable. On the question of wintering where we were, we were not at first of one mind, for it was feared by some that on account of the deep snows we would seldom be able to do any work; on the other hand, it was argued, that if we went to the cities, the expense of living would be such, that when spring came we would be moneyless.

On the night of November 9th, after much debate it was finally concluded to set to work on the day following to build a cabin of logs to winter in; and when our candle was blown out, and each one had sunk into quiet slumbers, if there were dreams, it might be readily imagined the subject of them would be of forests bowing to the axes of sturdy woodsmen — of a log-cabin rising grandly on the rocky shore of the North Fork, with coon skins stretched on its outer walls, and deer and hares hanging about the door. But dreams vanish in the light of day. At breakfast on the morning following, some word indicating indecision chanced to fall, and it had the instantaneous effect of establishing the fact that there was not perfect unanimity on the subject of wintering in the mines; whereupon Mr. Murphy and myself conferred together, and in a very few moments our intention was formed of returning to our distant homes, while we had the means at command to do so. Our decision was not a great surprise to our companions, for in our discussion such a contingency had been considered. Immediately we made preparations for leaving. Our Manilla neighbors loaned us a horse to carry our baggage to Mormon Island, and Mr. Scully escorted us to that point on our journey. After crossing the South Fork, we arranged with a teamster to carry our goods to Sacramento and to deliver them at a commission store agreed upon; whereupon we proceeded on our journey.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOJOURNING IN SACRAMENTO CITY.

SOON after leaving Mormon Island, rain began to fall and continued all day. The miry roads through which we plodded made traveling laborious. Numerous streams had to be crossed, most of which were but dry beds through the summer season. By night-fall we reached a house of entertainment at Oak Springs—a canvas covered house of three rooms, two of which were occupied by the family of the owner, a warm hearted, hospitable Oregonian, while the third was used as a dining room and sleeping room for guests.

Outside, under cover of a bower made of the limbs of trees, we found a fire at which we dried our clothing; and in a little while later we sat at the best meal we had eaten in California, simple though it was, consisting of warm biscuit with excellent butter, fried ham, dried peaches, preserves and good coffee. About nine o'clock a number of miners sought lodgings also for the night, and soon after, piling the chairs and tables in a corner, we spread our blankets upon the ground floor,

LODGING HOUSE IN SACRAMENTO.

securing some soft billets of wood for pillows, and thus stowed away, passed a wakeless night.

Shortly after daybreak of Sunday, we breakfasted, paid the very moderate price of two dollars each for lodging and meals, and resumed our journey. No rain fell, but we found the road even more miry than on the previous day, and were obliged to wade through numerous pools, deep and muddy.

Late in the afternoon we reached "Leidesdorf's," nine miles from Sacramento. Here we obtained a supper of cold victuals which we washed down with cold tea; the worst meal we ever remembered to have eaten. It was quite dark when we reached Sacramento. We found the streets flooded with water, and the only light to guide pedestrians was an occasional ray which stole through cracks and crevices of shanties lining the way; so that in attempting to jump from plank to plank, irregularly placed along the sidewalks, it was often that we jumped from planks to puddles. Reaching the American House on K street, we were told that we were too late for supper, but could be furnished with lodgings for the night in an adjoining house expressly fitted up for that purpose.

Let me describe these. There were two rooms, about 20 x 24 feet each. Against each end wall was a double tier of berths, and on either side was a triple tier, and there were two berths to each tier. Thus within the narrow compass named, there were *accommodations* (?) for forty men in rough, wooden bunks, arranged as the berths of a canal boat or sleeping car. One room fronted on the street; the rear of the other was towards a yard. At each end was a narrow door, and by another the two rooms communicated. A stove with pipe passing out at the roof, a small table, and a few wooden chairs constituted the furniture belonging to the front room; the rear room was less gorgeously provided, a rough stool or two being the sole adornments.

The small stove served as a central point of attraction; and about it, pre-empting the chairs, were gathered some lodgers as though intent on keeping it warm; one or more of whom, with a view of drying their water soaked boots, held the soles of them against it, thus affording all others the delightful odor of burnt leather, after the vile steam thus generated had diffused itself through the room. Others contributed to these olfactory charms by spitting tobacco juice upon the innocent stove, in spite of a regulation which possibly on account of some previous grievance had been painted on the pipe, "No spitten on the stoav." Offenders, however, might plead ignorance of the law, inasmuch as it was placed too high to be observed by any save those who so tilted their seats that their attacks were against the pipe itself, an offense by technical construction not embraced within the provisions of the statute.

The clerk of the lodgings stood beside a pile of coarse blankets, one of which he delivered to each applicant for a berth upon receiving payment of one dollar. The possession of a blanket, therefore, was equivalent to a ticket or certificate for the night's lodging. By ten o'clock every bunk was taken, and most of them occupied; when the officer made a survey to ascertain whether each guest was duly provided with a blanket; an act of thoughtfulness perhaps not wholly to be ascribed to kindness, or feelings of hospitality; monetary considerations may have influenced him. A full description of the scenes witnessed in these lodging rooms, could they be related, would include many laughable phases.

Imagine forty men confined within the compass named, laid out on shelves, row after row, all intent upon sleep, however reluctant the drowsy god to sit upon all eyelids. Some by loud conversation kept others awake; while yet others arose and paced the floor. The few chairs were perhaps at no time vacant, except for the moment when one party gave way to be succeeded by another equally bent on making a cuspidor of the stove. Bugs and fleas were complained of, and their presence might account for a measure of the wakefulness; then there were some who were sick, and one poor fellow towards morning died!

As there was no way of ventilating the rooms except by admitting air at the doors, and when forty men had a voice in determining whether doors should be kept open or shut, it may readily be conceived that opinions varied. The intolerable stifling air induced many to declare firmly for the opening, and these did resolutely open them. Others by word and act as determinedly closed them, on account of the draughts to which they were exposed. Compromises were proposed and attempted in the partial opening of the doors; but compromises met with the usual fate of such expedients, no one being satisfied. The doors on their hinges had in consequence as little rest as the contestants, and they were violently pulled open or banged shut the night long. I do not know at what hour I fell asleep, but when once in the land of nod, I was insensible to all the distractions to which I have alluded, and neither the fumes of burnt leather, the odors arising from tobacco-spit showered on the stove, loud talking, slamming of doors, the activities of bugs or fleas, nor all of these combined could keep me awake, and I slept soundly till a comfortable hour for arising arrived.

On awaking I was attracted by the voice of some one calling out names, and presently I heard my own called; soon after it was repeated, and for a third time I heard it, before I sprang to the floor to discover a man with a great bundle of letters, the addresses of which he read aloud as he turned them over. As my mail matter, I knew, would be sent to San Francisco, I felt anxious to know how this person got possession of it; but he would give me no satisfaction on that point, and in a most impudent manner demanded two dollars to be paid upon each of three letters he had, in addition to the regular postage. The postage itself, under the then existing law—the rating having some relation to distance—was forty cents; and one of these particular letters was eighty cents, as it exceeded the unit rate. Having authorized no one to take my letters from any postoffice, and feeling that an outrage had been perpetrated which ought not to be encouraged; notwithstanding that I greatly coveted their possession, as doubtless they contained later intelligence from my distant home than any I had received, I yet declined to aid what I conceived to be a gross imposition by taking the letters. I further threatened prosecution for violating United States statutes, which made the act now witnessed a criminal offense. My threat had more effect than I had anticipated. The man's equanimity was disturbed; and he instantly dropped his insolent tone, saying that he had not taken the letters from the postoffice, but had received them from another person with whom he divided commissions; and proposed to remit his own share of the plunder by accepting an advance of but one dollar. He further stated that the instructions given him had been to visit the mining districts, seek out the parties to whom letters were addressed, and make arrangements for future deliveries. The enterprise would have been highly commendable, had authority in advance been obtained from the persons most concerned; but in the absence of this, it could be only considered an outrage for any one to be hawking about the country letters of persons, many of whom could never be found, and of others who at great expense and loss of time may have made long journeys to San Francisco purposely to receive tidings from their homes, and who would be thus made to suffer severe disappointments; for when applying at the postoffice they would be told there were no letters for them. The amount in excess of postage was a matter least to be objected to, as but few who were anxious to hear from a distant home, would have been unwilling to pay the premium asked; and I have known of special agents being sent to San Francisco at large expense for the sole purpose of getting letters supposed to be there; an instance of which I shall presently give. Subduing my wrath for the moment in my anxiety for home tidings, I was led for the present to select one letter bearing the most recent post-mark; while I informed the mail peddler, or more properly mail robber, that I would see him again in reference to his nefarious business.

Later in the day I again met him, and my indignation not having altogether subsided, I poured into him the hottest shot I could find in the battery comprising my vocabulary. Perceiving a crowd gathering about me—many of whom shared my feelings and showed a willingness to stand by me to any extent—I concluded to take from him the other letters, paying him his abated price, as I was not anxious to become the hero of a street fight.

The contents of these letters were eagerly devoured, as they furnished that best of news—home news. And now as I pen these lines, when more than two score years have passed since the events related, and these same letters lie upon the table upon which I write, I peruse them once again with a different, but as intense an interest as then. There are the envelopes which I tore open so eagerly, showing the old fashioned wafers with which they were sealed, and the post-marks which I scanned in the lodging house, with the big figures in red ink indicating the big postage of those days; and bearing the address beautifully written—as few indeed can write—by a hand long at rest in the stillness of death. Once again opening each sheet with its compact lines and these crossed, I read of loved ones of whom many have passed to a better life; of the weddings of some whose grandchildren are now beginning to think of marriage; of deaths of people then prominent, whose very names are almost forgotten; of festivities, the actors in which were our young companions, many of them now gray and wrinkled with age; and of those whose joys have been turned to sorrows; while yet others sleep under the daisies that bloom above their graves.

I mentioned a little way back, the fact of special agents being sent to San Francisco for letters; and I will now speak of one whom I knew well, and who from such humble service arose to positions of prominence, and was among the early Governors of California—John Bigler. When a boy, I had often seen him as he passed to and from the post-office in Pittsburgh, where he was a clerk. At a later date he was connected editorially with a daily Democratic newspaper of that city

After leaving Pittsburgh he settled in one of the Western States—Illinois probably. From thence he emigrated with his wife and children to California. If besides these and a wagon and a yoke of oxen which hauled it and them, he possessed any household goods, they must have been meager indeed.

He built in Sacramento a muslin covered house to live in; a curtain hung in the center formed its two rooms; and its furnishment was of the humblest character. Besides being very poor, a much greater difficulty was a want of knowledge in what way to earn a living; and the efforts he put forth with this end in view were truly pitiable.

Observing such to be his condition, with a view to aid him and at the same time to obtain a needed service, a number of his friends clubbed together and raised a handsome purse with which to send him to San Francisco for letters. This mission he performed, and the compensation doubtless was a great relief to him in his straightened condition. It was evident that like Micawber, he was "waiting for something to turn up;" but more fortunate than the prototype, something did turn up.

Following the adoption of a State constitution by a convention held at Monterey, a proclamation was issued for an election to be held on Tuesday, November 13th, to choose a govenor, legislators and sundry other officers. The date fixed upon happened to be just three days after our arrival in Sacramento from the mines.

A host of applicants were found willing to serve the State in the several positions named, and among them John Bigler announced himself a candidate for Assembly from the Sacramento district.

Where the people in general were strangers to one another, it seemed fitting that those seeking favors of others who were to do the voting, should make known their political views; and to this end a mass meeting was called for the evening preceding the election. It happened that Pittsburghers in Sacramento were numerous almost as mosquitoes had been a short time prior to this, and they went buzzing about for the candidate, John Bigler, although politically most of them were of a different faith. They knew that he was a Democrat of the kind said to be "dyed in the wool," and that no manner of whitewashing could make white that which was intensely and indelibly black; but they seemed willing nevertheless to forgive him of a sin so heinous, and even to include him as one of their own; for had he not at one time walked and prophesied in their own favorite streets; and had he not time since then to undergo a change of heart? They moreover knew of his struggles with poverty; and there is at times in this a something that "makes all mankind a kin." And thus it was they determined to rally to his support. One thing they feared, that his democratic proclivities would naturally incline him to lean toward the support of that which was the corner-stone of the temple of his party's idolatry—slavery; and should this be so, it would prove fatal to his aspirations. They felt, however, that much could be trusted to his shrewdness, while his necessities would permit of no barrier to success which by any possibility he could pull down. A politician of his stamp was not easily deceived, and he could with ease trim his sails to any popular breeze. He knew as well as any that the Monterey convention, ably representing the will of the people, had with great unanimity declared in favor of a free State, and this at a time when the talk of extending the area of slavery was abroad in the land, and demagogues like Stephen A. Douglass, that very little giant, were hoping to ride into power on such frail barques as popular sovereignty.

The mass meeting of citizens was held in front of the City Hotel, a building said to have been formed of the logs used by Captain Sutter in erecting a flour mill for which there was no longer any use, there being no wheat raised at this time. Some blazing torches about a rough rostrum enabled the audience to obtain a knowledge of the physiognomy of those addressing them, who were seeking to win their suffrages; but there seemed to be no possible method for obtaining light upon what was uppermost in their minds, the views of the speakers upon the all absorbing theme, slavery.

On most subjects they seemed able to speak with fluency, but upon this they were tongue-tied. On topics in general they were profoundly learned, but upon this one alone they manifested an ignorance truly deplorable.

At length came a deafening cry of "Bigler! Bigler!! Bigler!!!" from voices easily recognized. Appearing on the stand, *our candidate* for a time with extreme modesty dwelt upon generalities as those who preceded him had done. But the impatient audience could endure such things no longer with calmness, and then came the demand, "Tell us what you think on the extension of slavery." Some beating about the bush was attempted, which did not satisfy his auditors, and their demand was repeated louder than before. The crisis had come, his friends saw that evasion would avail nothing; by continuing to be non-committal he would be beaten, and he might just as well be whipped with his flag flying at the mast-head inscribed, "Slavery forever." But their better hope was that he would trim his sails and float with the breeze, so they began to cry, "Let them have it, Bigler." "Out with it, John," etc., etc. They were no wiser than the speaker; he saw as well as they, that his hour had come; others might assume the role of the artful dodger, he could not afford to. Like an old war-horse he scented the battle afar off. It was clear to him that party predilections must be abandoned, if there was to be any show of being elected; and elected he must be if he would improve his circumstances. The choice was between bread and party; between principals and principles; and both party and party principles had to go to the wall. There was no longer any mincing of matters; and as if anxious to show to the whole world the ground whereon he stood, that he of all men had nothing to conceal, he came out boldly, not simply against the extension of slavery, but leaping immeasurably beyond that issue, he was flat footed in opposition to the institution of slavery itself, as the one great blot on our proud escutcheon. In vulgar parlance, and what was figuratively accomplished, "the nigger was swallowed whole."

The cheers that rent the air, when he thus pronounced himself, were deafening. It was clear to every one that his election was assured; and he could not but feel so himself.

His Pittsburgh friends, however, did not relax their efforts; their canvass was in every particular thorough, and he was triumphantly elected. On the assembling of the legislature, he was chosen Speaker of the branch to which he had been elected; and with this position as another stepping stone, in two years thereafter he became Governor of the State. In the same year in which he attained this latter position, his brother—William Bigler, as much of a doughface in his subserviency to the slave power as James Buchanan, *or as John Bigler himself proved eventually to be* — was elected Governor of Pennsylvania.

During one of my frequent visits to Bedford Springs, I was introduced to a relative of the late Governor William Bigler, and the remark was made that I had been acquainted with John Bigler. This led to a brief statement on my part as to the interest Pittsburghers had taken in his election at Sacramento, in 1849. Greatly to my surprise, much pique was shown at what I said, and as though doubting the accuracy of my facts, the reply was made with some spice in the tones, "Pittsburghers didn't like the Biglers." I could not deny the soft impeachment; for I knew full well they were not the kind of people for Pittsburghers to be much in love with. I remembered, too, what a rousing vote they polled, though vainly, against one of them when he too ran for Governor; but under the circumstances, and having no wish to resurrect the past, I sought, ineffectually however, to change the current of thought by saying that whatever their political prejudices, these had been smothered in the far-off land of

California, where one who had been known as their fellow-citizen, and with whom they were socially intimate, was a candidate for office. I talked, however, to no purpose; there are wounds too deep to be healed.

From old Bedford, let us return once more to young Sacramento. At the election to which reference has been made, there was great difficulty in learning anything respecting the many candidates for office. The great mass of voters had flocked from all parts of the United States within the months of the current year, as did those also seeking office, and to vote intelligently was in most cases impossible. The first vote of my life was cast at this election, and the making up of a ticket was not unlike investing in a lottery; indeed too often in later experience it has been much the same when better means of obtaining information were within easy reach. The surname of one of the many gubernatorial candidates — Winfield Scott Sherwood — led me and others to suppose that he was a Whig; subsequently I learned my mistake: he was a full fledged Democrat. The only one concerning whom I could obtain any definite knowledge was my friend Bigler, for whom of course I voted. In every aspect of the case, it was like "buying a pig in a poke."

Two wearisome weeks were spent by Mr. Murphy and myself, in waiting for our baggage to arrive, and in getting no word in relation to it. Rain fell almost daily, so that we suffered suspense rather than entertain a thought of undertaking a journey such as was involved in returning to Mormon Island for information: while the almost exclusive resource for making time pass without bearing too heavily on our spirits, was in resorting to the gambling-hells and in seeking to be interested while watching the games in progress.

The wet weather had driven many acquaintances to the town, so that we were at no loss for agreeable company, but in the same and only common resort. Occasionally we embraced the opportunity to vary our amusements by visiting the horse market, which never failed to afford scenes of interest. One day while thus engaged we chanced to meet one of the Manillinos whom as a neighbor we had known at the mines. After shaking hands, he informed us in Spanish—which we could partially understand—but more particularly by signs which he made, that one of our late companions had died. The natural conjecture of course was that the one to whom he referred was Mr. Reppert, but to be certain we at once set out for the mines.

After a toilsome march on account of the mud, and as hurriedly as possible, we reached camp on the afternoon of the following day, and found Mr. McBride sitting near the tent, from whom we learned the particulars of Mr. Reppert's death. Soon after we walked to the hill top to visit the place where our friend lay buried. A lofty oak at the head of the grave, and the broken turf covering the mound beneath which his body lay, was all that marked the spot. Mr. Murphy's experience in carving, when at sea, enabled him to prepare a suitable tablet, which was nailed to the oak; meanwhile Mr. McBride and myself brought from the river bank a number of stones with which to further mark the solitary resting place.

Messrs. Barclay and Scully had gone to Mormon Island, but returned before dusk, and were surprised, as Mr. McBride had been, to discover our return; while their greeting of course was hearty.

A marked change had come over the little group about the evening camp fire when supper was over, as we sat and smoked our pipes. All were alike sad and quiet, there was no longer any merriment, the hills had ceased to echo the loud peals of laughter. If for a time any conversation sprung up, suddenly all would relax into silence, and sit gazing vacantly into the fire, which seemed to act as if in sympathy with the feelings of those about it; quietly blazing up at times, then darkening into doleful, uncertain glimmerings. Of what we were thinking, and what the intent of all, scarce needed words to reveal. That this would be the last night in which we would be engaged in camp life together was doubtless among the thoughts weighing heavily upon each mind. A unanimous conclusion, almost without discussion, was reached, that we should all go to San Francisco, and upon arriving there, those not having settled upon going home could then determine as to their future course.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAREWELL TO CALIFORNIA.

I SHALL now pass rapidly over the remaining incidents of my California life; stopping only to present a few of those which occupied a larger share of attention.

After a good night's rest the tent was taken down, and strapping on our backs all we could in this way carry, and making arrangements for the transportation of what remained, we started in single file up the narrow path which led to the top of the hill. Before leaving behind forever scenes which in after life would become hallowed in our memories, by the recollections of the many pleasurable hours which our mining camp had afforded, we paused on the brow of the hill to take a farewell view of all around. Below lay the valley, wild and picturesque, through which the beautiful North Fork, rock bound, threaded its way, as noisily it dashed onward singing the song of ages. There were the cliffs with beetling brows overhanging the stream, among which we had delved for gold. And there the smoldering camp fire about which so many merry hours went by. About us were the giant forests abounding with game with which our table had been so sumptuously furnished. And here, close at hand, was the grave of George Reppert!

A thousand thoughts hurriedly crowded through our minds, as with sad hearts we turned from scenes which we should revisit often, but only in thought.

At Mormon Island we disposed of much camp property, which the store keepers were willing to purchase; and pitching our tent there, remained over another night. The next morning, having secured a wagon for transporting our goods, we resumed our journey. The baggage belonging to Mr. Murphy and myself, which had occasioned our detention at Sacramento, we ascertained had been left at a different store from the one to which it should have been sent.

Hungry and fatigued, at a late hour in the afternoon we reached Sacramento, where we halted for a few days, pitching our tent near to the junction of the Sacramento and American rivers.* The occasion of this delay was our inability to get passage to San Francisco immediately; having to await the sailing of the schooner General Morgan, which from day to day was slowly getting a load of freight. Meanwhile the scores of acquaintances met enabled us to pass the time pleasantly.

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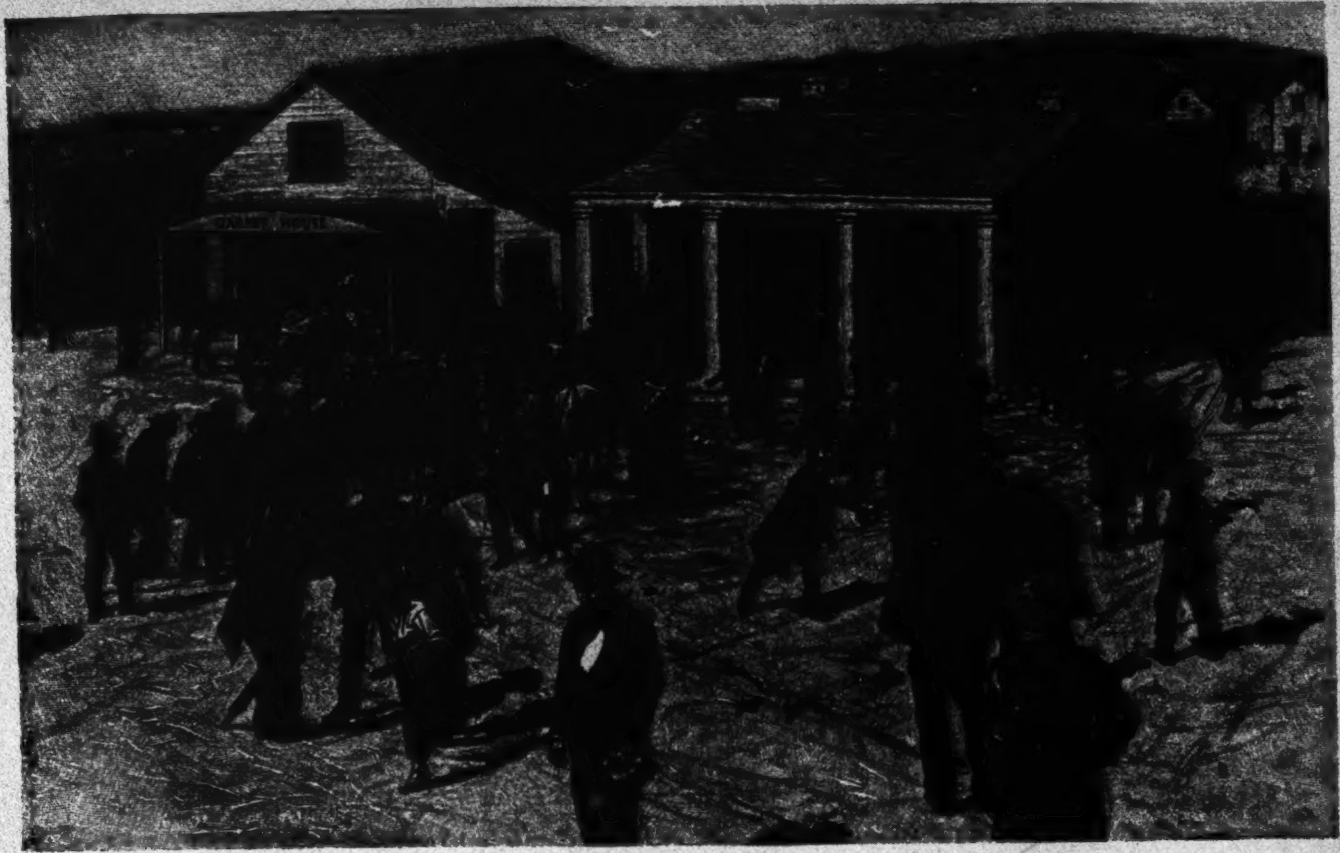
* On a recent visit, (1891) curious to determine the site of this camp, I concluded that it was just west of the railroad depot, and near the bridge spanning the Sacramento. By engineering, the mouth of the American River has been turned much farther north than as I knew it in '49, to prevent it from overflowing the city in times of floods.



THE GARRET HOUSE AND POSTOFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO.

After a run of four days, in which nothing of special note happened, our gallant ship cast anchor in the bay of San Francisco. We obtained lodgings at the "City Hotel;" but after the first night found more comfortable quarters at the "Garret House," on the plaza adjoining the postoffice, an establishment which may have obtained its name from the fact that the guests slept in an attic. For lodgings we paid two dollars per night; our meals were furnished upon the restaurant or European plan. On the night spent at the City Hotel, shortly after retiring we were aroused by strange noises and at the same instant by a motion that seemed to jar the cots on which we lay. The venerable house was shaken to its foundations, the old rafters above us creaked, the window sash rattled, and the doors wrestled with their rusty hinges. Mr. Murphy uttered a word of thankfulness that at least two of us had a prospect of getting away from the city before it would be swallowed up; his only fear being that we might not depart soon enough. This incident only for a few moments arrested our slumbers; indeed it might almost have been said that we had been rocked asleep by an earthquake—for such indeed it was. The only damage done by this convulsion of nature was the partial toppling over of some chimneys. It occasioned, however, much fright, and on the following day formed the principal topic of conversation in the city. It was the prelude of a calamity more terrible in its effects; as a few weeks later, on the night of December 24th, when we were far off at sea, fire broke out, and before the flames could be arrested a large portion of the city was laid in ashes. The burned portion was that which upon this second arrival in the city made us open our eyes with astonishment, at the changes which had occurred during a few months of absence. Within that period San Francisco had put on her seven-league boots, and walked right up to greatness, an event which in all history is without a parallel! It was reserved for the American nation to build a city in a day, vast in its proportions, and reaching out its arms to all the world in an invitation to bring hither its commerce; and hither the world had come, the invitation had been accepted. Its commerce was already at the doors of her enterprising merchants, its sails in myriads whitened the waters of her noble bay. The vast warehouses, hotels, banks, gambling saloons and other buildings, were wonderful in our eyes; but it was then in reserve for all these to be speedily swept away, and only as by another wave of a magician's rod to be replaced by others still better. And again a few months go by, and once more above the doomed city the destroying angel hovered, when a conflagration still more appalling than the last swept over it, leaving it a heap of desolation! But as if nothing could subdue the energies and enterprise of such a people, a mightier and more permanent San Franciscan Phœnix arose to astonish Christendom!

We found people of all nationalities gathered here, and all seemed to partake of the go-aheadative traits of the universal Yankee nation. And yet not all, there was a marked exception; the Mexican here and there met showed clearly that his movements were not quickened, and that his belief had undergone no change—that the world was finished and ready for fencing in.

The peculiar institution of gambling was popular as ever; even keeping in advance of all else that was fast. The best houses fronting on Portsmouth Square were devoted to this branch of *industry*. These were fitted up gorgeously. Elegant mirrors and costly paintings adorned the walls, while from elaborately frescoed ceilings hung magnificent chandeliers which at night dazzled with their brilliance. Richly carved furniture, too, was in keeping with these surroundings.

Each house had its orchestra of skillful performers, discoursing exquisite music day and night. And to add still further to the attractiveness of these gilded hells, women—possibly "frail as fair"—lent their charms; sitting at the gaming tables shuffling and dealing the cards for the masculine gamesters. It was, of course, a privilege for the gold miner to get rid of his hard earned dust in palaces so luxurious; or it appeared so, judging from the numbers who carelessly "bucked" at monte, or tried their fortunes at "tiger."

There were many Pittsburghers here, most of whom had come to the city to pass the winter season. Colonel James Collier, of Steubenville, Ohio, Collector of Customs at this port, and Colonel John W. Geary, Alcalde of San Francisco, extended sheltering wings over the greater part of my acquaintances. Many were engaged as appraisers of customs on board ships coming into port. One was Street Commissioner, by appointment of the Alcalde, and scarce any besides Pittsburghers were allowed to be enrolled in the army of street cleaners, and upon the police force. No labor, to their credit, was by these men thought degrading, if honest and affording proper support. My friend, J. Heron Foster, who had laid aside the editorial quill in Pittsburgh, told me that his first undertaking in this place was painting a newly erected house; and so skillful had he become, that while it might be true what Bulwer put into the mouth of Richelieu:

> "Controlled by men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword,"—

he was firmly convinced that in his hands the brush was mightier than the pen.

I can recall but few of those whom I knew who, during my sojourn in California, engaged in any disreputable calling. Of these, one greatly surprised me when I found him dealing out whisky by the glass to a rum set of customers, not far from Mormon Island; where, to conduct this business, he had set up a blue tent on the roadside! The prominence of his social position at home, if no other reason, forbade an occupation as this; while in later years, to have confronted the fact of such a departure, would have brought a blush of shame to his cheeks.

Another, belonging to a family of wealth and refinement, was proprietor of one of the leading gambling houses of San Francisco. But notwithstanding his high connections, this occupation was not new to him, and it was followed by him through life. Bordering upon this subject, there was yet another deserving notice. This an exquisite, one among the more prominent dudes of society, who both before and after the time of which I write, was so excessively airy, and so superlatively above the *common herd* when at his home, that he could find but few worthy of his recognition. In Sacramento, however, the case was different; there he seemed anxious to know everybody, and with a total disregard of all notions respecting social equality; always provided, however, that those whom he condescended to notice permitted him to indulge his propensity for sponging.

One of my earliest visits was paid to Colonel James Collier, an intimate friend of my father. He had been appointed Collector of Customs at this port by President Taylor, and coming overland by the Gila River route, had encountered great difficulties, which he related. In consequence also he had been greatly delayed in entering upon the duties of his office as early as he had hoped. On a second visit, made by his appointment, I became the bearer of numerous letters to his friends in Steubenville and Pittsburgh, which, as events proved, were much longer in reaching their destination than either of us anticipated. During the winter which followed, among those who found employment under Colonel Collier, as Inspectors, were my recent companions in the mines, who had concluded to prolong their stay in California, Messrs. Barclay, Scully and McBride; also our friends, Kincaid and Moody, who too had companioned with us in our overland journey.

On the second day after our arrival in San Francisco, Mr. Murphy and myself secured passage for Panama on the barque Glenmore, commanded by Captain Cope. Our ship was advertised to sail on the following day, but several days elapsed before she was ready to put to sea. We had previously ascertained that the regular steamer for Panama would not leave for a week, or possibly longer, and had been advised by naval officers whose acquaintance we made, that the Glenmore was reckoned a fast sailer, and the probabilities of outsailing the steamer were in her favor. The Glenmore's cheaper rate of fare, moreover, was in better keeping with the limited amount of gold dust in our little buckskin bags. As events proved, our advisers were greatly mistaken.

Some days prior to that on which we sailed the monthly mail arrived from the States, but owing to its immense proportions, was not distributed and in readiness for delivery until the day of our leaving. At an early hour of that morning I visited the postoffice, which adjoined our lodgings, but so vast a crowd was already assembled, that I abandoned all hope of getting letters, and made no attempt in that direction.

To facilitate delivery the mail had been divided into two alphabetical sections, and there were accordingly two delivery windows, and from each, two long lines of applicants were formed, extending across the plaza towards the bay. To take position at the tail of one of these lines, and slowly move upward until one's turn should be reached, was a trial of patience with a promise of weariness scarce to be endured, however anxious to obtain letters. Many persons had gotten in line and worked their way towards the windows for the sole purpose of selling out, as an abundance of customers were at hand ready to pay liberally for such accommodations. Prices varied according to the nearness of approach to the goal, and extent of competition, and the range was from five to twenty dollars. Among incidents related was that of a man who, wrapped in a blanket, slept in a chair all night, close to a window. Bayard Taylor, in "El Dorado," speaking of him, says that at daybreak when a clerk threw open a shutter, this individual aroused suddenly from sleep, and in a loud voice called out "John Jenkins."

Mr. Taylor states also that he was engaged as one of the clerical force, which, closely shut in, was for some days and nights at work in assorting that large mail, and that in the meanwhile all other business of the office was suspended.

About four o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, December 5th, we repaired to the bay, and engaged a small boat to carry us to our ship, about a mile distant. We were accompanied to the water by our messmates of the North Fork, and I scarce need say that there were sad hearts at the parting, and there were no dry eyes there. The last farewell spoken, Mr. Murphy and myself entered the little boat, and there were mutual watchings and wavings until parted from sight.

On board ship we were unable to learn anything definite as to the hour of sailing; though there were some surmises expressed that it would not be until morning. Amid this state of uncertainty my friend suddenly, and at the risk of being left behind, determined on going ashore to make an effort to obtain letters. I spent the evening uneasily awaiting his return, and each time that a rope was touched by a sailor imagined it was a signal for starting; and once when for some cause the anchor was shifted, felt sure that we were just about to sail.

After dusk all was quiet on deck except the tongues of one hundred or more passengers, all of whom were strangers to me. I sat upon the forecastle watching the dark waters, and hoping to hear the splashing oars of my friend's returning boat. Some boats came only to occasion disappointment—the one which I sought did not. At ten o'clock I retired for the night and with a consciousness that my journey would be made without a companion. I slept unsoundly and at daybreak was awakened by the rattling of chains and a general bustle upon deck, whither I at once repaired.

Mr. Murphy had not yet appeared, but I was not kept in long suspense, for he came soon after, and in the very nick of time. The waters of the bay having become quite rough, on this account he had found difficulty in getting a boat, and when he came aboard was drenched with spray. His trip ashore had cost him fifteen dollars, but he felt repaid in having obtained three letters from home. What had influenced him to hope for the success with which he was rewarded, was a promise made by our host of the Garret House, who had some acquaintance with Mr. Moore, the post-master—that at night he would endeavor to get letters for those of his boarders who might desire his assistance; and it was through this intervention that Mr. Murphy obtained his letters.

All the passengers were summoned to the quarterdeck to be enrolled by an officer of the ship, and to ascertain that their passage had been paid; this little informality over, the anchor up, and sails set, with a light wind and an ebbing tide, we floated out towards the Pacific Ocean. The Presidio, Saucelito, and the Golden Gate passed, California was behind me, forever!

CHAPTER XX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.—FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PANAMA.

IT was early in the morning of Thursday, December 6th, 1849, that with a light wind filling her sails, our vessel, the barque Glenmore, Captain Cope, moved from her moorings in the bay of San Francisco towards the great Pacific Ocean, bound for Panama.

The Presidio, formerly a Mexican encampment, but over which the stars and stripes now waved, was soon passed. On the opposite shore was the small settlement of Saucelito. Some minutes later, we passed the Fort at the mouth of the harbor: this simply a shore-battery on a promontory commanding the entrance, or "Golden Gate," as it was then beginning to be called. At a little distance outward, on some rocks jutting a hundred or more feet above the surface of the ocean, a large number of seals were sunning themselves, while others more sportively inclined swam about, or clambered up the slippery sides of the rocks, upon which also thousands of sea fowl rested. Six or eight sailing vessels were in sight, and a few whales keeping each other company, were playfully bobbing up and down. Before noon a slight feeling of nausea induced me to lie for the remainder of the day in my berth, and by so doing I escaped sea-sickness.

For some days it was evident that we were making but little headway. At times our sails were stiffened by fair breezes, but more frequently they flapped idly against the masts as we lay becalmed, or almost so.

On the second day we were out of sight of land, but on some subsequent days ran nigh enough to catch faint outlines of it. Card-playing was much in vogue; some passengers were constantly at it, and until late hours in the night. On the fourth day out it was noticed that the water we drank had an unpleasant odor, and it was ascertained that a rat had found a watery grave in the cask from which we obtained our supply. We could not afford to throw away the water, for, as we learned, there was none to spare, so it was pumped into an empty cask, and the carcass of the offending animal removed. After some days, it was said that this water would become purified, so as to be again fit for use; but to thoroughly enjoy it, it was necessary that we should not when using it call to mind all the facts in the case. At times the weather was cold, but most of the passengers staid on deck in preference to remaining in the close sleeping quarters: while many suffered from sea-sickness.

A school of porpoises, and two large whales, were about the only novelties witnessed the first week.

By the 13th of December the theory of a quick passage was dissipated. We were then with favorable winds making but seven knots per hour. Much of this time we had either winds dead ahead, or what was worse, none at all. On that day we were in latitude 30°, 27′. On the day following we passed in sight of an island; ran through a school of porpoises; and were visited by a slight wind-storm, which was followed by rain. By the noon observation we were in latitude 28°, 14′. On the 16th I did some laundry work, in a manner the knowledge of which I had obtained by observing what the seamen did. Tying the garments to a long rope, I cast them over the side of the vessel into the sea, to be dragged on the surface of the water until cleansed. Care had to be taken if the motion of the vessel was rapid, not to leave the clothing too long in the sea, as there was danger of it being pulled into ribbons, as was my experience with one of my garments. Excepting such mishaps, I reflected upon the method as an improvement upon the ordinary modes, and almost a realization of that golden era referred to in the song:

> "Then haste the glorious age I pray,
> Each week without a washing day."

A grampus, or black fish, was seen over the bow; and on the same day what the sailors call a boatswain's bird, having a long tail, resembling in shape a marlin spike, was observed.

December 18th was a very pleasant day; we were in sight of some mountainous islands named, it was said, Morganita. Latitude 24°, 16′. A sword fish and a fish hawk were the "lions" of the day. Cape St. Lucas was in sight all day of December 19th. Some flying fish were seen. Night excessively warm. A passenger from Massachusetts, named Woodcock, died in the night. It was a painful experience to be nigh to this poor wanderer, so far separated from his home and those he loved, and to hear him dictate a letter to be sent to his mother. This done he prayed, then for a little while his mind wandered, then ceasing to speak, "life's fitful fever was ended." His disease was consumption, brought on by exposure in the mines.

On the morning following, the passengers and crew assembled on deck to witness the impressive ceremony of a burial at sea. The body of the deceased, sewed in his hammock, was lashed to a plank, one end of which was heavily ballasted with stone and extended over the rail of the ship. While thus poised, an officer of the ship read the English burial service; when at a given signal there was a plunge, and in a moment the angry waters closed the mournful scene!

Brisk winds off the Gulf of California bore us onward at the rate of ten knots per hour, a pace not previously attained.

For three nights in succession I slept but little on account of a swollen lip in which cold had settled, and these were sultry nights, especially below deck.

Time often hung heavily on my hands, and to while it away, as I had done aforetime in Sacramento and in San Francisco, when a surplusage of hours had to be disposed of, I occasionally lingered about the gaming tables, of which usually one or more were to be found below deck. I fancied that, in watching the progress of the games, I could interest myself without in the least being tempted to become a participant in their fascinations.

While thus engaged, I chanced to attract the attention of a Mexican, an inveterate gamester, one in whom doubtless the national trait had been imbibed with his mother's milk. Possibly he had sized me up, and calculated that I might be found an easy victim for his arts; at all events I was invited by him to engage in a little game. At first I declined, having no desire to play; besides I had but little familiarity with the game he was accustomed to, and even less with the cards he used—those of his own country, so different from ours, the same with which the national game of monte is played. Finally, however, by his urgent entreaties I was overcome, and sat down to the table with him. His next anxiety, expressed in the usual phrase, was to "make the game interesting;" but I utterly refused to play for money. To accommodate himself to any scruples I might have, he then proposed to stake against an indifferent sort of watch which I carried, a Turkish tobacco pipe with a painted porcelain bowl, and a long stem made from some fine wood. I knew that he valued it highly, and that it was his inseparable companion during his waking hours, and its smoke the solace of his life. Like the apples of Eden, the temptation was irresistible; and overlooking the inequalities necessarily existing between the professional gamester and the green player—between the wolf and the lamb—I yielded full assent, and the game was begun.

It must have been to our mutual astonishment that I proved to be the winner; but an equal surprise awaited me when I found that I was not so considered by my opponent, but on the contrary was coolly informed by him that in all such contests "the best two in three wins." It was useless for me to set up an opinion against so learned an authority, whose business it was to know such things, so at it we went again. In our first game he had dealt the cards as though it were some fore-ordained right which could not be gainsayed, and without so much as a word being said. Naturally I now thought the deal was mine, especially as in the first instance I had without dissent yielded to his arbitrary method; but no such nonsense on my part was to be allowed, and I was told that "the deal always goes to the loser." Of course, I could but yield to an expounding of laws so authoritative, and without further interruption the game proceeded. Indeed, as to the deal in this particular game, it was of no consequence so long as was the case in this instance, I employed the utmost vigilance, a fact which I readily perceived grieved my opponent when he observed it, for watchfulness was questioning his integrity; nevertheless I had a conviction that it insured an honest deal.

This second game was hotly contested, inch by inch, steadily, stoutly and stubbornly, and much to the surprise and horror of my dark complexioned antagonist as I imagine, I won the pipe. Nothing, however, betrayed his inward emotions. In gambling, the Mexican never permits his countenance to herald defeat; in fact neither victory nor defeat, nor gain nor loss, is suffered even momentarily to change his stolidity.

While now my success could no longer be brought in question, he of the land of frijoles and tortillas was firmly bent on getting even with me in some way, and with persistence I was bantered for a renewed contest.

No law could be cited making it imperative that I should again play, but it was not just polite that, after drawing the first blood, I should hasten off with the spoils. This was not put in words, but was in some way conveyed and understood, and it struck me in a vulnerable point, somewhere between the joints of the harness, and I succumbed. In yielding, I proposed staking the pipe against his deck of cards, thus gracefully placing a crown upon his happiness as I easily saw it would. In making the offer, I was aware that if there was anything he possessed that could claim to be second in his affection to the pipe, it was this very deck of cards, and as it was the only pack of its kind that I had ever seen, and peculiar in its ornamentation, it occurred to me that I should even prefer it to the pipe.

The stakes thus arranged, I was well nigh staggered with surprise by a proposition proceeding from my opponent—that stickler for law and order—that that which as a law of the Medes and Persians was unalterable, should now be set aside or waived, viz., that the winning of two games in three should be required to decide the contest, and instead that a single game should suffice. On recovery of my breath I acceded to the amended law, but not without some misgivings as to its effect. As a matter of course, having been the loser previously, whether or no this game had aught to do with the former one—he claimed the deal. To all of his demands I had thus far accustomed myself to accede, and having the satisfaction that in so doing I had really lost nothing, I accordingly felt that I could once more be generous.

Evidently in having the deal he had calculated upon some advantage, at least I had a suspicion of this, when by attentive watching I discovered an ace up his sleeve. He explained, however, on the honor of a gentleman, that he was incapable of practicing a fraud, that upon such subjects he was of an exceedingly sensitive nature, and could not for a moment even rest under a false implication, or have his character brought into question; that the cards and not himself were slippery. The ace having been restored to the pack, and an honest deal succeeding, I thereupon assured him of my unbounded confidence in his integrity, that his every act since our play began was proof of this, that it would require at least four or five aces up his sleeve to shake my faith in him, and besides I knew that it was quite a common thing—nothing unusual—for aces to be found in such places. In conclusion, I hoped that no serious injury would result to his feelings on account of this little mishap, purely accidental as it was, as was plain to be seen.

Pleasant relations were thus happily restored, and the contest being renewed, in less time than one could say Jack Robinson, I added the monte cards * to my winnings, and on the moment pocketed them. Deprived of tools to work with, the Mexican thereafter left me alone.

The noon observation of December 21st showed longitude 105°, latitude 18°, 20′. On the 22d, the shortest day of the year, the accustomed serenity which prevailed on board ship was sufficiently ruffled to make it perhaps the day longest to be remembered. The table had been uniformly bad; and the passengers constant in their complaints, both as to the quality and quantity of food given them. The salted beef and pork to which they were treated in turn was offensive to sight, smell and taste, being absolutely spoiled, and unfit for use. The discovery,

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* NOTE.—I do not recall what ultimately befell the pipe; among other relics treasured up, the cards may yet be found.

moreover, had been made that the barrels from which these meats had been taken were branded, "Refused Navy Stores." It was therefore a clear case that an imposition had been practiced by the ship owners, and their vessel was improperly provisioned. The pilot-bread also was not good, having been damaged by water; while in devouring it, we had the assistance of skippers.

These foods with an inferior grade of tea, and coffee thought to be worse, with a small variety of vegetables, constituted our daily rations, except that once a week we had a soup somewhat like that of Dotheboy's hall for which Oliver Twist dared "cry for more." On Sundays and Wednesdays we had a dessert termed duff—possibly spelled "dough,"—the sailors called it "General Duff." This was simply a great lump of very salty dough which was eaten with molasses, black and rank. To do no injustice, I should add that for breakfast we sometimes had what was called lobscouse, a compound consisting of table scraps of all sorts boiled together, what on shore might possibly be known as boarding house hash.

On the particular day to which allusions have been made, there was a culmination of long pent up indignation. A dish of the putrid beef which for several days had graced the table without being touched, once more made its appearance. Happily reflecting the mind of all present, one of the passengers seized the dish, and walking to the hatchway heaved the meat upon deck.

Dinner over, all went on deck, and presently Captain Cope, coming from his stateroom, observed the beef scattered about, and inquired what it meant. When informed by a passenger, he responded by saying that it was not his intention that any food unfit for use should be furnished. Though not good as it should have been, better food, doubtless by careful selection, was afterwards served.

The Captain was very reserved, seldom conversing with any passenger, but he always impressed me as being gentlemanly; although a different view was taken by the passengers in general. Our vessel had not been built for carrying passengers; a portion of her hold had been fitted up for this purpose, having roughly made sleeping bunks. In sultry weather particularly, we found our quarters close and uncomfortable. Frequently, as did some others, I carried my blanket to the deck, and passed the night there with the starry dome for my canopy; while often breezes fresh and invigorating fanned me.

December 23d, observation, latitude 16°, 55′; weather pleasant. A man-of-war hawk alighted on the mizzen royal yard; and a sailor, climbing to it, caught it and brought it to the deck. Its body was the size of an ordinary duck; its wings having an extra joint, formed the letter W when partly closed, and when extended measured six feet from tip to tip. Its goose-like neck was surmounted by a small, round head, with a beak six inches in length. The feathers of the body were white, while those of the wings were black.

On the 24th a number of dolphins were seen about our bow, displaying the beautiful and ever varying rainbow tints for which they are noted. With a hook and line one of these and a bonita were caught. The latter is a somewhat similar, but smaller fish. The flesh of both is very solid, while their fins and tails are hard and elastic. It was a rare and beautiful sight to watch the constant varying of their brilliant hues, as these fish lay panting on deck; but after a time when it became evident that they were nearing their end, the brilliancy faded, and when the panting ceased, as life went out, they each became perfectly black. A small flying fish was also caught.

Christmas was observed by our being served with a really good dinner; that is, good for the "Glenmore." The beef and pork were about as they should have been; we had beans both boiled and baked, pumpkins and potatoes, and mince pies. The good cheer made us forget some past discomforts. Several whales were in sight, and among them one very large one which, the sailors said, was a species called sulphur bottom. Besides a good dinner, and the sight of whales, there was the prospect of a storm. The sky became black with angry clouds; some brilliant flashes of lightning formed as fine an electrical display as any I had ever seen, and there was some deep toned thunder which added to the grandeur of the scene. Sails were reefed, and other preparations made for the coming storm, but it came not, and there was but a light discharge of rain.

On the 27th, the effects of the late deceased passenger were sold at public outcry by the mate, the proceeds to be forwarded to his relatives. As we approached the equator we noticed the temperature becoming more and more unbearable. On the 28th two large awnings covering a large space of the deck were put up, which added greatly to our comfort. On this day, too, the supercargo made a register of the passengers, giving their names, occupations and present destination. Our progress continued slow as ever; the winds seldom favored us. Another event of note—our molasses supply was at an end—farewell General Duff! Sugar, too, was getting low, and thenceforward we were to expect a limited allowance. Thus misfortunes thicken.

"Come winds, come rack."

Worse still, on December 29th our water supply was so diminished that, instead of 160 gallons daily, we were to have but 125; and should this not be found sufficient, each passenger would have measured to him an allowance per day. The hardship of our situation was enhanced by the increasing warmth of the weather, causing greater thirst. On the evening of the day last named we had a glorious sunset, one indescribably beautiful.

The whole expanse of the heavens was overspread with tints wonderful to behold. Then the curtain of night was drawn. For me it was a long, black night. For the space of two weeks I was prostrated by a severe illness, in which I was closely confined to my hammock, or rather to that of my friend, Mr. Murphy, who relinquished it that I might be more comfortable than I could possibly have been in my wooden bunk. I was attended by a country doctor from Weston, Missouri, who pronounced my sickness typhoid fever. For several days I was delirious, and my life, of course, a blank. Mr. Murphy was unceasing in his attention throughout my illness, by night as well as by day, and must have had but little rest or sleep. I felt well assured that to his watchful care my recovery was mainly due, and that I owed little to the skill or medicines of the physician.

Among the passengers there was a prevailing impression that this doctor pushed himself into practice for the returns it brought; for myself, I am unable to form an opinion. His fees were moderate. There was on board a naval surgeon, Dr. Loveland, who lent his service when called upon, but refused compensation. I had some knowledge both as to his skill and modesty. Mr. Murphy consulted him in reference to my case, without the attending physician being aware of the fact, and was much assisted by his advice.

I was able for the first time to crawl to the deck on Saturday, January 12th, (1850,) of course being assisted by the stout arms of Mr. Murphy. The fresh air invigorated me day by day, but I continued weak until the close of the voyage. Captain Cope, on learning of my illness, was very kind, making frequent inquiries in reference to my condition, and upon a number of occasions sent delicacies to me to aid in my restoration. Among the passengers in general he was thought to be heartless; I had every reason to think otherwise, and still I wonder at his attentions, which seemed confined to myself.

My brief daily notations, interrupted for a time, were resumed on the 14th, when I chronicled the oft repeated fact that we were still making but slow progress towards Panama, from which we were then one hundred and fifty miles distant. Some islands were in sight. During my illness two others of the passengers died. One of these a young man from Philadelphia, named Beenken. His death occurred on the 9th of January, at an early hour of the morning, and his burial took place shortly after daylight. His disease was diarrhœa. The other, named Billings, from Vermont, died of consumption on the night of the 12th, and was buried on the morning following.

The effects of these deceased passengers were sold by the mate on the 14th. In addition to those already mentioned, there were yet two others of our passengers who died on this voyage, making in all five, although I had failed to record the facts at the times of their occurrence. A terrible mortality, but in every case I believe the diseases which terminated the lives of the several persons, were contracted before coming on board ship.

About the time of my convalescence it was found necessary, on account of the supply of water running short, to apportion a daily allowance to each person on board. Accordingly, on every morning the passengers fell into line, each one bringing a bottle, jug or whatever utensil could be procured, and on reaching the water cask the supply was measured out. Nothing could reflect more than this upon the criminal conduct of the owners of the vessel in putting her to sea with so inadequate a supply of one of the great necessaries of life. While freely expressing their indignation, the passengers approved of the apportionment as a necessity for the preservation of life, all being placed upon a common level. It was not long after this, however, that a vessel from Panama was sighted, hailed and brought alongside our ship. Our condition made known, we were enabled to purchase several casks of water, so that there was no longer necessity for doling out.

The even tenor of ship life was disturbed by two incidents on January 11th. Among the more notable passengers was a tall, lank Virginian. For some peculiarities he attracted general attention. Ever since he embarked he had been a sufferer from sea-sickness, and whilst all the time emaciated, he did not appear to grow more so. A more robust man would have been food for sharks without thus indefinitely protracting their hunger. Among other foibles, he never lost an opportunity to put forth his opinions in the most offensive manner in support of slavery; his object being seemingly to irritate a number of New Englanders, well known as opponents of the pet institution of the South; and again, his temper was most ungovernable. On a number of occasions when his opinions were combatted, or like offense given, he had hurled with violence at his opponents any missile within reach. Sympathy for his bodily ailment had hitherto protected him, but all were become heartily tired of his violence. On this particular day, a Mr. Bradley undertook in a quiet manner to remonstrate with him for his outbursts of temper, when he picked up a great lump of coal, and threw it with a force that would have been fatal had his aim been true. A billet of wood was within easy reach of Mr. Bradley, and with a well directed blow he prostrated the Virginian on the deck. As he lay there bleeding freely from a contusion on the back of his head, it was observed that there was no waste of sympathy on the part of any one; and thenceforward the utmost decorum was exhibited by the passionate advocate of slavery.

The other incident alluded to was likewise one in which temper played a part. Among our passengers was a sea captain named Raymond, who had all along been on terms of intimacy with Captain

Cope. For hours, almost daily they paced the quarter deck, arm in arm, and always conversing. But on this particular day their conversation seemed to be more than usually animated; they were not linked together as formerly, and instead of walking they stood still. It transpired that the cause of the change was this. Land was in sight, which Captain Cope had said, were certain islands. The other captain, disagreeing, said that what was seen was the Cape at the mouth of Panama Gulf. Cope became highly indignant, regarding an expression of opinion as this as something not to be tolerated. Having chart, compass, quadrant and chronometer all at fingers' ends, how was it possible he could be mistaken! His ability to use properly these several nautical helps was impeached, and in high dudgeon he turned on his heel, leaving Raymond to reflect on his audacity. Before night came, Captain Cope's mind had undergone a change, the land was as Raymond had stated, but never again did the pair walk the quarter deck in close alliance. Cape or no Cape, the offense was deep rooted, and possibly the humiliation in discovering that he had been wrong was even greater than that of being contradicted.

On the day following these events, we were throughout sailing within five miles of land. Two vessels were in sight, going in opposite directions, and as it had been a rare thing to see any ships this became a matter noteworthy.

On the 17th one of the ship's clerical force, named Reed, circulated a paper for signatures, commending the Glenmore to the patronage of the public. As an opposite feeling prevailed, this only served as a suggestion, to make public the facts heretofore mentioned in my notes as to the manner of victualing the ship, and of sending her out with an insufficient supply of water. Accordingly, a meeting was held, and a committee appointed to give expression to what was felt to be the true condition, in a paper to be signed and published. There was no uncertain sound either in the remarks of several speakers, or in what was embraced in the paper, which was signed with great willingness.

About seven in the evening two rocky islands were passed, and a few hours later we rounded the Cape, and entered the Gulf of Panama.

On the 18th, while sailing in sight of the Gulf coast, we ran through a lively school of porpoises. Their unusual activity was probably due to the presence of a number of sharks which kept them company. An unsuccessful attempt was made to harpoon some dolphins swimming about our bow. An old, weather-beaten tar, whose voyage of life terminated on the night previous, was buried in the usual manner in the morning. Two sailing vessels bound for Panama ran past us. In the nights we suffered from the bad ventilation of the place where we slept, and the nearer we approached the equator, the increased heat added to our discomfort. Of late, too, the vessel had careened more and more, so that we were scarce able to walk as she lay on her beam ends. This being attributed to the lightening up occasioned by the water used, which had kept us ballasted, a remedy was found in filling some empty casks with sea water. The deck, of course, had been even worse, until thus leveled up. Moreover, our speed was increased by the re-ballasting.

On the 19th the second mate made a complaint to the Captain in reference to the quality of food served him. The Captain declared that he ate the same food. After some angry words, the mate was discharged from duty, and the reason assigned was because of some previous alleged conduct, and not the present dispute.

Upon this day we entered the bay of Panama. A large light was seen to the landward; some said that it proceeded from an Indian settlement, while others thought it was from a Pacific mail steamer. A high wind increased to a gale as night came on. A large turtle, which we passed, encouraged us as to our speed; while a flock of pelicans flying across the bay gave us something to talk of. The size of the turtle was a matter of much dispute. Some declared that it was as large as an ox. Not happening to be on deck when so monstrous a dweller of the deep had been in sight, I learned from Mr. Murphy that it did not exceed three feet in length; and as exaggeration is not one of his forms of speech I am sure it would not measure even a fraction of an inch beyond what he stated. Dolphins were numerous, but none were caught, although many lines were cast for them. The mode of catching them was to lower a line until it almost touched the water. The fish, if at all tempted, leaped for the bait, and was thus easily hooked. Pork was used for bait. The size of two sharks occasioned conjectures as wide apart as those in reference to the turtle. The extremes were eighteen and twenty-five feet, as to the length of these sea monsters.

In the evening when our vessel was moving at the rate of ten knots an hour, a number of man-of-war hawks were noticed serenely sailing above the main mast. Not the slightest exertion seemed to be put forth to keep pace with us; indeed, there was no perceptible motion of their wings. What must their speed be when exertion is noticeable?

On the 20th a bungy came within hailing distance. Some said it was a coast trader; others that it was a boat laden with provisions, and on the lookout for vessels in distress. It is marvelous how imagination takes hold of people whose time is not valuable, and who, feeling bound to satisfy themselves with a reason for all that comes within observation, are not slow to invent.

At dusk we were within forty miles of Panama. Soon after a stiff breeze struck us, and we lay on our beam ends, careened as when lacking ballast. Several times our deck was washed by waves. Mr. Murphy, sitting by the monkey-rail enjoying the evening breeze, received a severe ducking. I laughed at his misfortune, but it was not long until he had an opportunity to return the laugh, my turn having come.

The morning of the 21st found us within twenty miles of Panama. Near at hand was a group of islands, of which the largest was Toboga. The outlines of the coast and of the mountains neighboring Panama were objects of much interest to us. The waters of the bay were singularly dotted with spots of a blood color, the cause of which I did not learn. The heat of the sun was intense. In the afternoon the shipping in the harbor became visible. It was comforting to ascertain that a vessel which had passed us on the day previous, was by some good fortune left in our wake. A mountain back of Panama, sugar-loaf in shape, is said to be the one from which General Bolivar bombarded Panama. In the afternoon the white stone walls of the houses of Panama with their red tile roofs were visible, and looming above these the spires of her cathedrals, reflecting the sunlight from the mother of pearl in which they were encased. It was a joyous sight to all on board, and in the comforting thought that soon our feet would tread the solid ground, all past discomforts vanished, and for the time were forgotten. Until the blackness of night settled down upon us, our eyes were almost constantly fixed landward. At ten o'clock P. M. our anchor was dropped in seven fathoms of water, and the voyage ended.

Captain Cope spoke the "Edward Everett," as we dropped in among the shipping; and the United States man-of-war "Chesapeake" spoke us, inquiring whether we had brought letters from Commodore Jones, of San Francisco. Had we done so, how sadly stale must have been their contents. The British steamer "Southampton," bound for Lima, moved out as we came in. Among other vessels I discerned the steamship "Unicorn." We were about two miles distant from Panama, and by the light of the moon its outlines were just barely distinguished.

Our journey of forty-seven days from port to port had been long and vexatious, besides as has been seen, full of discomforts. Bad handling of the ship from incompetence had been manifested by the officers; while most of the time, but six of the ten seamen were able to perform duty. Head winds, and much of the time none at all, besides insufficient ballasting, hindered us. And yet we discovered that some vessels had done worse; while by certain well informed persons ours was accounted a very fair run for a sailing vessel. Steamers made the trip in thirty days. One, which left San Francisco one week later than the Glenmore, had reached Panama, spent a week there in discharging and receiving freight and passengers, and already had made some progress on its return trip. We had indulged a belief that our voyage would require but thirty days; and some of our passengers declared that they had been assured by those with whom they engaged passage, that but twenty-five would be necessary. The "Edward Everett" started eight days in advance of us, and had only been four days in port; while the "Marianne" with one day in our lead, had not yet put in an appearance.

CHAPTER XXI.

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

ON Tuesday, January 22d, 1850, I arose at daybreak, feeling anxious to obtain a view from deck of the city and surroundings. And it was a charming picture that greeted me from the quarter deck. Girt about with mountains, not bare, but covered with luxuriant foliage, lay the ancient city, and as before seen, red and white were its prevailing colors, and the spires of its churches the prominent features. The bay was dotted with islands, and to eyes that for weeks had rested only upon the dark expanse of the ocean, it was a refreshing sight to see the grass and foliage which completely mantled them. The many sails about us, whitening the bay, added a charm unspeakably beautiful.

After our morning meal, we found a large number of small boats and canoes manned by natives, and in some cases by Americans, which had come out to aid our landing; for on account of the shallow water of the bay, our ship could not go further. We speedily made terms with a boatman, who at the rate of one dollar each, agreed to convey us and our luggage ashore. Our boat had an exciting race with others, and we had the gratification of obtaining and maintaining the lead. But even with these light craft we could not reach dry land, and for a distance of one hundred feet or more had to be borne on the backs of natives, for which a small additional fee was paid. Those who preferred to do so could easily wade, as the water was scarce knee deep in any place. Yet very weak after my recent illness, when I dismounted from the back of the swarthy native who bore me to land, I was unable to walk unassisted. Captain Cope kindly hastened to my assistance, and with an arm resting upon his broad shoulders, and another on the yet broader ones of my friend Murphy, I ascended the sloping bank until we reached a house fronting towards the bay, over the door of which was a sign which, to a Pennsylvanian, had some significance, "Philadelphia Hotel."

Here I found a bench upon which I stretched myself, while Mr. Murphy and a Mr. Cupps, of Allegheny, who was to be with us on the remaining part of our journey, performed some errands; one of which was to return to the landing, Mr. Murphy having left his overcoat in the boat in which we came ashore. But he was unable to find either the boat or the boatman. A worse loss than the coat was a diary containing notes of his trip since leaving home, this being in a pocket of the garment. They next went to the office of the Atlantic Steamers, where they secured passage for our journey from Chagres to New Orleans, via Havana.

Returning in an hour, they proposed a stroll through the town. Though still weak, already a marvelous change had taken place, and almost in each moment I felt strength coming to me. And in view of what I was enabled on this and on succeeding days to accomplish, so remarkable a recovery as this may be wondered at. On shipboard it had been so slow as to be unnoticed from day to day; on land how different. I went about without difficulty, and without assistance, very soon attaining even the endurance of my companions.

Usually the climate of the Isthmus has been considered pestilential in character, and not long since there had been much sickness and loss of life among Americans bound for California. At this time however, it was regarded healthful; but in my particular case there seemed to be some unusual restorative power in the land atmosphere, so different from that of the sea.

We found Panama a thoroughly Spanish city. Its narrow streets were paved with cobblestones, and its sidewalks, three feet wide, with brick. In general the houses bore marks of decay; many already were in ruins, and there were frequent reminders of old time grandeur. Most houses were built of brick, plastered on the street side, while some were frame, painted white or washed with lime. Doors and windows were mostly arched, and even the meanest structures were not wanting in ornaments or carvings. Balconies floored with brick were common. Trees of large growth flourished amid fallen walls, about which ivy and other vines clambered; while vegetation supreme to the utmost degree held sway on every side.

Adding to the picturesqueness was the verdure, which clung even to the tiles of roofs. Enclosing gardens, a species of cacti twenty feet or more in height, perfectly straight, and bristling with thorns, formed hedges impenetrable to man or beast. Tropical fruits and flowers in the many gardens passed, grew with a luxuriance that invited death rather than life; their own rank growth fairly choking them. At almost every house fruits were exposed for sale. We paid ten cents per dozen for the finest oranges; cocoanuts were abundant; plantains were scarce ripe.

On the main street were a number of hotels and restaurants kept by Americans, and the extravagant rates of California prevailed. The older portion of the town was enclosed by walls. A gateway ornamented with carving and having small statues in niches, led to the outer city, where no Yankees lived, but much filth abounded, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of those excellent scavengers, turkey-buzzards, flocks of which paraded the streets, as they also did those of the inner town, picking up whatever their rapacious maws found desirable. Mocking-birds among others were numerous, and the dainty humming-birds flying from flower to flower found here their paradise. Cats and dogs in number were limitless, while parrots and other birds of gay plumage were found in almost every house, usually perched upon the shells of gourds which constituted their cages.

An object that did not fail to excite our observation was a pretty Spanish girl sitting in a doorway making lace. Her deft fingers moved with great rapidity as the threads were shaped into a delicate and beautiful fabric. The inhabitants of the Isthmus are of two classes; those called Spanish, a mixed race, partly of Indian blood; the other negroes, of African descent.

There were three Cathedrals, all exhibiting signs of barbaric splendor. The spires of each, cased in mother of pearl, was a sight which did not extort our admiration to any great extent. One of these churches had an altar striped and bespangled with gold, outraging all taste; it was surmounted with a crucifix and girdled about with lighted candles. Images and pictures adorned the walls, examples neither of taste or of high art. A holy-water font of porcelain was convenient to the door. Padres were numerous almost as buzzards, and as active perhaps in picking up things; but in point of usefulness the birds had the advantage. The former swarm in the streets, and their long black gowns, and head gear especially, made them objects of attraction. Like coming events, the broad brims of their hats cast shadows before them, and first of all announced their approach. These hoods or sheds, while defying sun or rain, are doubtless all sufficient to cover a multitude of sins. In another of the cathedrals visited, a dozen or more of these black gowned gentry were mumbling a service in Latin, while *aside from ourselves* there was but a single worshiper, a very aged negro, tottering in step, and with back much bent. Clad in rags and leaning heavily on a rude staff, he bowed low to the crucifix, and after crossing himself with holy-water, crept to a peter-pence box, into which he dropped a coin. Some scraps of food in a rag which we afterwards saw him unrolling, revealed still more his pitiable poverty. The fat, greasy, idle padres flourish readily where such devotees are found.

On our return to the hotel we found an excellent dinner in readiness which we promptly dispatched, paying each one dollar. We next bargained with a Spanish muleteer to carry our baggage to Gorgona. Surveying the pile with care, he asked twelve dollars. The price was fearful, but without betraying the inward groaning felt, we assented to the robbery. Our ready acquiescence however, but whetted the appetite of the dark blooded mule driver, and he thereupon announced that he would only carry the stuff by weight, naming a price per pound. When weighed the sum was ascertained to be but six dollars; and thereupon he demanded with much bravado eight dollars. Scarcely able to conceal the broad laugh we felt in every fiber, we made a show of reluctant consent to the *compromise.* We thought there was an inward chuckle exhibited by the lightening up of his countenance occasioned by his able and successful financiering—his memory possibly was defective, being less cultivated perhaps than his greed.

With some bread, cooked fish, and oranges to subsist upon as we journeyed, and all else in readiness, we set out, making a stop at a third cathedral, said to be finer than those we had seen. A better class of paintings hung on its walls, and there were more statues in niches, but the same barbaric splendor prevailed. Some fine marbles marked the resting place of dead grandees. The building was of brick, plastered, and wore a dilapidated appearance, as much of the plaster had scaled off. Moss and ivy clung to its walls and roof.

It was four o'clock when we left the church; our baggage had gone forward, but we were not long in overtaking it, and the entire caravan was found quite imposing, others of the Glenmore passengers having become part of it.

Portions of the road beyond the city we found paved with small but uniform cobble-stones, but in places worn in deep ruts. It is said that this was the work of the conqueror of Peru, Pizarro; if so, he made for himself a durable monument. This pavement was found only in such places as, from the nature of the ground, marshes had existed, impeding travel during wet seasons. We passed many huts built of canes and thatched with grass. There were numerous gardens and orchards. Orange trees, heavily laden with fruit, and the tall cocoanut palms were conspicuous; the nuts of the latter clustered under the shelter of leaves which grew only at the extreme top of the mast-like trees. There was what was called the cotton tree, having pods containing a fiber similar to the field cotton plant. The plantain tree was also pointed out, with leaves six feet or more in length, with a hinge-like bend in each about the center. There were many others, strange and difficult to describe. The bewitching luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and the air filled with the delicious fragrance of fruits and flowers, made it seem as though parts of our journey led through a veritable paradise. There were crosses by the way-side, marking spots where murders had been committed, a custom borrowed from old Spain.

We forded a number of small rivulets; and by a bridge built of stone, for which Pizarro also gets the credit, crossed a stream of greater depth and width. As the sun was setting we camped for the night, having journeyed about four miles. We had hoped to travel much farther, and have the benefit of the cooler air of evening, but our muleteer said that no good pasturage was to be found beyond the place selected. After partaking of an evening meal, we spread our blankets and laid us down for the night, obtaining a comfortable rest, though at times disturbed by mosquitoes, toads, and a variety of insects which crept, crawled or flew about and over us.

Daybreak of the 23d (January) found us journeying on in advance of mules and baggage which might overtake us at pleasure. The road soon began to wind up the mountain sides, occasionally descending to valleys, where again were traces of the cobbled roads. Advised that water would be scarce, each man carried with him a bottle filled at the stream where we had camped; but it was not long until experience determined that coals might as well be carried to New Castle; limpid streams at brief intervals were found, and these of inviting freshness.

At one o'clock the "Half-way House" was reached, being a tent set up by an enterprising American who was prepared to furnish meals to travelers. Here we obtained a dinner of crackers, cheese and tea. At haciendas passed on the way we occasionally stopped to observe the natives in their employments. In general women only were seen, and these were usually engaged in preparing food—boiling rice or corn. Some were making soup, and the operation was such that those engaged in it must have inherited the art from an age primeval. Corn was ground in a wooden dish, a stone being used for the purpose. When reduced to a juicy pulp it was poured into a pot hanging over a fire. Rice ground in the same manner was next thrown into the pot, when the compound was industriously stirred until found ready to be dished out. A sauce made of plantains was another of the dishes being cooked.

Pursuing our investigations further, we found beside an open door of a hut—in point of fact none were shut—a woolen stocking pretty well filled with ground coffee upon which water having been poured, a process of filtration was taking place; the drops being collected in a vessel placed beneath. Curious to learn as to its excellence, we each obtained a cup of the beverage, which was boiled for us in a twinkle. Our verdict was, that never before had we drank better coffee, its flavor was delicious. As orange trees were growing nigh to every hut we feasted on them continually, paying but a few cents per dozen.

Our road was mountainous, often skirted by precipices, and in general quite scant in width. At times it ran through cuts made in the solid rock, and so narrow that our mules could only go in single file, while their packs scraping the walls were in constant danger of being pulled off. Again we passed through dense forests or jungles where the shade never had been penetrated by the sun.

High on a mountain side we overtook a party conveying the encoffined remains of a lady who had recently died in California, (the wife of Captain Simmons, of the San Francisco firm, Simmons, Hutchison & Co.). The husband, who was having the body taken to the United States, accompanied it on this sad journey. The coffin of mahogany was enclosed in lead, and there was an outer casing of pine. Sixteen negroes were employed to do the carrying as far as Gorgona, eight at a time; the others at intervals relieving. Just as we came up to where they had stopped to rest, we found the entire party moving to and fro with drawn knives which they brandished in a fearful manner, at the same time making loud threatening cries, and exhibiting other signs of intense excitement. They had been met by a party about equal in number, showing like hostile demonstrations, who were *en route* for Panama. It seemed utterly impossible that the two bands under such circumstances could pass each other without a frightful tragedy being enacted, and of which we were to become the witnesses, possibly participants. The locality itself was not assuring, for we were on the edge of a precipice that lent horror to the ghastly scene each moment in store for us. For one or other party to be pressed over the brink into that yawning chasm, hundreds of feet in depth, or to be ourselves the victims of such a catastrophe, was fearful to contemplate. But suddenly, as a beam of sunshine sometimes darts from an angry cloud, the strife ended. The Panama bound negroes went on their way, neither harming or being harmed. After all it was mere brag and bluster on both sides. Had any one had the presence of mind when the aspect seemed most threatening, to have cried "boo!" both parties would have been so frightened as to have swooned beyond recovery.

In the course of the day we saw hundreds of negroes bound for Panama, carrying heavy loads of merchandise, perched high on their backs, and above and beyond their heads, under which their bodies were bent in angles painful to behold. Thus it was that freight destined for California was then transported across the Isthmus; negroes and mules, but mostly the former, accomplished the work until superseded by the iron horse.

Large numbers of emigrants heading for California were met by us. They were in high spirits, gold dust fairly glistening in their eyes. They questioned us with anxiety, but nothing of a discouraging nature would have dampened their ardor. Monkeys chattering in the forests were frequently heard, but we saw none.

Shortly before sunset, at the foot of a long winding descent which served to remind us that we had climbed to a great elevation, and led us to imagine that the down grade was endless, we suddenly found ourselves at our point of destination—Gorgona, a large town on the left bank of the Chagres River, comprised of cane huts, thatched with straw or grass. The inhabitants in general were negroes.

Passing to the extreme lower end of the town, we came to a frame tavern owned by an American named Miller, and here we quartered ourselves. Thus ended a jaunt of twenty-four miles, the entire distance from Panama being twenty-eight. Although over a mountainous road, the journey was accomplished without any great degree of fatigue, and in my case, this was the more remarkable when my feeble condition in setting out is considered.

Miller's house was the most American object that we met with. It had been brought from the States, for the purpose for which it was used. It was a weather-boarded frame of orthodox pattern, painted white, and had green venetian shutters. Among engravings adorning its walls, one was a portrait of President Taylor, and another, the steamship Falcon upon which our passage to Havana had been engaged. But perhaps the most American feature of all was a swinging sign upon the top of a tall pole, inscribed "The Panama Railroad House."

We observed upon our arrival that preparations for supper were under way. In the dining room a long table was being spread with a clean, white, linen cloth; so we rested ourselves without on the grassy lawn until the meal was announced. The supper was excellent in every respect, consisting of fried ham, boiled tongue, potatoes, beets, warm cakes, butter, coffee and tea, for which the charge was one dollar.

Our next duty was to engage a boat to convey us to Chagres, sixty miles distant, at the mouth of the river bearing the same name, where it empties into the Carribbean Sea. Finding a canoe which answered our purpose, we bargained with its owner, one of Gorgona's natives, to convey us and our stuff for the sum of thirty dollars. The time of starting was fixed for half-past five o'clock on the following morning. Being advised that these boatmen could not be relied upon, and that they readily yielded to the solicitation of parties offering a greater price, it was our intention to have a formal contract drawn, the penalty for the violation of which was said to be severe. We little expected, however, that the suggestion for the preparation of such a contract would proceed from our boatman, as it did. While wending our way to the domicile of the Alcalde who was to define in legal form the attitude of the contracting parties, and to affix thereto his signature and the great seal of state, we reflected on the uselessness of the proceeding, since the fact of the suggestion coming as it did was proof of the integrity of him whom we were about to place under legal restraint.

It was our good fortune while thus passing through the streets to witness a fight and a funeral. The conflict we had seen on the mountain top prepared us in great measure for this appeal to arms. The number of combatants was about the same, and the weapons were similar. There was no yawning precipice to add to the horrors of the scene, but the volley of words being greater made amends for any deficiencies, and if possible the brandishing of knives was more fearful; the complete annihilation of all present, with none left to tell the tale, being the momentary expectation. But notwithstanding, no blood was spilt; a separation however reluctant ensued, each party doubtless conscious that victory perched proudly upon its banner. If all conflict could thus end, how greatly would the evils of war be mitigated, and we might consider the dawn of an era of unending peace as having come. The funeral procession was headed by a band consisting of two performers, one playing upon a triangle, and the other on a tenor drum. The corpse and a lot of padres came next. The black gowned gentry and a long line of stragglers following bore lighted candles.

We found the Alcalde in a small dimly lighted room; but when the burnt wick was pinched from the tallow luminary, we saw that the official was blacker, if possible, than the ace of spades. Our errand was quickly comprehended; our honest boatman had doubtless been often upon such errands before, which led to mutual understandings. There could be no conniving between the magistrate and ourselves, for neither spoke in a tongue familiar to both. A splatter of ink on a piece of paper was easily accepted by us as a contract, but what its terms or conditions were, we were profoundly ignorant. For aught we knew, it might have been a surrender of all our rights to the honest boatman upon condition of a fair divide with the official. The only thing entirely clear to us was the fee, one dollar, which of course we had to pay, and not the honest boatman who had brought us.

Returning to our inn, every available spot within was pre-empted, so we passed the night on the lawn, the stars of the blue canopy keeping watch over us. At daybreak on the morning of the 24th (January) we arose, and as it was too early to get breakfast at our inn, we secured a meal at the hut of a native; getting broiled ham, bread and coffee at the moderate cost of thirty cents. The proprietor of the hut had a family of nineteen children; should it continue to increase, in our opinion the price of meals should advance.

Laying in a supply of bread and oranges for our intended journey, we repaired to the river where our boat lay. We found two other parties who claimed to have hired the boat; one in possession, and disputing the other upon the shore. From what we could learn it appeared as if one of the disputants had prior claims to ourselves; this was inferrable from the price at which the boat had been offered them — twenty-eight dollars. It was equally clear that the other was the victim of an after-thought on the part of the accommodating boatman, as the price agreed upon was forty dollars. The sympathy of the boatman seemed to lie entirely with the latter party, and he was extremely anxious to accommodate it, and to promote this end ventured some excuse for going up town.

It was not in vain that twice on the preceding day we had been witnesses of conflicts exceedingly threatening in aspect, and already we had asked ourselves of what use are such noble examples if upon the first opportunity to show our appreciation by emulation, we ingloriously push them aside. So pulling out the official contract, and pointing to the turkey-feet tracks supposed to represent the signature of the Alcalde, we made a bold stand upon our rights thus legally secured. We stood up for the majesty of law, appealing to these our opponents whom we knew to be American citizens, and possessed of that common national trait, deference to the supremacy of law, and we had an easy victory. They surrendered forthwith, as the coon did to Davy Crockett.

Murphy and Cupps then took possession of the boat, placing our baggage aboard, while I started in pursuit of the honest boatman, who determinedly led me in a long chase. I followed him through numerous huts, and it was surprising the number of friends he met in these and on the streets, with whom he desired to converse. Besides being honest, he must also have been very social by nature. Next he tried to escape by running, but I kept close at his heels. Through streets and lanes, through houses and through yards in the rear of them, over sheds and over fences, but all to no purpose. At length I seized him and forcibly marched him along. Meeting Mr. Murphy, who had become restive at the delay, he threatened to take the struggling boatman before the Alcalde if any further resistance was attempted. This seemed to have the desired effect, for we had no further trouble.

Making room for an additional passenger who desired to go with us, and a second oarsman being brought on board, we proceeded on our voyage. It was seven o'clock when we shoved off. Paddles were used in propelling the canoe, and were handled with dexterity; but when water of proper depth was found, poles were used, and our progress was greater. For the first twenty miles the river was shallow but rapid, and we encountered snags and rocks innumerable; both skill and vigilance were called into exercise to avoid them. Once or twice we ran on sand bars, and one or other of us besides the boatmen were obliged to do some wading.

Our oarsmen had yet another quality, not long concealed; they were lazy, and after a time their oars moved languidly, so that we began to fear that we would not reach Chagres that day. About noon these fears induced us to lend our aid, there being two extra oars. I need scarce say this help was not declined, indeed it seemed that the example thus voluntarily set stimulated the boatmen to abate their exertions. The weather was all that could have been desired; the sky being constantly clouded, while a light, refreshing wind also prevailed.

The enchanting beauty unfolded to our gaze was something that words are conjured up in vain to describe, and a life-time cannot efface the impression made. On either bank as we sped along was outspread all the wealth of tropical luxuriance. Nature ran wild in its extravagant allurements, as at each bend in the stream new beauties were unveiled for our eyes to feast upon. When as at times some overhanging branches bending to the stream, and swayed to and fro by its swift current fairly danced on its rippling surface, it needed little to imagine that countless wood-nymphs decked in gala-day attire, had come down to the water's brink to greet us as we glided by. Again we passed under canopies well nigh spanning the stream, formed of graceful branches laden with foliage exquisite in form and of endless varieties. Added to all this, flowers of surpassing loveliness, mosses hanging in weird forms from the trees, and birds of gay plumage, it was none other than a bit of paradise.

Among the birds seen were parrots of different varieties, kingfishers, mocking-birds and cranes. The chatter of monkeys in the forests was a sound frequently heard; and towards dusk the frightful roar of panthers and of other wild beasts drove all thought of paradise from our minds. Our boatmen, unlike ourselves, showed no signs of recoiling from the sight of lizards about ten or twelve inches in length, which were seen wiggling about on the shore, since for food these reptiles are eaten with a relish not unlike that which a Chinaman has for a skunk, or a darkey for a coon.

About noon we observed a snake of a cream-white color, having a red spot upon its head. It was about six feet in length, and was moving within a few yards of the water's edge. One of our party expressing a desire to go ashore where it was, the boatman at the bow exclaimed "Mucha malo, mucha malo!" while the other cried "Cobra, cobra!" In fact it was the deadly cobra capello. While one of the men steadied the boat with his pole, the other stood erect at the bow with a hatchet poised above his head. After a moment's pause, and aiming with great precision, he threw the hatchet at the snake and parted it fairly in the middle. The severed parts ran for a short distance in opposite directions; and as soon as it was considered safe for us to land, the boatmen gave us an opportunity to do so, when we inspected the serpent in detail. The distance at which the hatchet was thrown was about twenty-five feet.

In the course of the day we passed some small villages; one having about one hundred huts was doubtless the town of Gatun. Occasionally a single hut in a clearing with a few orange trees about it was seen.

About fifteen miles or so above its mouth, the river expands into a stream of great width; it also shows a much greater depth, and is affected by the ocean tides. On our way down we had a number of races with other boats; on which occasions the passengers of the rival boats employed themselves industriously at the extra paddles, aiding the speed and adding to the excitement. About eight o'clock we landed opposite Chagres, on the north side of the river, just at its mouth. For lack of a better name, or with that genius for nomenclature peculiar to American civilization, the small collection of huts was called "New Town." We put up at the Empire Hotel, a small frame building having a front to the sea, and another to the river.

After supper, as the house was completely filled with guests we were about to spread our blankets outside for the night's rest, when the landlord warned us that to attempt to sleep in the open air would be almost sure death. Heeding this advice we stretched ourselves on the floor of the dining room, and the surf beating on the shore, only a short way off, soon hushed us to sleep. About daybreak our peaceful slumbers were disturbed by a bustling servant who desired us to vacate the room occupied, so that the table could be got ready for breakfast.

As it was but a step to the beach we were soon treading its sands. The constantly murmuring ocean, heaving up its foam-crested waves—wave following wave in ceaseless succession—was to me a revelation, a new and wonderful experience; in fact the grandest sight I had ever witnessed. It was with intense interest that I watched the heaped up

CHAGRES—FORT SAN LORENZO.

waters, which like a resistless wall moved steadily towards the beach, when suddenly breaking, they crept quietly but quickly towards my feet. Across the river, and beside its mouth was a rocky promontory, a hundred or more feet in height, against which the waves with whitened spray leaping high above them, dashed with fury, as though maddened by the unyielding walls of granite which opposed their flow. Our morning walk on the beach aided our appetites, which a good breakfast at the hotel satisfied, at the cost of one dollar each. I might here state, that on all parts of the Isthmus eight dimes of Uncle Sam's make passed for a dollar, being considered equal to the Spanish coin once so common in the United States, which was familiarly known by the name "levy."

After breakfast we crossed in a skiff to Chagres, which lay in a semi-circle formed by hills. With the exception of a very few frames the houses were the usual huts seen elsewhere, and about equal in squalor. The object of our visit was more especially to include the old Spanish fort San Lorenzo on the rocky promontory against which I had watched the waves dashing with such ferocity. It seemed ludicrous to find a sentinel carrying an old, rusty musket, pacing up and down, and making a show of guarding the entrance, to what was scarce more than a tumble down ruin. But there was method in his madness. Raking in a dime from each visitor, with no expectation of others for the day, and having no further duty to perform, he quietly walked down to the town, leaving the fort to our mercy, as there was no garrison protecting it, and giving us the privilege of inspecting its ruins to any extent desired.

The fort's position is excellent for commanding the harbor and mouth of the river, and with a small force, invaders might be kept at a safe distance. The masonry of its walls and watch towers however, while massive, could not stand long before modern guns, but modern engineering might make the position impregnable. In each of the many embrasures were brass cannon of excellent workmanship, covered with ornaments, sharp and delicate in the casting. There were also some brass mortars, likewise works of art as to external appearance. Each piece bore the Spanish coat of arms, the name of the King occupying the throne when it had been cast, with date, etc., and the name of some wild beast or reptile, as lion, tiger, scorpion, etc., was also added. In their condition as seen by us, these pieces of artillery were useless; their wooden carriages were rotted away, and many had toppled over. The quarters of officers and men showed similar signs of neglect and tropical decay. Upon an eminence to the rear of the town were other fortifications commanding San Lorenzo, and the river's mouth also.

In a valley west of the fort was a small stream which we visited for the purpose of bathing. As we walked along the banks of the creek, we noticed a number of women engaged in washing clothes in a primitive style. The stream formed their wash tub, and after soaking the garments in it, they laid them on rocks and beat them with stones. There was a vast saving of knuckles and wash-boards, but at the expense no doubt of buttons, thread, and the texture of the fabrics cleansed.

In the afternoon we again walked on the beach, enjoying the music of the sea and the pranks of its breakers. At a hut, beside which were growing some cocoa-palms, we desired the owner to show us in what way the nuts were gathered, not having full confidence in the teaching of early life, that the usual method was to chase a monkey until he took refuge under the leaves at the top of trees, when on being stoned he revenged himself by pulling the nuts and hurling them at his tormentors. The practice was different at this place. At least there being no monkeys convenient, the owner of the hut climbed a sufficient distance to satisfy our curiosity; his agility however was wonderful, and we saw no necessity for the intervention of a monkey. About ten o'clock at night we saw a vessel coming into port, and learned that it was the "Falcon," for which we had been waiting.

CHAPTER XXII.

VOYAGE TO HAVANA AND NEW ORLEANS. HOME AGAIN.

WE were ready at an early hour on Saturday morning, (January 26th,) to be taken in the ship's boats on board the Falcon, which on account of the shallow water of the bay was lying at a long distance from shore. It was noon before our turn came to enter a yawl. The waves ran high, and dashing over us often threatened to swamp the boat. Mr. Murphy and myself sitting in the bow became thoroughly drenched, but not more so than others in what had been thought more favorable positions. The oarsmen labored hard, and they too were soaking wet, but poor fellows they seldom know any difference between wet and dry; or at least show no signs of caring. As we neared the ship, the waves rolled higher and higher, and it was with difficulty we got on board. Each one had to watch for a favorable moment to spring from the rocking yawls to the rope ladder; while to miss grasping the iron rail would have ensured a sea bath. Two canes belonging to us were accidentally lost overboard; these were presents from our friend Barclay, who had cut them from trees on the island of Juan Fernandez, and hence the loss was greatly regretted.

Much confusion prevailed on board the steamer, for while one set of passengers were going on board, another was struggling to get ashore. The latter of course were all heading for California, and were anxious to have our opinions of the Eldorado. Those obtained from us were not considered flattering, and it was clearly observed that many were disheartened by what they were told; of these about fifteen concluded to go no further, and arranged to return to their homes.

About noon the steamer Cherokee arrived in the harbor, her decks black with a crowd of gold seekers. A little later a British steamer—a magnificent craft—arrived, and towards evening two American steamers departed, the Empire City for New York, and the Alabama for New Orleans. Dinner and supper seemed excellent meals, especially when the fare of the Glenmore was recalled. The ship's boats continued until midnight in landing passengers and in bringing others aboard.

It was two hours past noon on Sunday (January 27th) when we steamed from port. The sea continued rough, and we rocked about in a very unsteady manner. The wind was dead ahead.

By the noon reckoning on the second day we had made one hundred and eighty miles. The day was pleasantly warm, wind more favorable, but the sea continued rough. The third day showed greater progress, the run in twenty-four hours being 240 miles. The sea had calmed down, and the sun's heat was more intense. On this day I was quite unwell, owing no doubt to a change of food; that of the Glenmore having been entirely salt, while on the Falcon we were furnished with fresh meats. About sunset we passed in sight of the islands of New Providence. The morning of the fourth day was agreeably warm, the sea smooth, and there were light head winds. We ran at the rate of ten miles per hour. In the afternoon and through the night there were occasional showers of cold rain. On Thursday, the last day of January, and our fifth on board the steamer, the sea was rough, the waves running high, and we faced a strong head-wind. The Island of Cuba was in sight all day. Late in the afternoon a cold rain fell. Towards dark there was a considerable slackening of speed, for it had been ascertained that Havana could not be reached before sunset, and according to Cuban laws vessels were not permitted to pass Moro Castle at the mouth of the harbor between sunset and sunrise.

On the morning of Friday, February 1st, 1850, a gun at sunrise from the frowning heights of Moro Castle announced that the gateway to the beautiful harbor of Havana was in readiness for our entry; but there was no such haste as we could have desired to take advantage of the permission, and it was eight o'clock ere our anchor dropped in the bay fronting the city.

Very soon we were surrounded by a swarm of small boats laden with tropical fruits which the boatmen were anxious to sell as we too were to buy; accordingly, when such are the conditions of a market of any kind, bartering is apt to be brisk.

Going ashore we made our way to the American Hotel, kept by a widow lady, formerly a resident of the United States. The entrance was by a gate to an open court in which flowers were growing. On each floor surrounding the court were porches, and the principal sitting rooms, dining hall, etc., were on the second floor. We found the second floor porch a delightful place to sit, being well shaded, while the garden below was a pleasing spot on which to rest our eyes; besides, the landlady favored us with her company. She had long been a resident of Cuba; long enough indeed to have forgotten much concerning the land of her birth, particularly as to its geography. One mistake I recall; some reference to the *State of St. Louis*. Now had this been made in connection with Philadelphia, there could be scarce any reason for remark, since it is a common practice of those belonging to the city of brotherly love to be unable to distinguish between it and the commonwealth; usually imagining both to be the State of Philadelphia.

Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cupps, notwithstanding their accustomed gallantry in the presence of ladies, had sat all the while in their shirt sleeves; having left their coats on shipboard for the sake of comfort. When dinner was ready, the good landlady in the most delicate manner reminded these gentlemen that as her other guests might be offended if they should appear at table attired as they were, she would have a small table spread specially for them on the porch. They of course readily assented to this arrangement, and I had no other expectation than of eating with them, but she insisted that, being in proper dress I should go to the dining room, and escorted me thither. When I afterwards learned that the widow had taken her own dinner on the porch with my friends, I thought I understood the matter better, and perhaps should confess to a regret that my coat too had not been left on the ship.

At the long dining table were many guests, and among them a number of Americans. The dinner was excellent, although many of the dishes comprised vegetables and fruits of which I had no previous acquaintance; some I remember were unpleasantly sweet.

The streets of Havana in general were narrow, as those of cities in the warmer climates of the European continent; and the sidewalks were barely wide enough for people of ordinary bulk to pass each other. The windows of the lower floors of houses looking towards the street were heavily barred, giving them a jail-like appearance; but by stolen glances now and again made, appearances of comfort and even of luxury were easily observed. The absence of dirt on the streets was quite noticeable, and was readily accounted for, as gangs of prisoners brought from the jail for the purpose—each man having a ball and chain accompaniment—were seen in different quarters sweeping and gathering whatever of dirt or garbage was to be found. An admirable use to make of tramps, vagabonds and felons. Among the beautiful sights of Havana was the plaza, with its exceedingly ornamental trees—tropical, of course. The fine drives and walks along the quay, exhibited the taste and cultivation of a refined people, whatever relics of barbarism may yet remain with them.

Passing a shop where men and women were braiding straw, and making numerous beautiful articles with that fabric, I was tempted to purchase a hat, which was perhaps of sufficient size to admit my head, but upon later consideration was scarcely fitted for any one beyond the age of perhaps seven, to wear. I succeeded in taking it home, but never could muster courage to be seen on the streets wearing it.

Mr. Murphy was scarce more fortunate. Attracted by a shop in which cigars were being made—Havana cigars, of pure Cuban tobacco—we stepped in and watched all the processes, even to the labeling and branding of the boxes. Mr. Murphy concluded to be the purchaser of a couple of thousand to be made purposely for him. We accordingly sat whilst the fillings were carefully stripped of whatever detracted from a prime Havana; then we saw the beautiful brown wrappers with small white spots spread out with care; and watched deft fingers rounding and wrapping them into tempting and tapering forms which the lover of a good cigar so greatly admires. And as one by one they were placed side by side, and in row upon row, and all so uniform, in quarter thousand cedar boxes, we gazed still as though held by a spell of enchantment. At length came the inquiry, What will you have them branded? "Steamer Falcon" was the instant reply, and the brand was speedily affixed. Then they were tied into a bundle, paid for, and off we started. Being too wet to be used for a time to come, yet this did not hinder many day-dreams. It was easy to picture being attired in gown and slippers, while smoke in graceful curls rose above the head, until at length overcome by sleep while resting in an easy chair, real dreams, pleasant dreams, floated through the brain. We sometimes say, when things don't happen just as expected, that all ended in *smoke;* but in the present instance such a simile might not be apposite. I stated in the outset that Mr. Murphy in his purchase was scarce more fortunate than myself. I may now explain that whilst I was able to bring my straw hat to my home, however useless, he was prevented from carrying the Havanas to his home; as on reaching New Orleans he was met by the difficulty of a heavy custom-house duty, and suffered confiscation rather than pay it.

My companions on Friday evening attended the Italian Opera, and on Saturday afternoon being still festively inclined, sought to while away the tedium by witnessing that refined Spanish amusement—a bull fight. Caring neither to have my ears bored nor to see bulls gored, I staid aboard ship; and yet scarce better employed, nor certainly in what was more refined—I was reading one of the beastly novels of Laurence Sterne, an author whose low, vulgar wit should be accounted sufficient to bar his works from any decent library of the nineteenth century, whatever may be thought of his scholarship, or of my ability to act as a critic.

It was two o'clock on Sunday, February 3d, when having taken passage on the new and elegant steamship Georgia, we set sail for New Orleans. The crew were entirely seamen belonging to the United States navy, wearing the uniform of that service; and the commander was Lieutenant Porter, afterwards Admiral Porter, so highly distinguished during the Rebellion. On the second day out, while most of the passengers were at dinner, all the hatches were closed, and the dreadful fact transpired, our ship was on fire! I had gotten through dinner quickly, having but little appetite, and was ascending to the deck as the hatchway door was closed. In some way I obtained a knowledge of the fact, and being among a very few who did, was careful not to impart it to others. I had caught a glimpse ere the hatch was closed of more than ordinary rushing to and fro on deck, and of the handling of hose; I moreover heard the Captain speak through a brass trumpet, giving some command which I understood, and possibly what I knew was more of an inference than that I had been told anything by anybody. Prompt measures being taken, the fire was extinguished before it became generally known of the danger escaped. The fire had been in the hold, among the freight.

On Tuesday (5th,) I was on the upper deck through most of the day, and the weather was very inclement. To avoid the cold, penetrating winds, I sought the shelter of one of the chimney stacks; and thus while one part of my body became heated, another was exposed to the cold air, and I took a chill. On learning this, Mr. Murphy advised a dose of brandy; supplementing the prescription with the advice that it should be *stiff*. Repairing to the bar, and putting a literal construction upon what I had been told, I had scarce enough fingers on the hand in which I held the glass to measure accurately the contents of the tumbler, nor to conceal what I had poured from the decanter so that the bar-keeper's scrutiny could be eluded; and he growled fiercely. A violation of the third commandment was not among my friend's failings, but he seemed to get astray from the way in which he had been brought up, just as George Washington did at Monmouth, and that bar-keeper was about as badly used up as General Charles Lee had been. Having complained that he did not wholesale his liquors, the fitting retort was that he could charge what he pleased—a strong expletive being used before the word "pleased." This answer having some common sense about it, seemed to mollify the irate bar-keeper; meanwhile having swallowed the grog before peace was declared, as a disinterested spectator I took in the situation while shaking more from laughter than from ague. But brandy did not cure me; and going to bed I remained there until our arrival at New Orleans at six o'clock on the evening of the next day—Wednesday, February 6th—at which time, leaving the vessel, we soon found quarters at the Planters Hotel. Taking an early supper, or fraction of one, I retired at once, first securing plenty of bed coverings.

Suffering with a headache and fever, alternating with chills, I passed a weary night. Towards morning I slept, and on awaking found myself suffused with perspiration, while my head ached but slightly.

After breakfasting, (Thursday, February 7th,) we repaired to an assay office connected with the mint, carrying thither our little buckskin bags containing the gold dust which we had dug on the North Fork of the American River. The price obtained for the dust was $17.25 per ounce; in California the usual price had been $16.00. It seemed like parting from an old friend, and one too who was being ill treated, when as it was weighed, and bright new coins instead were passed to us, the officer rudely swept the shining scales with which we had become so familiar, into a common pile of less reverent dust. Nor when taking our last look, did it fail to recall days happily spent, with a circle of friends never to be again formed.

In making this sale I reserved a nugget—a fine specimen—bought in Sacramento City with North Fork gold. I little thought of the use to which it would one day be applied. It was destined to be moulded into the marriage ring of a bride, who as I pen these lines is where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels in heaven."

I may as well here as anywhere state some facts as to the coin here spoken of, obtained at the mint. And first of all, I had a debt, a very small one, but still one that I was anxious to be rid of. On our way home I ran out of coin, having used more than had been my expectation on leaving San Francisco. The little needed I borrowed from one of our passengers, who knew me sufficiently well, I thought, to feel no concern in reference to the loan, even had it been greater; but somehow I could not divest myself of the feeling that he was troubled and anxious about it. It was perfectly natural for him to go with us to the mint, for we had been much together—indeed it was this *much* that bothered me—this sticking close, that seemed to assure me that while this debt lasted he would stick closer than a brother. So it was I felt that he wanted to be nigh me when my dust was exchanged for coin, and being so, I was amazing prompt in wiping out that debt.

> ————"Bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,
> "Leave my loneliness unbroken!—Quit the bust above my door!
> Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

And further as to the coin: on reaching home there was not a great deal left, and what I had was placed in a bureau drawer, as carelessly as if I had still been in California. A servant stole a portion, a part I expended, and what remained, a ten-dollar piece, I yet have. For thirty-seven years it was in the custody of one who shared with me in a sentimental regard for it, and it was known as "the nest egg." Space in a private ledger has always been allotted for an account specially opened for it; and in every balance sheet, it has formed an item. During the war, when for gold a premium was paid that now seems fabulous, and when greenbacks to almost the amount of three times ten dollars could have been purchased with it, this was a temptation easily resisted.

In the afternoon of this day we went on board the steamer General Scott, having engaged passage on that boat as far as Cincinnati; but we did not get started until several hours after dusk. After supper I had a return of chills. On the next morning I awoke with fever and remained in bed throughout the day.

Saturday, February 9th, was a cold day. I was feeling somewhat better, but preferred remaining in bed. Sunday, February 10th, I was still unwell and weak; continued abed. The weather was more pleasant than it had been. On Monday, February 11th, I wrote: "Fever has left me, and except quite weak, feel that I am convalescent. My illness has deprived me of the enjoyment hoped for while ascending the Mississippi. Have seen nothing of the plantations, nor of the many villages on the river's banks. Baton Rouge and Natchez were passed at night, and we also went by Vicksburg, which I was anxious to see." Thus after imagining my sickness gone, towards evening I met with a fresh disappointment — chills and fever returning after supper.

"About dusk we ran against a snag, which did some slight damage. The shock was severe, and from stem to stern in every timber there was quite a shiver; and some passengers also shivered as they ran about frantically, rushing to the doors leading from the cabin. It was a great relief to all, when it was ascertained that nothing serious had happened. The upsetting of wood piles about the boilers, occasioned by the shock, had made a fearful noise, and it was this which most of all caused the panic. Day cold."

On the following day I wrote: "Tuesday, February 12th. Feeling unwell, I remained in bed through the day. About dusk reached Memphis; snow falling briskly. Cold, disagreeable day."

"Wednesday, February 13th. Feel quite unwell this morning." Here my brief, feeble notes came to an end. I was no longer able to continue them even in the style in which they appeared.

We reached Cincinnati about the 16th, and were transferred to the steamer "Pittsburgh," of the once famous "Pittsburgh and Cincinnati Packet Line." My old friend, Melchior W. Beltzhoover, was in command of this vessel, and greeted me with kindness.

Of the remainder of the voyage to Pittsburgh, where we arrived on the morning of Tuesday, February 19th, I have no recollection: I was continuously abed. On landing, his final offices as my kind and attentive nurse, were performed by my friend Mr. Murphy, who procured a carriage and accompanied me to my home. My father, I remember, "ran and fell on my neck and kissed me;" and there was some talk of "killing the fatted calf," etc. I was, however, not in condition for festivities, especially for eating veal. At once I took to bed, and a physician was summoned to attend me. I knew that I was in good hands, for he was skillful, faithful and kind, my father's intimate friend, Doctor A——. For weeks, I do not recall how many, he cared for me until I became well. I have a better recollection of a remark he made when I related some of my experiences: "Well, young man, if you hadn't a constitution of iron, you never could have stood it."

Health regained, and able to go about, for the first and only time of my life I was a lion; not just the animal that figures so conspicuously in the menagerie, but having some resemblance perhaps, in being a wonder to many. Marvelous was the fact, I had been to the then far-off California; among the first to go, and the first to return. I recall in particular, a large social gathering, when in the role of "king of beasts," I well nigh realized that my mane was being stroked.

I beg indulgence for the introduction of this bit of vanity, and trust I may be more readily pardoned when I confess that this lion business was of but brief continuance, such lions soon having become common: when, treading back to my accustomed lair, amid haunts if less conspicuous more congenial, I have ever since had the good fortune to remain. With some thoughts suggested by experiences in that *annus memorabilis* 1849, thrown together shortly after my return, in the shape in which they here appear, I conclude the account of the one eventful adventure of my life.

SONG OF THE GOLD KING.

"Mammon led them on,
Mammon the least erected spirit that fell
From Heaven."—*Paradise Lost.*

Ye are serfs, sons of earth, I, I am your King!
I rule your wide world with a potent sway;
Little ye dream of the homage ye bring;
How ye cringe, e'en in your palmiest day.

No despot e'er trod, who tramples as I,
On the necks of slaves who bend at his nod;
Yet ye love me, and ye worship me, aye,
Far more than ye love or worship your God.

Proudly ye boast of the martyrs of old,
Yielding their lives at the bigot's decree,—
A puny band, to the millions enrolled
On an endless scroll—all martyrs to me!

At my bid ye go on the treach'rous main,
The wild tempests howl, and maelstroms surround;
While the South's hot breath to deter is vain,
As the icy wind of the North is found.

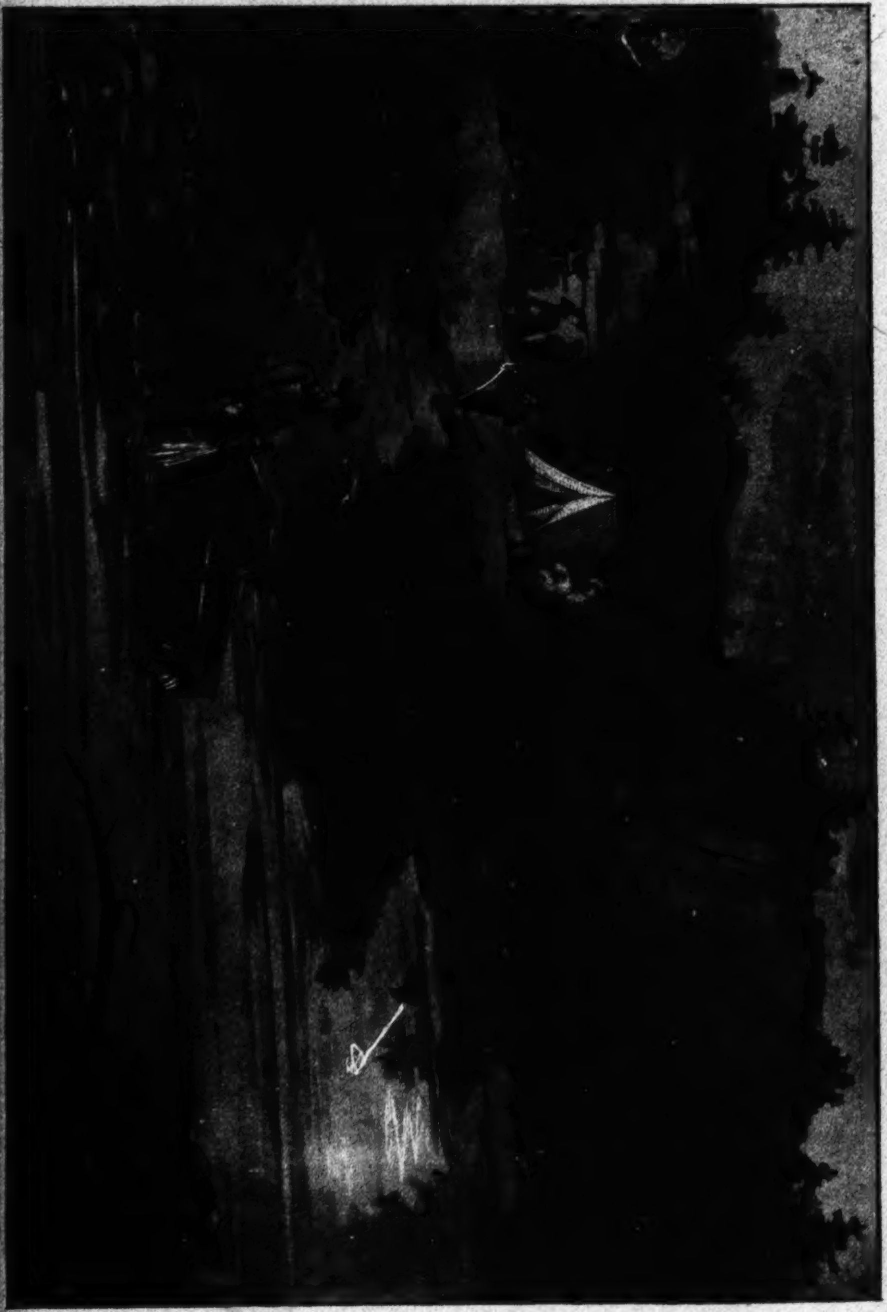
Ye cross the vast deserts 'mid burning sands;
No water is found for the parching tongue;—
Ye were warned, but ah! ye heard my commands;—
Ye saw the rocks, but the siren had sung.

Ye go where wan famine stalks through the land;
Behind ye leave fields all smiling with grain;
And I laugh, as ye clutch with skeleton hand,
The glittering earth I snared you to gain.

Where pestilence blasts with its pois'nous breath,
  E'en there 'mid its victims ye are my slaves;—
Blind to the terrors of grim-visaged death,
  Ye leap at my call into gaping graves.

Thus ever 'twill be, whilst men "hug the chain,
  And love well the bondage" round them I fling;—
Whilst Mammon's their god, and their chief end gain
  Supreme shall I rule, and this song I'll sing!

FINIS.



CHAPTER XXIII.

FORTY-TWO YEARS AFTER.—CALIFORNIA REVISITED.

IN the spring of 1891 I revisited California. This time an iron horse supplied the place of mules, and instead of trudging along afoot beside a lumbering wagon, I was conveyed in a sleeping car, luxuriant in its appointments. There was a total lack of hard tack, rashers of bacon, and bean soup, but to make amends for these, doubtless with the best intent possible, other viands were supplied. Few Indians, and no hostile ones were met; all that is changed; and I no longer saw the great herds of buffalo which once roamed the plains—those vast living masses which I remembered, and will be ever pictured on my mind, as moving onward they swayed to and fro, rising and falling with the undulations of the prairies, and seeming like angry seas whose billows now mounting upward and again descending, were covered with a seeming foam, intensely black.

Where as I once knew it, there was but a faintly marked trail, along which for two thousand weary miles, not a white man lived, except at a few trading posts and a single settlement, village after village and town after town had sprung up, while there were cities with streets paved with asphaltum and lighted with electricity, and having cars running along them propelled by underground cables or electric dynamos.

In this and in many other ways, has the age of nervous activity in which we live, stretched forth its arms, and wielding the rod of the magician, transformed the whole face of nature, making the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

This once only since the memorable '49 did I return to the land of gold. Twice before I went half way, reaching the Rocky Mountains in Colorado, but going no farther. This time I established myself a false prophet, for did I not in the long ago when on shipboard and leaving, write: "the Presidio, Saucelito, and the Golden Gate passed, California was behind me, forever."

I said it was in the spring time that I made this late visit. California had put on all her wealth of loveliness, was clad in her incomparable garments of beauty, so that again and again the words seemed to come whispering in my ears: "Prepared as a bride adorned for her husband!"

Almost everywhere the earth was robed in velvety verdure, and it even crept down to the very sea side, and kissed lovingly the advancing surf, which in response seemed to be flinging forth its arms to embrace it. This so different from the Atlantic seaboard, where sand abounds, and scarce any vegetation thrives, except remote from the beach.

What makes this super-abounding vegetation all the more noticeable is the wide contrast presented after crossing the arid wastes of Arizona, and the strip of desert lying west of the Colorado River, which, because of its desolate barrenness, ought to be included as part of that Territory. With no preparatory note of warning, but with precipitate suddenness, on entering what should be reckoned as the border land of California, a luxuriance truly astounding, and scarce short of tropical in character, bursts upon the view, as the traveler finds himself in the midst of orange groves, their rich golden fruit charming his eye—a veritable Eden and overladen with temptations.

And if after you have fully spied out the land from end to end, and found it flowing with milk and honey, bearing grapes that might vie with the clusters of Eschol, and you begin to consider in what particular spot is to be found this plethora of beauty, whether it be Riverside or Pasadena, nestling deep down in valleys—gems of rare beauty, with such royal settings as the snow capped peaks of San Bernardino, or of the Sierra Madre—or going oceanward you climb the heights of Montecito leaving lovely Santa Barbara like a dimple on the cheek of beauty far below; you can think of Southern California only as one vast flower garden flinging its sweets about you wherever you go. And when once seen, you can but recall Del Coronado as being girt about with exquisite marguerites; or Del Monte as one vast labyrinth of matchless beauty, art and nature having so successfully combined to weave about you a spell of enchantment. And especially does the mind revert to California in general, as a land teeming with roses, and bewildering the senses with overpowering delight. Roses, roses, roses everywhere!

As if to reinforce these thoughts, a newspaper containing the following exquisite lines chanced to fall in our way, whilst this subject was taking form in our mind, and so well suited do they seem for insertion, we cannot forbear quoting them. Their author, we understand, is a young lady, and the lines a class poem, or graduating exercise:

"Pale vestal-robed roses, born of a prayer;
Young blushing pink roses, sweetest to wear;
Ruby red roses with deep golden heart;
Roses of Ophir by winds kissed apart;
Roses who've folded the sunset's last ray
Close in their velvety petals away;
White roses that hide 'neath a veiling of snow
The dainty blush of the pink shell's glow;
Roses illumined with the ruddiest gleam;
Roses as pure as a young maiden's dream;
Roses cream tinted as foam on the sea;
Scarlet-lipped roses caressed by the bee;
Starry-eyed roses drenched with the dew;
Variegate roses, like hopes ever new;
Jacqueminot roses, martial in mien;
Royal blood roses, Saffrano the queen;
Fair duchess roses with beauty of state;
Marechal Niel roses, pompous and great;
Roses all yellow with buds of rare gold;
Roses that whisper the tale that is told."

And how prized are they in spite of their abundance, by

> "both young men and maidens, old men and children."

All sexes and all ages carry them about. Boys and girls tripping to school seem to go with lighter hearts as they bear thither great bunches of roses; and I imagine the school room is made thereby less a prison house, while the burdens of their daily tasks are diminished by the clustering sweets that surround them.

Quaint old Monterey will linger long in my memory because of a pilgrimage I made specially to see the famous cloth of gold rose, which for forty years has been so tenderly cared for by its owner, Senorita M—— Y—— B——. It was a beautiful May morning when I reached the gate at the end of the walk leading up to her cottage; and fortune, I thought, favored me greatly when the Senorita herself chanced to be standing under her much prized vine, the wide spreading branches of which, immense in size, covered an arbor of considerable extent. Hesitating whether or not to enter, I did not have long to wait in suspense, for with a pleasant smile she welcomed and bade me come in; and at once divining my errand, sent her little nephew who stood by, for a ladder that she might pluck for me a rose.

Mounting the steps while I held them firmly, her hand quickly passed from beauty to beauty, till one that pleased her best was selected, when hand-ing it to me she said, "Rosa granda, rosa granda!" with much feeling, while there was a slight tremor in the sweet tones of her voice. It was indeed grand and beautiful; its delicate saffron tinted petals, slightly tipped with pink, were enchanting, while its fragrance was delicious.

Invited to rest after my morning's walk, we sat for a brief time in the small, though neat parlor, in which I observed a piece of quaintly carved furniture that would have brought delight to the eyes of a connoisseur of the antique.

Here I was shown specimens of her handiwork; choice pieces of embroidery made upon orders obtained from Del Monte guests.

The manner of our conversation was unique, for while she spoke in Spanish, but little of which was familiar to my ears, I talked in plain English, still less of which I imagine she was able to comprehend; nevertheless I felt convinced we understood each other better than might be supposed; but occasionally the service of the nephew as an interpreter was employed when it seemed necessary. Though time had left such marks as silvery hair there were yet traces of former beauty. Her eyes retained much brilliance, while her face lit up with peaceful, quiet smiles, denoting the tranquility that reigned within—while she yet waits. It is of this waiting I would speak, for it is this that constitutes the romance of the cloth of gold rose, "rosa granda."

The story is a possession common to the neighborhood, and while but brief, covers much of her life, its thread running through many long, long years:

In her youth the Senorita's lover presented her with a rose, then but a slender twig, but which has become the great vine we have seen, its branches extending far and wide, and covering the arbor of which I have spoken, while its trunk exceeds a foot in thickness. Having planted it for her, he bade her care for it while he went to sea, promising to return when its first roses would be in bloom, and when too he would claim her as his bride. In due time came the lovely roses, but not the lover, and thus year by year went by—they bloomed while he remained absent. Faithful to her trust she has watched beside it, cared for it tenderly, pruning it betimes, training its branches in and out the interstices of the trellis, loosening the earth about its roots, and watering it—aye oft moistening it with her tears, while yet watching and waiting for his coming—and he comes not. And now for forty years she has seen it put forth buds, and eagerly looked for the sign of his return — the bursting into life of those beautiful petals—as still she watches, still waits his coming.

One by one she has seen the loved ones around her pass away — this much I gathered from her own lips — until at length in old age she is left alone in the little adobe cottage where she was born. I think of her as time after time she goes down by the bay, and lifting to her brow a wrinkled hand to shade her dimmed eyes, she looks far out on the waters for a returning sail she yet remembers well; but though it never greets her sight, she clings to the belief that it must, it will yet come. Often she hears the deep moaning of the ocean, so like a funeral dirge, but she heeds it not, as with calm assurance she looks up at the sweet roses as they whisper to her words of hope, bidding her wait!

Some day, and it won't be long, she will go to him, he nevermore will come to her.

I might recount the many journeys made to the old missions of Southern California, but few of which were left unvisited. Each possesses an irresistible attraction, while all are unmistakable attestations of the piety, the faith, the zeal and the sacrifices of the Franciscan fathers. When I saw the beautiful granite statue to father Junipero Serra, which Mrs. Leland Stanford is erecting, on the hill overlooking the bay of Monterey, I could not but think that the crumbling walls of old San Diego Mission were a still grander monument—that San Juan Capistrano, yet beautiful in its decay, and ere long to mingle with the dust from which it arose, will in remembrance outlast all efforts of mere art; while El Carmelo, where his ashes repose with those of the sainted dead, his co-laborers in planting the Missions, will ever be a living temple—

since like the bones of the prophet, with whatever they come in contact, they cause to spring into new life.

And I might mention, as a subject akin to this and among the things that interested me most, however humble it be, the little mission school for Indian boys and girls at old San Diego. When I visited it, it was with a gentle protest because it was holy-week, and visitors were not expected, that I was permitted to enter. Conducted by Sister Olivia, I was shown through the different apartments. It is needless to say that extreme tidiness prevailed everywhere, although, as I learned, there was a great lack of funds to sustain the school properly.

The children were at play and conducted themselves much as those with whom we were more familiar. We were told that they were bright and acquired learning readily, being different in this from other Indians; which was accounted for from the fact that the labors of the mission fathers in the tribe to which they belong wrought a change, the impress of which is easily observable among these of a later generation.

We also learned that one trait peculiar to them is that they are exceedingly generous, and when anything is given to any one of their number, their first anxiety is to share it with all others. "I have never known," said the Sister, "but a single case of selfishness among any of the scholars." This is certainly very remarkable.

One principal object I had in this journey to California was that I might revisit scenes familiar to me in '49. Nothing in or around San Francisco remains as it was then, unless it be the bay and its islands, which have not changed, except that by filling in, the land has been made to encroach greatly on the water, and whilst the latter once came up to the rear of the houses on the east side of Montgomery Street, there are now intervening blocks of a half mile or more in extent.

From the little village as I knew it in August, '49, it has become among the largest of American cities, and is animated by a spirit of enterprise nowhere surpassed.

One of my earliest visits was made to Montgomery Square, the one spot where in the olden time was centered all that was of interest in the town. There were the hotels, the great gambling houses, the custom house, postoffice, and the office of the Alcalde. Not a vestige of any of these remain, nor in all the city, with perhaps the single exception of the mission of San Dolores, was there a house standing that belonged to the period to which I refer.

Such, too, was the case as to Sacramento, where I saw nothing that I could recognize. The walls of Sutter's fort were entirely gone, and nothing marked the spot but the principal adobe building, and it fast falling into decay.

Of course I visited the site of our mining camp on the North Fork of the American River, and there was a certain melancholy satisfaction in this. Perhaps of all places in California that I once knew, this less than any had undergone change, and I may predict with some degree of certainty that it will never be changed. Rocks and sand have so full possession that they cannot be dispossessed, and on this account I had great difficulty in going about.

The site of the camp, and where we dug among the rocks for gold-bearing earth; the precipitous descent over which the bags of dirt were carried, and the spot down by the river where our cradles were rocked, were all of them places which through many years have had a strong hold on my memory, and kindled afresh many recollections of the past.

Naturally my mind reverted to the great blazing logs about which we gathered in the evenings, and the cheery hours that glided by, as by the magic of song and story we sought to hold them within our grasp.

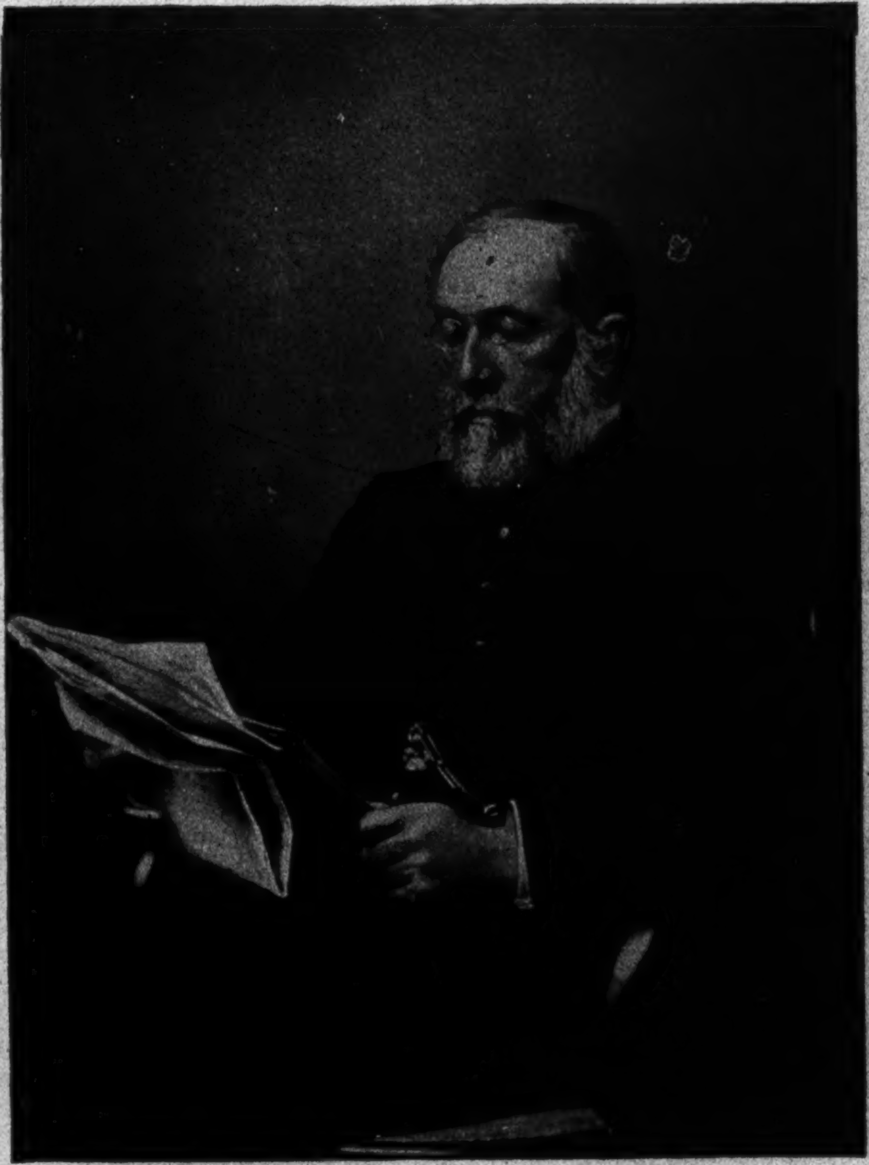
Again I beheld the carcasses of deer and jack-rabbits strung upon the limbs of trees, of which we had at all times a full supply, brought from the forest on the hill top just behind the camp.

As of old, the North Fork singing the song of ages glided by, fretting to escape the granite enclosures environing it.

By all these things memories of the past were stirred up; while saddest of all was the thought that but a single one of my camp companions—Mr. James R. Murphy—remained, and even to him the light of day is fast fading away, that terrible affliction, blindness, having overtaken him.

One by one the *boys* have passed away. Many years since Mr. Barclay died in San Francisco, and Mr. McBride in Chicago, and only within a few months past Mr. Scully, in Pittsburgh.

With these thoughts filling my mind, I turned aside, taking a last long lingering look at the camp ground and the river, never again to be visited. On my return from this visit I penned the following lines; putting, only in a different shape, some of the incidents just related.



AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCES OF A FORTY-NINER."

From Photograph by TABER, San Francisco, May, 1891.

CALIFORNIA REVISITED.

BY A FORTY-NINER.

[Lines addressed to a surviving messmate of the Placer Mines.]

I've been to California, Jim,
 Where long ago went we.
I wagoned o'er the plains, you know,
 While you went 'round by sea.

It was 'way back in forty-nine—
 We went in search of gold.
We were some younger then, dear Jim,
 But now we've both grown old.

I sought for San Francisco first,
 But when I looked around,
Soon saw the village that we knew
 No longer could be found.

A city vast spreads o'er the hills,
 And where our tent did stand
In Happy Valley, by the bay,
 They've reared a palace* grand.

The plaza's there—but time has swept
 All trace of what we knew—
The old adobe custom-house,
 Alcalde Geary's†, too.

And Leidesdorf's house‡ on Kearney street,
 The Eldorado§, too,
Where gold-dust bags on monte banks
 Took magic wings and flew.

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* The Palace Hotel. † John W. Geary, afterwards Governor of Pennsylvania.
‡ The City Hotel. § A famous gambling house in 1849.

And Sacramento, too, is changed
From what it was before;
'Twas built, you know, with muslin walls,
A thousand tents or more.

Our first camp was beneath the oaks
Where now is Fifth and K¶.
With one small street the town began,
'Twas then as now called J.

The railroad depot marks the spot
Where our last camp was made,
When thoughts of home all else beyond
Made golden visions fade.

One landmark of the past alone
Is left, and that's 'most gone;
'Tis sad to see in ruins now
What speaks of glory flown.

For here, where Captain Sutter lived,
The city of to-day
Allows the grand old fort he built
To fall into decay.

But there's another spot most dear,
With granite walls 'tis girt;
To it your mind through passing years,
Like mine, doth oft revert.

Yes, Jim, I wandered 'mong the hills
Which in those gladsome days
Each peal of laughter by the boys
In echoes loud did raise.

¶For streets running east and west the letters of the alphabet are used; those crossing them are numbered.

Where 'mid the rocks with pick and spade
  Each day we delved of old,
And where the swaying cradle stood,
  That caught the flakes of gold.

I roamed where once the forest stood,
  Where Barclay's practiced aim
Ne'er failed to keep us well supplied
  With deer and other game.

Ah, yes, I found our North Fork[‖] camp,
  To memory ever dear,
And once again in thought enjoyed
  The hearty, old-time cheer.

Around the blazing logs again
  I fancied I could see
The boys all seated as you know
  Full well they used to be.

Again I heard their merry songs,
  Which, too, those echoes woke,
And [illegible] my vision saw their pipes
  And watched the curling smoke.

These sights and sounds came back to me
  As they'll not come again—
'Twas as a dream, and evermore
  I'll list and look in vain.

The river still in ceaseless haste,
  With wild and angry roar,
Sings the same song while dashing on
  As in those days of yore.

[‖] North Fork of the American River,

The woodman's axe has swept away
The towering pines that ranged
Like sentinels about our camp—
All else remains unchanged.

But, Jim, my heart with sadness filled,
And tears ran from my eye,
When I remembered of the boys
None's left but you and I.

One gently sleeps the sleep of death
Beneath the prairie's sod,
And one by San Francisco's bay
Resigned his soul to God.

A third, whose noble life adorned
The city of his birth,
In peaceful slumbers closed his eyes
And saw the last of earth.

Soon, soon our span of life will be
E'en as a tale that's told;
God grant that with our messmates then
We'll walk the streets of gold.

PITTSBURGH, May 26th, 1891.